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*PORCUPINE'S*

# WORKS;

CONTAINING VARIOUS

## WRITINGS AND SELECTIONS,

*EXHIBITING A FAITHFUL PICTURE*

OF THE

# UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

OF THEIR

GOVERNMENTS, LAWS, POLITICS AND RESOURCES;

OF THE CHARACTERS OF THEIR

PRESIDENTS, GOVERNORS, LEGISLATORS, MAGISTRATES AND MILITARY MEN;

AND OF THE

CUSTOMS, MANNERS, MORALS, RELIGION, VIRTUES AND VICES

## OF THE PEOPLE:

COMPRISING ALSO

A COMPLETE SERIES OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS AND REMARKS,

FROM THE END OF THE WAR, IN 1783,

TO THE

ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT, IN MARCH, 1801.

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*BY WILLIAM COBBETT.*

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IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

(*A Volume to be added annually.*)

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# SELECTIONS

FROM

# PORCUPINE's GAZETTE.

# GAZETTE SELECTIONS.

## JULY, 1799.

I HAVE lately had put into my hands, for perusal, a book entitled the "Bulwark of Truth," written and compiled (for the greatest part is a compilation) by a Mr. "D. Fraser, author of the "Young Gentleman's and Lady's Assistant," and an inhabitant of New-York. The work was handed to me with the evident intention of inducing me to *recommend it in my paper*. The title prepossessed me in its favour; but, though I have been some time a bookseller, and, of course, content myself with reading the title pages of books, I always think it necessary to look a little further, before I venture to *recommend* a work to my subscribers.

The object of this book is to assist in counteracting the effects of that nefarious publication, *Paine's Age of Reason*. The author conceived that nothing could be better calculated to answer this end, than a selection of "the lives and testimonies "of many eminent *Laymen*, who have professed "their belief in the Christian Faith." The selection, which is, in general, not injudicious, consists in the lives and opinions of *Locke*, *Sir J. Suckling*, *Rollin*, *Chev. Ramsay*, *B. Pascal*, *Sir I. Newton*, *Boyle*,

*Boyle, Addison, Sir M. Hale, Bacon, Grotius,* and several others. To these sketches are prefixed two Letters by the compiler, to the Infidel Anarchist, Paine. The work concludes with what the compiler entitles, "a Mirror for young Deists," which, for the most part, consists of extracts from various authors, tending to the support of Christianity.

I have long wished to see a work of this kind; because I have ever been of the opinion, that Infidelity is generally the fruit of ignorance, and that nothing is so likely to stop its progress as giving proofs of the faith of those great luminaries, to whom men in general look up for instruction in the various branches of knowledge. The young philosopher, for instance, who is studying the works of Newton and of Boyle, who is wrapt in admiration at the profundity of their penetration, who not only acknowledges the superiority of their minds over his own, but who entertains for their memory a veneration approaching to idolatry; when such a youth is assured, that these his great masters *were devout and zealous Christians*, he will certainly *hesitate*, at least, before he declares for Infidelity.

Persuaded as I am, that the plan of Mr. Fraser's work is judicious, and that he has been actuated, in undertaking it, by the most laudable of all motives, I am sorry to observe certain passages, in the parts written by himself, which, in my estimation, reduce considerably the merit of the whole. One method which he adopts to expresss his disapprobation of the *Age of Reason*, is, placing it in *contrast* with *Common Sense*, and the *Rights of Man*; and he seems to *lament*, that the pen which produced the two latter should have been *dishonoured* by producing the former. He concludes his second letter to Paine, with hoping that he will yet *suppress his Age of Reason*, but assures him, in the same breath, that he should be

happy

happy " to embrace the author of *Common Sense*, " and *Rights of Man*, in the *Kingdom of Heaven!!!*"

To preserve consistency, Mr. Fraser should have said, the *Republic* of Heaven, or the *Commonwealth* of Heaven; for the word *King*, with all its derivations, are held in the utmost abhorrence by the detestable performances, which are to entitle Paine to his celestial embraces. Mr. Fraser appears to be one of those men, who, *at last*, are alarmed at the progress of Infidelity, but who are still blinded by their political prejudices. Had not this been the case, he would have perceived, that the three works he has mentioned, those he applauds, as well as that which he condemns, are all scions from the same accursed root: he would have perceived, that, though there is less art, there is not more blasphemy in the *Age of Reason* than in *Common Sense* and the *Rights of Man*; he would have perceived that the same Holy Scripture, and the very same text, which enjoins us to *fear God*, also enjoins us to *honour the King*, and Paine has convinced him, that he who can set the latter precept at nought will soon assume courage to set the former at nought also; he would have perceived, that the principles inculcated by those works, which he applauded, are the very principles, which, by teaching men to despise all authority on earth, have led them, by degrees, to despise that of the Almighty; in short, he would have perceived, had he not been hoodwinked by *Whiggism*, that it was such works as *Common Sense* and the *Rights of Man*, which prepared the minds of the ignorant in this country for the reception of that daring and blasphemous publication, the deadly effects of which it is his professed object to counteract.

It is assuredly a subject of regret, that a man of good intentions, and no very despicable talents, should act with such glaring inconsistency. Mr.

Fraser might have rendered his work a desirable acquisition in a family; but, as it is, I must confess, I would almost as soon recommend the *Age of Reason* itself.

---

*Anthony Pasquin.*

" Are there no patent medicines to make a man grow bolder?"

This was a stroke which Tony levelled at one of his opponents, when he was in high favour with the small Federalists of New York; it may now be very properly levelled at himself; *he* stands in need of patent medicines, or something else, to make him a little *bolder*; for, if report says true, his *modesty* has of late driven him from the presence not only of the public, but even of *those who are most intimately acquainted with him.*

It is proper that I explicitly inform the world, that this prostituted scribbler set up a paper in New York, about four months ago, that he has dropped the said paper, and that he is, according to his own confession, now slinking about, avoiding, as much as may be, the scorn of the people of that city. Thus has one miscreant, at least, met with a punishment, in some measure proportioned to his crimes.

---

*Trap Toasts.*—1. 'May measures, and NOT 'MEN, be the object of our political attention.'

2. 'THOMAS M'KEAN, the firm patriot and 'true republican.'

The leaders at this toasting match were Peter 'Muhlenbergh, *Esq.*' and '*Major* Swaine.'—*Peter* (I am sorry to have such a namesake) is the brother of our Sugar Baker, and the *Major* is his relation. In the Summer of 1795, I spent a few weeks at the Democratic TRAP, where I had an opportunity of seeing this *Major*. I was then but a very young

young American, and was, therefore, struck with indignation at hearing such a man called *Major*: Upon enquiring the *cause* of it, I found, however, that the Major, from *modesty*, I suppose, had *cut off part of his title*, which he derived, it seems, from a *British regiment*, in which, during the late Revolution, he had the honour to fill the office of DRUM Major. *Why*, or *how*, he came to "leave the king's service," as Mathew Carey calls it, I cannot say; but, it may be worth while for some of the Federalists of Montgomery county to verify the fact, and give the particulars to the world.

The grog toasts of such people as these would not merit attention, did they not now and then exhibit traits of cunning, which are well calculated to deceive the mob, and which, therefore, deserve to be exposed. An instance of this is discovered in the two toasts which I have quoted above. In the first, the toasters forbid all enquiry into *the CHARACTER of any man*, and, in the second, they *applaud THOMAS M'KEAN!!!* The former of these toasts is certainly a very proper preface to the latter, and I heartily congratulate "His *Ho-* "*nour the Doctor of Laws and Esquire*," upon having such sagacious and prudent partizans.

---

*French Logan**.—I think the only man in the United States who is competent to settle all differences between us and France, is that surprising son of diplomacy, Doctor George Logan, the Jeffersonian Ambassador Extraordinary to Joel Barlow and Talleyrand. Nothing in these wonder-working days can equal the talents of this marvellous man. When this country was plunging into the horrors of war, and

---

* This LOGAN went to France with nearly the same sort of authority, and for nearly the same purpose, that MR. ADAIR went to the Court of Russia.

fire, blood and carnage seemed to await us—behold! the Doctor unadvised, unprotected, and with half a dozen other *uns*, set off for France, reached forth his potent hand, administered his death-preventing drugs, and lo! peace was restored to us. This is not all—the Doctor has found out lately, that he made some notable discoveries in France, about "the moral and political situation" of that beautified country, and has favoured his countrymen with the fruit of his travels. He says, "that the country wears the appearance of prosperity, farm-houses are building, the cottages are clothed, happy and content." It is likely enough that this is true—they have stolen money and clothes enough in the course of the revolution to fill their pockets and cover their backs, and until this money is spent, and these clothes worn out, I dare say they will appear happy and content, like all other unpunished thieves.

The Doctor says, "he found the roads good, and "travelling perfectly safe." I take it he had a passport from Merlin, the chief of the robbers and highwaymen, and that is always a protection to the bearer, as he is supposed to be one of the gang, and there is this sort of "honour amongst thieves."—The Doctor says, "the municipal officers keep the "public in a state of tranquillity, and are attentive to "their functions."—Doubtless—their function is to cut off the head of every man who offends them; and who could not keep a country quiet, if he might murder every man who should make a noise? The Doctor says, "the greatest order prevails in "Paris." The same means by which they keep the country silent operate in Paris in a tenfold degree.—It is not strange that the city is peaceable. I dare say it is as still as a burying yard.

The Doctor says, "the people of France be-"lieve religious establishments are foreign to civil "institutions,"

"institutions," and therefore they have no religion at all. They are contented with atheism. However, the Doctor says, he was good enough to go to church *once* whilst he was in Paris. Good Doctor, I hope you was edified. "The Theophi-"lanthropists," the Doctor says, "are like the "New England Independents, the Baptists and the "Quakers. They pray, sing hymns, and every "man who is *gifted* preaches a sermon about li-"berty," &c. It is probable then, that they all preach, for there never was a Frenchman but what was gifted at talking. The *hunch-back* Lépeaux is the head of this club, he is one of the Directory, and every body knows, as well as Doctor Logan, that all the Executive Directory are very *pious, conscientious gentlemen.*

The Doctor then tells us, "that the means of "knowledge are in such *profusion* in Paris, that "it is difficult for a student to make a choice amidst "the variety." There is no disputing the Doctor here. Every species of villainy is openly taught in Paris, and there is no other science attended to. The advantages of each kind are so tempting, that I dare say the young man is puzzled to know whether he had better turn robber, highwayman, pirate, atheist, keeper of a brothel, or murderer. There is but a little to choose between them; all are sure roads to preferment and eminence.

The Doctor says, that, "the Louvre is full of "specimens of exquisite painting and sculpture." It is probable that the Directory have lodged the statues and paintings there, which their worthy general Bonaparte stole for them in Italy, &c.

The Doctor says, "he visited the Council of "Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients, and "the *greatest order and regularity* were preserved "in all their deliberations." "I denounce all reli-"gion," said Le Baboon—Applauses—"Decreed." "I move

" I move that the sailors on board the British Ty-
" rant's fleet may *bite the dust*," said De Puffe—
Loud applauses—" Decreed, and honourable men-
" tion in the Bulletin." " I fear," said Rantipole,
" that the Austrians under the satellite Charles,
" commonly called the Archduke, will drive our
" brave heroes out of Germany again"—Long and repeated murmurs at all the speech, except *our brave heroes*; several Members looked fierce at Rantipole, the President put on his hat, and Rantipole sat down confused.—This is the order and regularity of these sapient bodies.

" Merlin, Lépeaux, and Treilhard, are men of
" talents," says the Doctor. They must be men of *talents* and *shekels* too, if they have kept half the money they have plundered from mankind. " The
" population of France is thirty-five millions," says the Doctor. They grow fast. At the beginning of the Revolution, they counted twenty millions, then twenty-five millions, and now they have encreased it to thirty-five millions. They have murdered and otherwise disposed of several millions since they began to *be free*, and yet they multiply as fast as the lice did in Egppt. I hope they will stop soon, or they will overrun the whole world. The Doctor says, that " *during an awful* moment
" of revolutionary phrenzy, crimes were committed,
" in violation of the sound principles of justice and
" humanity." Fie, Doctor! How can you say so! What, Frenchmen commit crimes! Impossible! " But," says the Doctor, " these crimes have
" been condemned and punished by the nation." No, Doctor, you are still mistaken—they never committed any crimes, and therefore could not be punished.

Now Doctor, you see that I approve of almost every thing you have said. You wrote the text, and I have written the paraphrase. You have painted

painted France like the Garden of Eden, and I have agreed to it. Now why did you not stop here? But, you are the cow that gives a good mess of milk, and then kicks over the pail. Your concluding sentence spoils the whole. The Devil himself would not swallow it. The rest of it might rub and go. But this would stick in the throat of a *whipper-will*.—You say, Doctor, that "*at present, no government in Europe is more* "*firmly established, more ably administered, or bet-* "*ter calculated to promote the general happiness* "*of its citizens, than that of France.*" Now, Doctor, not only you and I, but every man, woman, and child in the United States knows, that this is a downright lie. Why, Doctor, if you were a member of the Council of Five Hundred, as you are of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and should go on a mission to some other country from France as you did from this country to France, *of your own head*, it would be the last place you would ever go to *with a head*, unless perchance you might step off to Cayenne. Now, do you call this able administration? No, Doctor, you ought to have stuck to probability, and then all would have gone off swimmingly. The pretty story you tell about France would have backed the nomination of a new commission to treat with the rascals; every body would have supposed that the President was influenced to make the nomination by your address and suggestions; you would have been a *Great Man*, and the President would have been left to take care of himself.

BRISSOT.

---

*Mr. Liston's Letters.*—In the Common Pleas of Bucks county (Pennsylvania) an attachment and also a capias issued, on the 22nd of May, against

gainst one *Isaac Swezey*. Some days afterward, he Sheriff, who is a *good Democrat*, went in uest of the defendant, who was then on his vay to Niagara. His waggon and three horses vere attached, but two of the horses have since ıeen taken from the Sheriff by legal authority, as tolen horses. In the mean time the defendant got ıff.

In the waggon was found a LOCKED *trunk*, which was, at first deposited at Piper's Tavern, in Bedminster, where it remained for some days, *till intelligence was received from Philadelphia.*—Then, and *not till then*, it was thought proper to open the trunk and *examine the letters (if any)*, in *hopes that they might lead to a discovery in a system of horse stealing!*—Precious excuse for rifling a trunk and opening people's letters!—Did the sagacious Sheriff of Bucks imagine, that a horse-stealer would put his thoughts to writing, fold that writing up in letters, and carry those letters himself to his brethren in Canada? Or did he hope that the world would be deceived by this paltry pretext for the breaking of seals?

A day was, it seems, appointed for opening the *trunk*; a concourse of *Sovereign People* attended; a *committee was appointed*; the trunk was broken open, and then all the letters that were found in it. Amongst these, were two from MR. LISTON (the British Ambassador) to the *Honourable President Russell, in Canada*. The reader will agree with me, that it was not very probable that the "*Ho-*" *nourable President Russell*" should be concerned in "*a system of horse-stealing in Bucks county*;" but, the diligent and *honourable* Sheriff did, nevertheless, think proper to open his letters! This circumstance, together with one I am just going to mention, fully proves the *real object of the search.*

The

The letters thus seized and broken open, were ... down and *lodged in the hands of M'KEAN*, ... the press of whose friend and intimate ac-...intaince, DUANE, they have this day been ...blished, bolstered up, behind and before, with ...et of the most stupid attempts at perversion ...t ever were conceived by democratic ignorance.

While the *United Irishman* was throwing out his ...eats to publish these letters, I was afraid he did ...t mean to do it; for, I was well assured, that ... letter on the affairs of America, written by ...r. Liston, must tend to prove the sincerity of his ...endship, and that of his nation, towards the Go-...nment and people of the United States. The ...ters are, however, published, and they fully ...nfirm my opinion on the subject. So well am I ...nvinced, that every man of sense must see in ...em the most ample testimony of a sincere good ...ill towards the American nation, that I shall here ...ubjoin them, just as *Duane has printed them*, be-...angled with *Italicks* and CAPITALS. The let-...ers breathe a desire of seeing America maintain ...er honour in a war with France; they express the ...riter's contempt of the enemies of the Federal Go-...ernment, his high respect for its friends, and his firm ...eliance on its own wisdom and energy; and, this is ...ot in a paper *intended to flatter the people of America;* ...it is in a private communication to a friend, where ...here could be no temptation to insincerity. The ...eader will observe, too, that the first letter con-...ains an *undeniable proof* of Mr. Liston and his Court's desire, that *nothing should be done* by the Canadians *unfriendly or injurious* to the United States. In short, these letters are precisely what was wanted to convince the *Bitter Whigs*, that it is time for them to abandon their *suspicions* of the motives of Great Britain, and to make their ran-

cour

cour give way to a cordial reconciliation.—As to the *Democrats*, the *partisans of France and M'Kean*, the MEN WITHOUT A GOD, they are too wicked to be reformed, and too despicable to be reasoned with.

*From the Aurora of this Day.*

(COPY.)

*Philadelphia, 6th May,* 1799.

SIR,

THE Government of the United States appears to be nearly in the same situation with regard to the Shawenese Indians, that that of Canada is with respect to the Mohawks. The Shawenese wish the United States to make some alteration of their limits as fixed by the treaty of Grenville; and at the same time to confirm the sales of lands they have already made, and authorize future alterations. The American Ministers, on the other hand, are determined not to grant this favour, and are embarrassed by the persevering importunity of the Indians. Advices lately arrived from Fort Wayne, inform the Administration, that the Shawenese intend this spring to call a General Council of the nation (composed of representatives from several tribes) with a view to take such measures as may be thought best calculated to obtain some modifications of the Grenville Treaty. And the information adds, that this idea was first suggested by the late Colonel M'Kee, Deputy Superintendant of Indian Affairs.

The Government consider this interference as unfriendly and injurious to their interests, and a complaint has been made to me on the subject by the Secretary of State, with a request that I would make such representation of the matter to you as might

might produce a defeat of the project at present, and prevent all intervention of a similar nature in future.

I informed the Secretary of State that I could scarcely bring myself to credit the report respecting Colonel M'Kee; that at all events I could not conceive that *any thing unfavourable to the United States could have been contemplated by a public officer in the service of Great Britain;* but that I would of course make the representation requested; that I made no doubt of its having the desired effect, because I was confident that you were sincerely disposed to ward off every incident *that could give just cause of misunderstanding between the two nations.*

The situation of public affairs in this country continues the same as at the date of my last letters, *unless it be that* THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN A NEW SUBJECT OF PROVOCATION TO FRANCE, BY ENCOURAGING (IN CONJUNCTION WITH US) *the Negro Chief Toussaint, in measures which appear ultimately to tend to a separation of the Island of St. Domingo from the mother country. Whether this* AFFRONT *will be* POCKETED BY THE DIRECTORY, *I do not pretend to decide; but I cannot* PERSUADE *myself that it is* PROBABLE!

I have the honour to be,
With great truth and respect,
SIR,
Your most obedient humble servant,
ROBERT LISTON.

The Hon. President RUSSELL.

*Philadelphia, 23d May,* 1799.

SIR,

MY last having been entrusted to a person who was not going directly to Upper Canada, I am uncertain

certain whether it may yet have reached your hands, and therefore take an opportunity of transmitting a duplicate.

On public affairs I have scarcely any thing to add—ONE STEP FURTHER ON THE ROAD TO A FORMAL WAR, BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES, *has been taken by the Governor of Guadaloupe*, WHO IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE CAPTURE OF THE INSURGENTE FRIGATE, has authorized French ships of war to capture all American vessels, whether belonging to the Government or to individuals. But the resolution of the Directory on the great question of peace or war is not yet known. Perhaps the new explosion on the Continent of Europe, may give them a degree of employment that may retard their decision.

In the interior of this country the declamations of the *democratic faction* on the constitutionality and nullity of certain acts of the Legislature, have misled a number of poor ignorant wretches into a resistance to the laws and a formal insurrection—*This frivolous rebellion* has been quelled by a *spirited effort of certain volunteer corps lately embodied*, WHO DESERVE EVERY DEGREE OF PRAISE. But the conduct of these Gentlemen having been *shamefully calumniated by some of the popular newspapers, they have ventured to take the law in their own hands, and to punish one or two of the Printers (by a smart flogging:) a circumstance which has given rise to much animosity*, to threats, and to a commencement of armed associations, on the side of the Democrats *(particularly the United Irishmen) and some apprehend that the affair may lead to a partial civil war!* The portion, however, of the Jacobinic party, who could carry matters to this extremity is *but small: the Government is on its guard* AND DETERMINED TO ACT WITH VIGOUR:

VIGOUR: *and I do not on the whole apprehend any serious danger.*

I have the honour to be,
With great truth and respect,
SIR,
Your most obedient humble servant,
ROBERT LISTON*.

---

## AUGUST, 1799.

*A Law Case—Proposed to the Consideration of Republican Journalists.—John Clothier* versus *Sylvanus Planter.*—John Clothier and Sylvanus Planter disagreeing about the settlement of an old account, by which a considerable balance, due to the former, was detained many years by the latter, to the great scandal of law and justice, and the interruption of mutual harmony and confidence; the parties at length agreed that each should nominate two arbitrators, who, when met, should draw lots for a fifth, and that those five men, or three of them, should be competent to examine and finally to settle all matters in variance between the parties. The said arbitrators meet, and take a solemn oath carefully and impartially to examine, and to the best of their judgment, according to justice and equity, to DECIDE on all questions proposed to their discussion and award.

In the course of the business, certain claims are brought forward by John Clothier, which are so fully substantiated by vouchers that three of the arbitrators agree to confirm them; but the other two,

---

* It was afterwards proved, that Suezey was really a horse-stealer. The Sheriff was prosecuted for breaking open the letters, but the prosecution was dropped.

who were nominated by Sylvanus Planter, formally and pertinaciously protest against them. The three adhere to their opinion, and propose to draw up an award accordingly. The two declare that if they proceed in that intention they will quit the board, and leave the business unsettled, for that they had resolved never to sign such an award.

The counsel for the plaintiff contends that arbitrations and references were wisely intended *to put an end to contention*, and to obtain justice without the expense, delay, and vexation of law-suits; but unless the judgment and award of arbitrators in every case was obligatory on the contending parties, the institution was illusory, and the oath taken to submit to such an award was an impious trifling with one of the most sacred engagements.

The counsel for the defendant asserts that both of the arbitrators, nominated by his client, protested against the award as improper and unjust; and that, although his client had engaged in a bond, signed by both parties, to submit to the award of three of the arbitrators, it was also provided that, to form a board to do business, one at least of the arbitrators nominated by his client must be present; and of course, that both of them being unanimous, might by retiring dissolve the board, which they actually threatened to do when they discovered the business was like to terminate against the interest of their constituent.

Query: Whether this clause in the arbitration bond was intended, or can be justly construed, to impede the course of justice, and prevent a judgment being issued; or whether it was designed, merely to provide against the possible absence of both of the arbitrators, of either party, by deaths, sickness, or other unavoidable hindrance? as, otherwise, two arbitrators of either party might, at any time prevent a settlement, however just, when they

they thought it would issue against their constituent, and leave the business still to be terminated by the harpies of the law. But as both the gentlemen, nominated by Sylvanus Planter, did attend through the whole of the business, I would ask, are they not bound by the ties of honour, conscience, and common usage, to continue to the close, and to sanction the judgment of their colleagues by their presence, if not by their signatures; or if they still resolve to secede, which has become very fashionable, of late, with Republican minorities: query, ought their absence to prevent or delay the final settlement? and are they not chargeable with all the evil consequences that may follow from such extraordinary conduct?

QUERIST.

The Querist has my thanks for his communication. I should really think, that he alluded to the recent conduct of the *American Commissioners*, had he not omitted a very material circumstance: to wit, that *John Clothier* (relying implicitly on the good faith of *Sylvanus Planter* for the due execution of the agreement) did *give up a PLEDGE which he held for the payment of the sums due to him.*—The statement of the *Querist*, as far as it goes, is a fair one, and the method he has taken to bring the subject forward is ingenious and modest; but we must begin to speak plain on this important subject. It is an old remark, that *fables* had their origin in despotic states, where men *dared* not speak of persons and things as they were, and therefore hid their censure under the mask of a fable. I hope we are not yet reduced to the *necessity* of adopting such an artifice! At any rate I mean to *try it.* I clearly perceive, that I shall stand alone for a time; but, this will be no new thing to me.

*Doctor Stock.—Extract from Bache's Gazette of 30th December, 1794, purporting to be a Copy of a Letter from Glasgow, dated 26th September, 1794.* —" The trials for *high treason*, which have taken " place in Scotland, will doubtless claim attention, " even on the other side of the Atlantic.—Mr. " DOWNIE (who was hanged at Edinburgh) " bears his fate with all the fortitude and dignity " which *virtue* and *patriotism* naturally inspire.— " The grand jury also found a bill of indictment " against JOHN EDWARD STOCK, a Student " of Medicine in this University, a young gentleman " of promising abilities and amiable manners. He, " however, has *fortunately fled to your hemis-* " *phere.*"

[Now, reader, this is the identical DOCTOR STOCK who is so very, *very* intimate with DALLAS, at present the Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania, formerly an unsuccessful play-actor at Jamaica; I am told, and much am I astonished at it, that this *DALLAS*, the friend of Genet, Fauchet, Adet, and Yruje, and the *patron* of M'Kean; I am told that this man, the open, the avowed, the bitter enemy of Great Britain, is frequently visited by British Consuls, Agents, and Commissioners.— I wonder whether DOCTOR STOCK is of the party of these visits?]

*M'Kean and Co.*—Amongst the ridiculous parts of the Address, which *Leib, Coxe, Miles, Dallas*, &c. &c. have published in behalf of M'Kean, is, the *conclusion*, in which they call upon their " FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS" to leave nothing undone to get him elected, *because* republicanism is in great danger *in Europe.*—" Whether," say they, " we consider " the intelligence from abroad, concerning the " operations of *all the mightiest* of the *despotic* " powers,

" powers, &c. we are most solemnly affected with " the prospect that presents itself. A combination of " Emperors and Kings is formed on a basis avow- " edly hostile to the theoretical, as well as to the " practical, *sovereignty of the people*, throughout the " world."

Well! and what then?—Do you imagine, that *your electing M'Kean* will break up the combination? What is this poor old soul to do against " *all the mightiest* of the despotic powers?" Will his receiving *two thousand pounds a year* out of the pockets of the people of Pennsylvania prevent Marshall Suwarroff from marching to Paris? I'll engage that neither of the Emperors or Kings of Europe know that there is such a being in existence, except King George, perhaps, who may have read of him in the "DEMOCRATIC JUDGE."—The other four committee-men are stupid creatures, but was it not a shame, now, for you, *Dallas* and *Coxe*, to attempt to persuade the poor citizens, that, by their choosing this old man to govern them, they would prevent the Emperors and Kings from rooting out the comfortable doctrine of the " Sove- " reignty of the people?"—Was it not a shame, I say?—How you must have laughed to yourselves, when you saw *Leib*, *Muhlenberg*, and the other two, swallowing the bait, and pompously putting their hands to such a miserable bore!

*M'Kean's Tavern Bill.—The Virtue of Economy as exemplified in the Conduct of Thomas M'Kean and his Aids.—York County.*—The county had formerly to pay the *tavern-club* of the Chief Justice and his aids during the weekly sessions of the Court. The amount of those *clubs* may be seen from the annexed list. By the new constitution the Judge is allowed only four dollars a day for his travelling expenses while on the circuit, and we hear that since he has thus to pay his *club*

ounts to more
ek. But before
ws—Witness the

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| ey, | 64 | 8 | 1 |
| | 63 | 1 | 6 |
| to | 59 | 14 | 10 |
| to | 29 | 15 | 6 |
| to | 38 | 19 | 9 |
| to | 50 | 14 | 9 |
| Ditto | 73 | 16 | 1 |
| Ditto | 54 | 0 | 7 |
| Ditto | *74 | 3 | 0 |

*M'Kean.*—Sir, in your
u say, that you are a "*de-*
of Mr. Adams."—Be it
not, then, I think, feel
gave your daughter's hand
and when you heard her
abjure what the Romish
*idle heresies,*" in which she
Then she uttered this solemn
Presbyterian *devotion* must have
shock.
voluntary entrance into the
Church has, by some per-
mere temporary expedient to
different from those of religion;
might be inclined to stretch
favour of being called the *father*
N. I look upon your amiable

---

one third less in value than sterling:
Pennsylvania make two pounds sterling.
a Judge's tavern score, is not much
consider that America is blessed with
Judges!!!!

daughter's

daughter's *conversion* as perfectly sincere, and I have yet hopes (notwithstanding your *denial)* of seeing you follow her pious example.—In the mean time, however, your anxiety to become our Governor, your patriotic desire to receive *two thousand ponnds a year*, in place of the *one thousand* you now receive, has led you into many and great inconsistencies.—Strange indeed is the conduct of a President of the *Hibernian Society*, who labours to *clear his character* of the "*charge*" of being *an Irishman*; and still more strange is the conduct of a *father*, who, to-day, gives his daughter's hand to a *Papist*, and to-morrow, thinks it necessary to come publicly forward and *clear his character* of the "*charge*" of being a *Roman Catholic!* *

## SEPTEMBER, 1799.

*Canal Lottery.—Joseph Ball and Co.*—This JOSEPH BALL is, very much to my astonishment, nominated by the Federalists of the city of Philadelphia, as a *proper person* to be elected a *Senator* for the said city, &c. I therefore republish, from my Gazette of the 11th and 20th of July, the statements respecting the CANAL LOTTERY, No. 2, from which statements, I think, it

* This is part of a letter addressed to M'KEAN, and signed "*An Irish Catholic.*" The fact alluded to, respecting M'KEAN's daughter, is a most shocking one. The SPANISH AMBASSADOR courted the young woman, but would not marry her, unless she first became a Catholic. Most of my readers know the humiliating ceremony that she must have gone through; and it is really true, that her father and mother assisted at the ceremony, during which she renounced the "*damnable heresies,*" in which they had brought her up, and in which they themselves still continued!!—Such are the accommodating principles of a republican *Chief Justice!*

will appear, that BALL is *not a proper person* to be chosen as a Senator, nor even as a constable. If the Federalists of Philadelphia can find, in all their party, no man more worthy of being entrusted with the making of laws than one of the Managers of the Canal Lottery, it is time to abandon them; for, as to myself, I solemnly declare that I would sooner vote for *Israel Israel* than any of the famous *Six*. I am duly impressed with the evils, which would result from the success of *M'Kean*; but, if that success is to be prevented only by a compromise with such men as *Ball*, I say, let him be Governor. The disgrace of submitting to tyranny is not half so great as the avoiding of it by such despicable means.

11*th July.*—*Canal Lottery, No.* 2.—The repetition of these words is become as disgusting to me as the sound of them undoubtedly is to my readers; I am, however, induced to make use of them once more, by way of title to my remarks on *the shameful detention of the Prize Money*,—I have done every thing in my power to avoid a newspaper discussion of this subject, and I now enter on it with extreme reluctance; but, as a vender of the tickets, I think it necessary to prove that I have no part in the disgraceful transaction, and I know that an exposure of those who have, is a duty, which, as an Editor, I owe to an injured, insulted, and indignant public.

In order to place the matter in a clear light; to make it perfectly intelligible to my readers in all parts of the United States and every where else, it will be necessary first to lay before them the Scheme of the Lottery, which was published by the *Managers*, in the following words:

*Canal Lottery, No.* 2.—We the Commissioners appointed by the Governor to superintend the drawing

drawing of the lottery, inform the public, that the tickets are now rolling up, and that the drawing will positively commence on Monday, the 29th of May next.

*Frederick Kuhl,*
*James Ash,*
*George Budd.*

Philadelphia, April 17, 1797.

Tickets at six dollars each, to be had at the Canal Office, near the Bank of the United States, and of either of the subscribers.

Managers. { JOSEPH BALL, JOHN STEINMETZ, STANDISH FORDE, FRANCIS WEST, JAMES M'CREA, WM. MONTGOMERY.

SCHEME OF LOTTERY, NO. 2.

| *Prizes.* | | *Dollars.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | of twenty thousand dollars | 20,000 |
| 1 | of ten thousand dollars | 10,000 |
| 5 | of four thousand dollars each, to be paid to the possessors of the five numbers first out of the wheel on the last day's drawing, at which time there shall not be less than 500 numbers undrawn, | 20,000 |
| 10 | of two thousand dolls. each | 20,000 |
| 20 | of one thousand dolls. each | 20,000 |
| 43 | of five hundred dolls. each | 21,500 |
| 100 | of two hundred dolls. each | 20,000 |
| 100 | of one hundred dolls. each | 10,000 |
| 220 | of fifty dollars each | 11,000 |
| 29,500 | of five dollars each | 147,500 |
| 30,000 | tickets at ten dollars each | 300,000 |

Six

Six dollars for each ticket will only be demanded at the time of sale.

☞ ☞ ☞ ALL PRIZES SHALL BE PAID TEN DAYS AFTER THE DRAWING IS FINISHED, upon the demand of the possessor of a fortunate ticket, subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

Such prizes as are not demanded within twelve months after the drawing is finished, of which public notice will be given, shall be considered as relinquished for the use of the Canal, and applied accordingly.

Here is the compact, entered into with the public; here is the *promise*, which was made by the MANAGERS to the purchasers of tickets, and by which those purchasers were induced to lay out their money. Nothing could be more formal and solemn than was this engagement. First, the legislature passed a law authorizing the lottery; this law, which was published with the Governor's sanction, provides of the *taking of bonds from the Managers*, for the due *payment of the prizes*. The world is then informed, by *Commissioners appointed by the Governor*, that the lottery is about to commence drawing; and, last of all, come the managers, in order "to make assurance double sure," and solemnly promise, in their own names, that "ALL PRIZES SHALL BE PAID TEN DAYS "AFTER THE DRAWING IS FINISHED."

Who would have imagined, that, with all this before their eyes, the managers would dare to refuse payment after the ten days were expired? Who would have imagined, till Joseph Ball and his accomplices proved the fact, that any six men in the world would think of existing under the load of odium, that such a barefaced breach of confidence must inevitably bring upon them?

The

The progress of this business, as far has it has reached my knowledge, is explained in the following letters, which I wrote to the managers, and which I insert here, as well for the information of the public as to prove that I have neglected nothing to avoid the necessity of the step which I have, at last, been obliged to take.

'*Philadelphia, April* 27, 1799.

'SIR,

'I take the liberty to inform you, that I have 'made application to the treasurer of the Canal 'Lottery company, for payment of a prize of 500 'dollars, which I hold; and, I am sorry to add, 'that he has, in the presence of witness, positively 'refused to make payment. I shall wait until 'Monday next, Sir, in hopes that you will be so 'good as to give a satisfactory explanation of this 'very extraordinary conduct of the treasurer; but 'I candidly inform you, at the same time, that if 'I do not obtain such explanation on Monday, I 'shall feel it my duty to those who have bought 'tickets of me to come forward publicly with a 'complaint on the subject, and to convince my 'customers that I have no hand in the detention of 'their prize-money.

'I have the honour to be,

'Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'WM. COBBETT.'

'*Mr. Standish Forde.*'

'*To Messrs. Joseph Ball, John Steinmetz, Standish 'Forde, Francis West, James M'Crea, and William Montgomery, Managers of the Canal Lottery, No.* 2.

'GENTLEMEN,

'The publication of the scheme of the Lottery, 'of which you are the managers, was accompanied

'with

'with a promise, solemnly made by you to the 'public, that "all prizes should be paid *ten days* "after the drawing was finished." That the draw- 'ing was finished more than *three times ten days* 'ago is a fact, Gentlemen, of which you need not 'be informed; and yet, it is notorious, that the 'payment of the prizes has not yet begun.

'As a holder of a prize in the Lottery, I should 'have an undoubted right to complain of this 'breach of promise; but, considerations much more 'weighty than the payment of the prizes I hold 'have induced me to write you this letter.

'You cannot be ignorant, Gentlemen, that a 'great number of your tickets (no small proportion 'of the whole) are distributed about in different 'parts of the country with *my name* on the back of 'them. I have sold these tickets, and you have 'received the money for them. During the sale, 'in order to inspire confidence in the purchasers, I 'have, from time to time, published the scheme, 'accompanied with your promise of punctual 'payment. The holders of tickets were long 'ago informed, that the drawing was finished, and 'they naturally expected, that the promised pay- 'ment would take place. The prizes have been 'presented at your office; but there, the bearers 'of them, instead of prompt payment, have re- 'ceived an equivocal and unsatisfactory refusal.

'In some instances, however, the refusal has been 'flat and plain. On the 27th of April, which was '*twenty-four days* after the drawing was finished, 'I sent in a 500 dollar prize for payment, which 'payment the treasurer positively refused to make. 'I wrote an account of this to Mr. Standish Forde, 'to whom I at the same time intimated my reso- 'solution of coming publicly forward to convince 'my customers, that I had no hand in the deten- 'tion of their prize-money. This has produced

'me

'me a verbal message from you, by the mouth of 'your check clerk, Mr. Brooke, informing me, 'that you had agreed to pay the particular prize '*which was held by me*. But, Gentlemen, this offer 'I cannot accept of, I will receive no payment, 'until the other holders of prizes receive theirs, 'as I neither have, nor wish to have, any possible 'claim to a preference in this respect. It is true 'I have paid you a great deal of money, and I paid 'it the moment it was due, but I paid it not a mo-'ment before. I wish for like honest payment at 'your hands; but I will never receive that pay-'ment as a *favour*; much less will I receive it as a '*sop*. No, Gentlemen, I scorn to enter into a 'compromise, in which the interest of my cus-'tomers and of the public are to be sacrificed to my 'own.

'Upon due reflection, Gentlemen, you cannot 'look upon this representation as an impertinent 'or officious interference in your concerns, because 'you must perceive, that my character and credit 'are deeply involved by the forfeiture of your pro-'mise. Had my sale of tickets been confined to 'the city of Philadelphia, where it is well known I 'was nothing more than a mere retailer of them, 'then perhaps, I should, for a time at least, have 'left this complaint to some other; but, I have sent 'tickets to every part of the United States, to Ca-'nada, Nova Scotia, and the West Indies, and, in 'these distant parts, it is impossible that it should 'be known, that I have no interest in the non 'payment of the prizes. Many persons never 'heard of the Lottery but through me; many 'others never would have purchased tickets if I 'had not been the vender of them; one half of 'the country people look upon my house as the 'Lottery-office; and no inconsiderable number

'have

'have come to demand of me the payment of their 'prizes.

'Under these circumstances, Gentlemen, I can 'no longer remain silent. You may spare your-'selves the trouble of any further overtures to me. 'Either you must immediately pay the prizes, or I 'must bring the whole matter before the public.'

'I am,

'Gentlemen,

'Your most humble and

'Obedient servant,

'WM. COBBETT.'

'*Philadelphia,*
*6th May,* 1799.'

This letter caused some little confusion in the camp. A meeting of the managers was called, and, afterward, a meeting of the Canal Company, the immediate consequence of which was, *a publication of the list of prizes.* This, I thought, was a proof of their having resolved to do justice to the prize-holders, in which opinion I was confirmed by their paying the prize of 500 dollars, *which I held,* and some others; but, in a few days afterwards, I found that they still refused to pay any other prize of considerable amount, and in this refusal they have continued ever since.

It is a fact, that they have *cleared* by the Lottery, No. 2, TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, and yet they have the impudence to assert, that they are *unable* to pay the prizes!!! To comment on the profligacy of such conduct would be an insult to the understanding and to the rectitude of my readers. Every one must see it in its true light, and seeing, he must abhor it. I am told that Mr. Montgomery should declare, that he did not care a *damn* for me, or for *any thing that I could publish on the subject.* There are some persons, who may

may perhaps, admire such an heroic contempt for the good opinion of mankind; but I believe, whatever Mr. Montgomery may think of the matter, that there are very few honest men, who will wish for a like opportunity of evincing their intrepidity.

*20th July.—Canal Lottery, No. 2.*—The Managers of this Lottery are,

| | |
|---|---|
| JOSEPH BALL, | STANDISH FORDE, |
| JOHN STEINMETZ, | JAMES M'CREA, |
| FRANCIS WEST, | WM. MONTGOMERY. |

These *gentlemen* seem to be perfectly callous.—They laugh, I am told, at my exposition of their conduct, and at the *universal indignation*, which that exposition has produced. They do, however, now and then *condescend* to tell people, that they are *unable* to pay any prize *above* 50 dollars. Now, I assert, that they have *cleared* by the Lottery, No. 2, *TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS*; that is, they will have this sum left, *after having paid all the prizes*; and yet they are *unable* to pay!!! Unheard of impudence!

But, there is another fact, a most damning fact, which I did not produce against them, because I was in hopes that they had some sense of shame left, and that my last publication would have induced them to do justice.—They tell the holders of prizes, that they are unable to pay any prize *above fifty dollars*; now, the truth is, one of them, or all of them, purchased the *twenty thousand dollar prize* of the person who drew it. The neat amount of this prize is *seventeen thousand five hundred dollars*, for which they, or one of them, gave *some lands*; and, of this prize they have received, out of the Lottery-office, *fourteen thousand dollars*, at least!!!—Thus, *to themselves*, they are *able* to pay *fourteen thousand dollars* on

on one single prize, while *to others*, they are "*unable*" to pay a poor hundred dollars!

One of the *four thousand dollar prizes* is due to the daughter of a poor countryman. The neat amount of it is 3,400 dollars, which is a very pretty little fortune, and would, probably, be the lasting source of happiness to a numerous and worthy offspring. The proprietor of the prize, as well as her parents, must have been greatly elated at this favour of fortune. It must have given a new turn to their plan of life. They must have anticipated their future comforts. Already, perhaps, had they fixed upon the farm to be purchased with the money.—And shall all these hopes be dashed, shall they for ever be destroyed, and shall these unsuspecting people be replunged into poverty, with the addition of disappointment and despair, by the blasting rapacity of *Joseph Ball and Co.?*—Is there no law, no public spirit; is there nothing in the country to prevent this?*

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*The Boxing Judge, and the Dealer in Passports.*—The following articles, from Boston papers, furnish a pretty tolerable specimen of republican patriotism and decency. My readers have heard, that certain young men, in Boston, celebrated the 7th of July, the anniversary of the dissolution of the treaty with France. Several orations were delivered on the occasion, one by a Judge Livermore, of Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, which contained the relation of a curious fact, respecting the sale of French passports for vessels, by one *Lee*. After this preface, the Boston publications will speak for themselves.

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* The Managers have never yet paid the money: they live and laugh at the public!!!

*Boston,*

" *Boston, August* 13, 1799.

" MR. RUSSELL,

" As many of my friends have not seen and probably never will see Mr. Livermore's oration, I request you will, for their information, publish the following extract from it:—" There are other ways " of bribing than the bribe direct. And how has " it happened, that many gentlemen in the United " States have their vessels untouched by French " privateers? Some have made fortunes; and most " have greatly enriched themselves; and those gen- " tlemen invariably violent partisans of the French. " —It is easily solved—it is a well known fact, " that a gentleman (Mr. LEE) arrived from France " last summer with French passports, which he *open-* " *ly offered for sale.*"—Had Mr. LIVERMORE have omitted my name, I should possibly have taken no other notice of the piece, than to have asked him in *private* an explanation of this passage; but as he has so pointedly and personally attacked me, I am compelled, in justice to my own feelings, and in vindication of my character, thus *publicly* to declare, the said Judge EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE, Esq. of Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, to have been guilty of a malicious and scandalous falsehood."

" W. LEE."

[This brought the parties together; but, instead of death-doing deeds, they, like their country, very humanely and very wisely proposed *negotiation*; and, as if they were resolved to imitate the Federal Government in form as well as in spirit, the negotiators appointed were *three* in number.]

*Accommodation.*—" IT APPEARS, that Mr. LEE purchased of Mr. *Mourgue*, a Citizen of Paris, two instruments of safe conduct or protections for two cargoes to be shipped from America to France (which passports Mr. *Mourgue* obtained from the

Minister of Marine in Paris) this appears to have been merely a *mercantile transaction* on the part of Mr. *Lee*, to cover his property, and with no view to render any service to France or injury to America.

"On the other hand, it appears, that Judge *Livermore* had no personal knowledge of Mr. *Lee*, and no intention to injure his reputation; but deemed the circumstance of Mr. *Lee's* being in possession of the instruments, or passports aforesaid, a justification of adducing it in proof of his general position, that the French Government were using indirect means to influence and bribe the Citizens of America.

"From this statement, we are of opinion that Judge *Livermore* ought to acknowledge to Mr. *Lee*, that he did not merit the insinuation of "bribery," nor charge of "openly offering for sale" the protections in question, as contained in his oration.

"And on the other hand, that Mr. *Lee* acknowledge to Judge *Livermore*, that he did not merit the charge made against him by Mr. *Lee*, in the papers, that he "was guilty of a malicious and scandalous falsehood."

*JOHN C. JONES,*
*WILLIAM EUSTICE,*
*JOHN WINSLOW."*

"*Boston, Aug.* 21, 1799."

[Both parties were, it seems, *satisfied* with this ingenious award, and, if I do not admire their spirit, I cannot but commend their extreme *moderation*. The profound casuistry of Messrs. Jones, Eustice, and Winslow are also worthy of the highest encomium. The "*mercantile transaction*" of Mr. Lee is admirable; and, to say the truth, the whole of the award proves most incontestibly, that these negotiators are endowed with a discrimination rarely to be met with. It is unpleasant, however, to add, that their labours proved abortive. While they were settling

settling the point of honour, the parties came to blows, as the reader is about to see].

"*Boston, August* 23, 1799."

"My Dear Sir,

"You probably have heard of the fracas of yesterday; but as the miserable fag-end of the Jacobins will endeavour to misrepresent it, as usual, I will give you the particulars as I saw them.

"You will have seen in the papers the charge which Judge Livermore, of Portsmouth, made in his oration of the 7th, against a Mr. Lee, who brought certain dispatches from France. The fact is, Lee did absolutely purchase two passports to secure property against French privateers.—He knew the French directory were rascally enough to dispense with any rules for *l'argent*.—He by his agent, therefore, bribed the Minister of Marine with between 3 and 4000 livres, and obtained the passports.—These passports protected his property. After he arrived, he offered them (for he told me, in the presence of a third person) to four gentlemen, Messrs. Frederick, W. Geyer, and Joseph Russel, Colonel Watson and Colonel T. H. Perkins.—They advised him not to mention the matter again; and the passports went to the southward—were sold, and the purchasers, as Lee says, made a handsome some of money by them. From these facts Judge Livermore conceived himself justifiable to add this instance, to the long list of French criminal proceedings. In consequence, Lee foolishly contradicted the statement, as you will have seen. The subject was left to referees; their award you will have seen, which both parties appeared satisfied with. But during this discussion, as the Boston papers have a great circulation in Portsmouth, Judge L. thought it necessary to make the reply to Lee's publication. It was published at Portsmouth on

Tuesday—and Lee seeing it, came *behind* Judge Livermore, as he passed the coffee-house, seized him by the collar of his coat *behind*, without speaking, and struck, or rather *dab'd* him with a huge huntsman's whip, given him, it is said, by a negro-selling fellow, by the name of Hatch. The Judge received eight or ten raps over the hat before he saw or knew who was rapping at him. He then, with a small switch he had in his hand, began to strike Lee, but Lee immediately wrested the rattan from Judge Livermore's hand, and continued to strike at him with the doubled up whip and rattan. Finding himself thus disarmed, the Judge closed in with Lee, and seizing him by the throat, would have strangled the Jacobin in a few minutes, had not the spectators then interfered, and took him off. The combatants were separated. Judge Livermore went into Cooper's office, and Lee into the Insurance-office. The Judge frequently pronounced Lee, in his hearing, and afterwards, an assassin, a coward, and scoundrel—and kept the street. Lee was urged out of the office, and when he came into the street, Judge Livermore recommenced the attack, with a handsome stick, and in a few minutes beat Lee intolerably. Some meddlers disarmed the Judge, after he had given ten or twelve blows;—but then he at Lee with his fist, and gave him *an Irish coat of arms*. Lee scudded through the coffee-house back-yard, and tripped it to the hack stand, called a hack, and with half a coat, and demi-culottes, he rode off, and has not since been heard of. The Judge is not the least hurt. Lee is a stout, tall, handsome, young Hercules to look at.—The Judge is a small, well-set, nervous, likely man, about forty—Lee about thirty-two. The Jacobin chins have increased, if possible, two inches in length, in consequence of this disaster to their champion. The whole gang was on the spot; and one

one or two had the jacobinism to call out, " Bang him, Lee;" but they were soon quieted; and hung their jouls like a frost-bitten cow. A message, I believe, is gone from Judge Livermore to Mr. Lee this morning, I have not heard further particulars."

Now, reader, you are undoubtedly much shocked at the discovery of this atrocious traffic in passports; but you may depend upon it, that Lee will never be punished, nor even prosecuted for it; and that, such is the state of society in which we live, he never will lose a friend or an acquaintance on account of it. And, I beseech you not to believe, that Lee is the only dealer in this French ware; perhaps he may be only one out of a thousand.—Never was there a country, which, in so few years, produced so many traitors as America. Never was there a government and country so shamefully, so insolently, betrayed. Were I President, I would hang them, or they should murder me; I never would hold the sword of justice, and suffer such miscreants to escape its edge.

Glad, however, as I am to see such facts come to light, I cannot but lament, that they come forth attended with circumstances so disgraceful to the magistracy. A Judge boxing in the street! A Judge boasting of having given his adversary a *pair of black eyes!* What must the world think of this? *Whence comes* this shocking degradation? and *where* will it end? These, with every reflecting mind, are very serious questions.

By way of corollary to this article, it may not be amiss to insert an old Irish song, which will clearly show, that the true point of HONOUR has long been understood by the sons and daughters of Hibernia as well as by the Bostonians.

OCH, 'twas in the town of ———, in the county ———, I forgot
the name,
But it was in Ireland, and that you know, is just the same,
A greasy fat landlady, so fat the devil choke her,
Accus'd Paddy Ponsouby with stealing of her poker.

Now Pat he was a Grenadier in what d'ye call the Light Horse;
A tighter, cleaner, prettier lad, upon my shoul there never was.
He roar'd out, blood and o'ons! do you take me for a stoker,
That from the devil's fire-side I come to steal your poker?

Och, I value not your blustering nor bullying words at all at all,
But if you are for quarrelling, and means for to keep up the ball,
You must take your Bible Oath here without any joke, Sir,
That you know not in word or deed about my pretty poker.

Then Pat he swore by the Hill of Howth, and by the Holy Fader
too,
By all the Saints in Calendar that were geather'd there togedder
too,
By the hand of his body, and the bread that he broke, here,
That he knew not in word or deed about her dirty poker.

Now all that Pat could say or do, had no effect upon her,
Because as why, you know, says she, you have not pledg'd your
*honour.*
With that Pat started back, put his hand behind his cloak here,
Touch my *honour,* touch my life—*there woman take your poker!*

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*The New Envoys.*—From an eastern paper. "We have made inquiry touching the foundation of the reports, that Messrs. Elsworth and Davie would embark for Europe, in all September, to join their colleague, Mr. Murray, and proceed on the object of their commission—but have not attained any satisfactory solution. The event is not improbable; but we can assure our readers, that Messrs. Elsworth and Davie will not sail, "until assurances shall have been received from the Executive Directory of France, signified by their secretary of foreign relations, "that they shall be accredited in "character; that they shall enjoy all the prerogatives attached to them by the law of nations; "and that the ministers of equal powers shall be "appointed to treat with them as the envoys extraordinary

" traordinary and ministers plenipotentiary of a " great, powerful, and INDEPENDENT nation."— When this is the case, it will well become the *magnanimity* of a *truly great nation*, to open the door for manly, honourable, and *independent* discussion, to refer all controversies to a just and equal tribunal, and to make such regulations for the future commercial intercourse between the two nations, as shall give confidence to the mercantile interest, and remove the cause of future misunderstanding. The envoys chosen, have been selected for their wisdom, moderation, and attachment to their country: if they go, they will go, panoplied in the integrity of their cause; and they have had sufficient specimen of the ruling passions of the Government with whom they are to treat: they have been forewarned, that the " *tiger crouches before he springs on his prey*," and that to expect fidelity in some of the ruling powers in France, will be as stupid as to sleep with a rattlesnake in their bosoms, or to admit a half-starved bear as a tenant in their children's nurseries."

[Why, this is right, now. A weak, indecisive, and faltering policy, should be propped up by miserable shifts and impotent apologies. That the United States is a " *truly Great Nation*," no one, who knows any thing of its *geography* will deny; but, that it has evinced its " *magnanimity*" in *keeping three envoys seven months, in waiting to know the pleasure of five upstart wretches*, who have treated its government with every mark of contempt, few people besides Duane and the Boston slaves will, I imagine, allow. *Magnanimity* means *greatness of mind*, but more particularly the greatness of mind which discovers itself in a generous *forbearance to retaliate for injuries received*; but, to give merit to your forbearance, to render it worthy of the name

of *magnanimity*, you must first show, that you possess *the spirit to resent*, and *the power to avenge:* without these, you may *talk* about your *magnanimity*, but all men of sense will turn from you, as from the pitiful apologists of a coward who wishes to support a reputation for valour.

Every attempt at a defence of this disastrous measure presents a tissue of inconsistencies; it is not, therefore, surprising to see this paragraphist quoting the words of Mr. Pickering, comparing the Directory to a den of *tigers*, at the same time that he is extolling the *magnanimity* of the Councils which has prepared an embassy to them. He should, however, recollect, that *magnanimity* may be shown by *words* as well as by actions; and that the magnanimous man does not load with reproaches those whom he professes to have forgiven. Either America has forgiven the accumulated insults and injuries of the French despots, or she has not; if she has, it is, to say the best of it, foolish and indecent to stigmatize them as *tigers*; and, if she has not, the measure in question has not been dictated by *magnanimity*, but by avarice, by fear, by folly, or at least by something other than *magnanimity*.

There is an epithet in the paragraph that I am commenting on, of which, as it is here used, I do not perfectly understand the meaning: it is the hackneyed word, *independent:* "an honourable and "*independent* discussion." How a *discussion* can, with any propriety, be called *independent*, I cannot perceive. Does the writer mean to tell us, that the next discussion is to have no *dependence* on the last, or on any other discussion, or any thing else? Or, does he mean, that it is to be carried on in a manner that shall prove America to be *independent of France?* In fact, the words *independent* and *independence* are, from habit, become absolutely necessary in the composition of every paragraph, however

ever short and unimportant, wherein mention is made of the character or the conduct of the United States, the *independent* quality of which is so harped upon, that a stranger would be ready to call its existence in question. It was said of a bungling polemick divine, that he wrote about the truth of the Christian faith, "till even believers began to doubt "it;" and, unless the Whigs of America wish to produce a similar effect, I would seriously advise them to be less lavish of assertions respecting the independence of their country. This observation will equally well apply to the prodigal use of the word *liberty*, with all its derivations and synonymies. I have a bundle of newspapers now before me, among which are the "Centinel of *Freedom*," the "Centinel of *Liberty*," the "Genius of *Liberty*," the "Guardian of *Liberty*," the "*Freeman's* Jour-"nal," the "Herald of *Liberty*," the "Palladium "of *Liberty*;" and I have, at times, seen many others in the same strain. Now, no one, who knows any thing of mankind, will ever believe, that there is much real liberty *enjoyed* where its *name* is so ostentatiously exhibited. It is, I must confess, very provoking, that the world should be so perverse, as not to believe men possessed of what they brag so much about; but then, such is the way of the world, and who can help it?

I have now done with this eastern paragraph, but I shall profit from the occasion it has presented me, by introducing another paragraph or two on the same subject. The following little scrap, said to be taken from a London paper of the 5th of June last, has travelled from the northern to the southern extremity of the United States.—"The United "States of America, in their *opposition* to the in-"famous demands of France, have exhibited an "*energy of character*, which, while it has *asto-*"*nished*, has also *stimulated the most disheartened* "*nations*

" nations of Europe, in a manner the most successful oppo-
" sition to the aggressions of French tyranny." Now, I challenge the whole world to produce any thing so completely burlesque as this. What "resist-
" ance" has America made to France? What has she done to "astonish" the nations of Europe, except her unparalleled tameness has had that effect? And, in the name of heaven, what example of hers can have animated the "disheartened nations of
" Europe?" The sans culotte Directory robbed her of seven millions of dollars: they insulted her Government: they seized her citizens, put them in irons, confounded them for British prisoners of war, kept them starving, and frequently killed them. She sent an envoy, not to demand a redress of grievances, but to soothe the tyrants: they ordered their myrmidons to drive him out of their land. She then sent three envoys, with no instructions, to demand satisfaction and reparation for the unheard-of insults and injuries they had loaded her with: these they treated like representatives of supplicant vassals; they refused to see or to hear them, and only condescended to authorize their underlings to demand of them a *tribute* and a *recantation of the President's speech*. This seemed to be too much even for America to bear, and, in the heat of her resentment, she resolved to supplicate no more; but her subsequent conduct has proved, that this resolution was the effect of passion rather than of "*energy* of character;" for, she has appointed *three other envoys* to her insolent oppressors, and, which completes her "*energy* of character," these envoys *she keeps in waiting here, till it shall please the Directory to signify that they have consented to receive them in a manner becoming their character.*

Such is, in few words, "the *energy* of character" exhibited by America "in *opposition* to the infa-
" mous demands of France;" and to say that such

*energy*

*energy* has "*stimulated the disheartened nations in* "*Europe*" to make a manly and successful opposition against the rapacious and bloody republic, is an outrageous insult to the understandings of mankind; it is the excess of falsehood and of vanity; it is impudent, it is disgusting, it is most shockingly obscene.

The paragraph may, for ought I know, be taken from a *London paper*, and even from a *government paper*, for the editors of some of these papers are stupid enough in all conscience; but, no matter where it was found, its falsehood and absurdity are notorious, and therefore, to republish it, without comment, is to participate in the ideot-like impudence of the author. *The Times* is the paper, in which, as I am told, this paragraph was imported; and, from the stock-jobbing reputation of that paper, it does not appear improbable, that the insertion of the article *cost some American half-a-crown or three shillings:* nay, it is far from being impossible, that it was sent from this side of the water.—This is no new trick; but does any one imagine, that poor silly tricks like this will impose upon the world? Is there a human being foolish enough to think, that the character of a nation is to be supported by a succession of miserable *puffs?*

I shall now return to the *new Embassy*, and quote a paragraph, on the subject, from the Boston slaves. This paragraph makes part of "*a communication* "*from a gentleman lately returned from the Con-* "*tinent of Europe,*" and runs thus:—"The Ame- "rican character was *highly respected in Europe*; "but the news of the appointment of Ambas- "sadors to France had *embarrassed the public mind* "respecting the real views of our Government; "this measure has been *grossly mistated*, accom- "panied with reports of great divisions existing "among the American people."

As

As to the *high respect* paid to the American character in Europe, I certainly can have no objection to it; nor do I at all doubt but the public mind *there* was greatly embarrassed as to the real views of our government, for the public mind *here* was, and yet is, greatly embarrassed on the same subject. I have never heard any one pretend to give a satisfactory reason for the new appointment; even the servile printers of Boston have not attempted it: they tell you that the President is a virtuous and a wise man, and that, *therefore*, you are to believe, that he has not taken this, or any other step, without good and sufficient reason; and, lest you should still entertain an impertinent curiosity, and express your wish to be informed *what this good and sufficient reason is*, they shut up your mouth with observing, that the constitution has made the President the sole judge of this matter, and that you ought to "*leave it where* "*the Constitution placed it*;" and further they tell you, that to be a true Federalist, you must give your approbation to what appears unreasonable, as well as to what appears reasonable, for that, if you approve of nothing but what agrees with *your* confined notions of justice and honour, your friendship is not worth the attention of the Government; and that you, in fact, are *a democrat* in practice, if not in theory. This terrific sort of reasoning had the desired effect; it silenced all the cavillers of the Federal party, who, rather than be excommunicated as *democrats*, resolved to hold their tongues, and "*make the best of a bad bargain.*"

But, I should be glad to know what this "gen- "tleman lately returned from Europe" means by saying that the measure had been "*grossly* "*mistated.*" How could it possibly be *mistated?* The *fact* was true, and the fact, the simple fact of the appointment, was quite enough to embarrass the public mind of Europe; it wanted no distortion, no humiliating circumstances, if it had, those

circumstances

circumstances were to be found, without having recourse to misrepresentations.

By the sequel it appears probable, that the alleged "*gross mistatement*" is meant to apply to the reports respecting the "*great divisions* existing "amongst the American people," on the subject of the Embassy; but these reports, if there were really such circulated in Europe, were certainly founded in truth, and of this there wants no other evidence than that given by the President himself, in his second communication to the Senate, where he gives *his reasons for new modelling the Embassy.*— Yes; there were, and there yet are, great divisions amongst the American people, respecting this measure: it is notorious, that the President's most sincere and zealous friends have all along disapproved of it, and it is also notorious, that the only public papers, which have unequivocally defended it, are those which have ever been regarded as in the pay of France. Those papers which have teemed with libels on Messrs. Hamilton, Wolcott, and Pickering, and on General Washington; those papers which have imputed to the President the full possession of every folly and every vice; those papers which have accused him of intentions to overturn the Constitution, and to raise himself on a throne built on its ruins; those papers which have called him "the bald, blind, and toothless Adams;" those villainous papers, and those papers *alone*, have heartily approved of the new Embassy to France. As far as regards the *new Embassy*, and the *Secession of the Commissioners of British Debts*, the Federal Government has completely changed its partisans; whether it will gain by that change, or not, time will determine. It appears to me, that these two measures, if persevered in, will produce an entire revolution in the politics of the United States; the present partisans of France will then become partisans

tisans of the Federal Government, because the interests of that Government will then become perfectly compatible with the prosecution of the views of the Directory. What will be the *consequence* of this revolution, I leave others to foretell.]

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" *Washington, Pennsylvania, Sept.* 19, 1799.

" SIR,

" I have been requested to send you the following Certificate, signed by a respectable person of this place; you will be kind enough to insert it in your paper as soon as possible, and endeavour to have it inserted in some other city paper—the facts may be relied on.

" I am your's, &c.

" G. HENRY KEPPLE."

" MR. COBBETT,
*Philadelphia.*"

" I do hereby certify, that THOMAS M'KEAN, in the year 1776, at the head of a respectable battalion, in Amboy, at which time and place I was present, did, in a dastardly and cowardly manner, relinquish his command, by basely withdrawing himself from said battalion in a private and concealed manner, thereby avoiding what he justly merited for his conduct; and I do also certify, that, from his tyrannical, arbitrary, imposing conduct upon the soldiery, not a single man in the battalion either loved, feared, or respected him; they even looked upon him as a base, tyrannical, overbearing coward. I do also certify, that, on account of his base conduct, the said battalion had agreed to give HIS HONOUR the honour of marching out of camp with the Rogue's March, as the rich reward of his merit. I do also certify, that THOMAS

THOMAS M'KEAN used his utmost influence in procuring an exchange of GOVERNOR M'KINLEY (a man taken prisoner *in his bed)* in preference to GENERAL WILLIAM THOMPSON, a brave officer, taken, fighting at the head of his men, at the Three Rivers, who was justly intitled to a preference from a previous capture, agreeably to the Rules and Regulations of War; that in consequence of this, HIS HONOUR "bore the *heat of the day,*" and the "*burthen*" of the lash of GENERAL THOMPSON's horsewhip at the coffee-house in Philadelphia, without making any opposition, but submitting to it in such a manner, as to make every person present believe, that he merited all his *Honour* received.—I do also certify, that GENERAL THOMPSON gave *His Honour* notice, when and where he might be found, and if any satisfaction was required, as a soldier or gentleman, he might receive it;—this he refused in a cowardly manner. I do also certify, that THOMAS M'KEAN, in consequence of the horsewhipping, did, by a litigious law-suit, attempt to ruin the peace and happiness of GENERAL THOMPSON's family, and reduce them, if possible, to indigence. I do also certify, that THOMAS M'KEAN, as a base speculator, purchased soldiers' certificates (who were almost starving through want) at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound, and immediately after purchased the *confiscated* property of a clerical gentlemen, which he now occupies, with the same certificates at their full value, viz. 20*s.* in the pound! Is not this speculation of the basest kind upon men who fought and bled for the independence of their country? Can then your *Honour* boast of any thing excepting *cowardice, persecution, tyranny,* and *oppression?* Can your *Honour* account for consistency of conduct in 1794 and 1798? Did your *Honour* persecute your present friends in Cumberland county, in 1794, and shake hands with them in 1798,

1798, for their good intentions to tar and feather [illegible] you at that time? Now, are you a soldier or [illegible] a sneaking sycophant? Are you an honest speculator [illegible] or, or a base coward? Are you qualified to lead the [illegible] militia of this State to the field of battle? And do [illegible] you really think to procure the votes of the citizens [illegible] of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of ruling them [illegible] with a rod of iron?

"G. BLAKENEY*."

"*Washington, Pennsylvania,*
"19*th Sept.* 1799."

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## OCTOBER, 1799.

*Talleyrand's*—"*Plausible appearance of a Pro-bability.*"—The readers of Porcupine's Gazette, will recollect what passed at the epocha of the *famous*

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* I do not know Mr. BLAKENEY, but Mr. KEPPLE I know very well, and every one in Pennsylvania knows him to be a gentleman of unquestionable veracity. Had not Mr. BLAKENEY been a person well known to Mr. KEPPLE, the latter never would have vouched for his character.

The "Clerical Gentleman," whose confiscated property Mr. BLAKENEY says M'KEAN purchased with the money, out of which he choused the poor soldiers, was the learned, pious, and loyal Mr. DUCHÉ, who was, for many years, rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia, and who died there, in 1796, universally lamented, even by those who had been his persecutors.

Mr. BLAKENEY complains that M'KEAN speculated on the *Soldiers' Certificates*, while those soldiers were starving. I must confess, that, to take advantage of the distresses of those poor fellows, and to give them no more than 2*s.* for what he knew to be worth 20*s.* was something very much resembling *fraud*: but, let Mr. BLAKENEY remember, that the certificates were for the amount of the arrears, which had become due to those soldiers for their services *against their lawful Sovereign!* They were, in fact, the wages of rebellion; and, it is perfectly right that what is "gotten over the devil's back should go under his "belly."

*appointme*

*appointment* of new Envoys to treat with France. They will remember, that the ostensible ground for that appointment was, certain "*pacific assurances*," which had been made, in a circuitous way, by Talleyrand. Talleyrand had written two letters to *Pichon*, the Secretary of the French Embassy in Holland; *Pichon* had shewn the letters to Mr. Murray, permitting him to take copies of them; Mr. Murray had, it seems, sent these copies to the President, and their contents induced the President to resolve on sending another Envoy to France, and to nominate Mr. Murray as a fit person to fill that post.

Talleyrand's *second* letter to *Pichon* was laid before the Senate, and was afterwards published along with the message by which it was communicated. Whether Talleyrand's *first* letter was communicated to the Senate, or not, I cannot tell; but I know that it was not published, and, of course, that it was kept from the knowledge of the people at large.

The President, doubtless, thought, that it was not necessary to let the people read this letter, and he was certainly right; but, it seems, Talleyrand and his masters were of a different opinion; and, therefore perceiving that it was not published by the Government of America, they have very obligingly sent over a copy for that purpose.

It made its first appearance from the press of the miscreant *Callender*, at Richmond, in Virginia, who, it will be remembered, was taken into that State by Mason the Senator, Jefferson, and others, for the sole purpose of aiding the views of their party.

I shall now insert the letter, just as it stands in Callender's paper.

"*Pacific Assurances.*"

☞ The contents of the following papers are of such immense importance to the public at large, that no apology is necessary for giving a translation of them as early as possible. It might indeed be asked, why Congress did not call for and publish them in February last, when the President announced their existence? The reader ought not, however, to be detained a moment from a perusal of the papers themselves. He may be assured that they were received from a source which is PERFECTLY AUTHENTIC.

*(Examiner).*

"*Paris, 11th Fructidor, 6th year.*

"The Minister of Exterior Relations, to Citizen Pichon, Secretary of the Legation of the French Republic, near the Batavian Republic:

"CITIZEN,

"I see with pleasure that the ties of society have obtained you some political conversations with Mr. Murray. *I value that Minister Plenipotentiary.* He has received, like all men who are at the head of affairs of the United States, the impressions which the British Cabinet has had the address to give against us. He thinks the measures of his Government right, and supports them. But he has reason, understanding, and a true attachment to his country. He is neither a Frenchman, nor an Englishman. He is a *true American.* I do not wonder if he appeared to you sincerely desirous to restore the good understanding of the two Republics. I shall, therefore, willingly answer the questions which you put to me, upon different points which have appeared to you not to be well understood by him.—*(Mal établis dans son esprit.)*

"I see between France and the United States, no clashing of interests, no motives of jealousy. The

The Americans are desirous to be fishermen, navigators, manufacturers, but especially farmers.—Under all these points of view, their successes are more at the expense of England than at ours. Why should we be sorry for it? They aspire to consolidate their national existence, and it is our interest that they should succeed in their design. We should indeed have supported their independence with very superficial views, if we had been actuated only by the single motive to detach them from England, and to leave them afterwards unsupported, on a maritime coast, weak rivals, impoverished one by the other, and torn to pieces by foreign intrigues. We well knew that Great Britain would soon have appropriated to herself these scattered fragments, *(lambeaux)* and we should have done nothing useful for ourselves, if this sorrowful chance was not daily retarded.

" Where is, therefore, the cause of the misunderstanding, which, if France did not shew herself the wisest, would bring from this moment a great rupture between the two Republics? There are neither incompatible interests, nor projects of aggrandizement, which divide them. Lately distrust has done all the mischief. *(En dernier analise la distance seule a tout fait.)* The Government of the United States has believed that France wished to have revolutionized America. France has believed that the Government of the United States wished to throw itself into the arms of England. One need not to be very knowing to guess which is the Cabinet interested that one of these events should give rise to the other, and which omits nothing to bring them about. *(Il ne faut pas être très-habile pour deviner qui est le Cabinet intéressé à ce que ces deux évènemens naissent l'un de l'autre, et qui fait jouer invisiblement tous les ressorts propres à les faire éclore).*

" Let us open our eyes on both sides. I am willing to admit the conduct of the Government of the United States may explain itself by other motives than those hitherto presumed. But let the American Government understand, on its side, that the French Government is, wounded as it has been, too well enlightened to have the views of agitation which the American Government ascribes to it. It concerns a Republic founded on a representative system, to strengthen, and not to weaken the analogous establishments. The stability of the system among others is a necessary example among ourselves. In a word, France has, both as a power and as a Republic, a double motive to expose to no hazard the actual existence of the United States. Accordingly she has never thought either of waging war against them, or exciting civil commotions among them. Every assertion to the contrary is an insult upon common sense. This basis being laid down, it is natural to ask by what fatality, the good understanding has not been restored early.— It is because acrimony having mingled itself with distrust, neither side has taken true conciliatory means. It has been supposed in the United States, that the French Government temporized, in order to strike with greater safety. Hence followed a crowd of measures, each one more aggravating than the other. In France, it has been supposed that the Government of the United States wished only to support the appearances of negotiation.— Thence, there was a certain insisting on pledges of good faith. Let us substitute calmness to passions, confidence to suspicions, and we shall soon agree. I have made my efforts to wind up a negotiation in this manner with Mr. Gerry. My correspondence with him, until the day of his departure, is a curious monument of advances from me and of evasions from him. It is an error to believe that I have confined

confined myself to vague protestations. In that series of dispatches, which will doubtless be published at Philadelphia, I have made a choice of one, of the 30th Prairial, in which you will see that I make the very propositions, without any mixture of preliminary conditions. This letter has been followed by three notes concerning the articles under discussion; and I expected to have exhausted all the rest of this kind, had not Mr. Gerry refused to answer them; when I have been obliged to renounce the treating with this Envoy, who placed importance only in knowing how a negotiation could be begun hereafter. [*Une négociation se reprendroit plus tard.*]

" I have given him the most solemn assurances respecting the reception which a new Plenipotentiary would meet with. *It was far from me* to insinuate that the President should send him from the United States, *instead of investing with diplomatic powers some one already in Europe.* Still farther was it from my thoughts that the Envoy should land directly in France, instead of announcing himself from *a neighbouring country.* I was willing to say only that the Executive Directory was so much disposed to reconciliation, that every hesitation was superfluous: and that an act of confidence towards them would encourage confidence on their part. I should be badly understood, if there was found in my expressions a restriction respecting the nature of the choice which the President might make. I wished to encourage Mr. Gerry, by the marks of regard which his good intention deserved, though I cannot dissemble to myself that he had been wanting in decision, at the moment when he might easily have settled every thing properly. Thence it does not follow that I consider him as the proper person. [*Il ne s'ensuit pas que je le désigne*]. I will even confess that I think him too irresolute to

be fit to hasten the conclusion of a business of this kind. The advantages which I have praised in him are common to all the Americans, who have shewn no partiality for England. Is it credible that the man who either should harbour hatred or contempt for the French Republic, or shew himself an advocate for royalty, could inspire the Executive Directory with a favourable opinion of the Government of the United States? I should have disguised truth, had I concealed any thing in that respect. It is not wounding the independence of the Government [we presume that the Minister means to say the *American* Government] to point out *the rock which we must avoid.*

" As to the mediation of the Batavian Republic, and Spain, I do not know that it is seriously mentioned, and it seems to me to be absolutely useless. The Government of the United States might, in this situation of things, hesitate to refer themselves to their impartiality; and besides I see no point but what can be settled in a direct way.

" I am sensible that the distance which parts France from the United States, leaves a large field to incidents, and there have been but too many already. But the Executive Directory is not to be diverted from the conduct which can best obviate them. Nay, the excess of provocations has, for the future, cooled its effects. The Government of the United States having surrounded themselves with precautions against an imaginary attempt, it would be justifying them not to pay any notice to these precautions. To stretch out the hand to deceived friends, is what one Republic owes to another. I cannot avoid believing that the dignity of this attitude, will convince the President of our pacific intentions.

" Both Governments ought specially to expect indirect attempts to alienate them more and more from

from each other. Their prudence will save them from this; and I shall cite but one example of it. You have told Mr. Murray the truth concerning Dr. Logan. However, I perceive that, on all sides, they endeavour to make it believed in America, that we are negotiating with him. On the 7th of this month, a very insidious paragraph has been inserted in *The Well Informed.* [This is the title of a Paris newspaper]. In it they have intimated that, guided by the citizen Thomas Paine, Doctor Logan had applied to the Executive Directory, as a secret agent. The Doctor has made bitter complaints of it to me. He had no need to justify himself respecting a fact, the falsity of which I knew better than any body! But he assured me that having met once only with Thomas Paine, and that in the house of a third person *(en maison tierce)*, he found him really prepossessed against the United States, and assuming an influence which he has neither among them nor among us; and that he had abstained himself from conversing farther with him. After all, to obviate any misunderstanding, *I have engaged Doctor Logan to refer to another time, the experiments which he proposed to make respecting agriculture,* and to return home. As to Mr. Hichburn, of Massachusetts, I was ignorant till this moment, that he was in Europe. Besides, a single word ought to be sufficient. We wish for nothing but justice from the United States. We ask it. We offer it to their Government. They may rely on the fidelity of the Executive. You will not doubt, citizen, that I approve the communications which your zeal has made you seek for with Mr. Murray, since I enable you to renew them officially.

" Health and Fraternity.

(Signed)

" CH. MAU. TALLEYRAND."

[The *first* and *last* paragraphs only, of this letter, are worthy of remark: the rest contain no more than a repetition of the old exploded lying cant, that has been in use with Talleyrand and his masters, ever since they began the trade of revolutionizing. But the two paragraphs I have mentioned are well worth preserving; they contain precious facts.

The reader will recollect, that, in the President's *first* appointment, *Mr. Murray*, and Mr. Murray *alone*, was mentioned as the Envoy in the new negotiation. I was astonished, and, I remember, that I gave great offence to the family of the *Simpletons* and a few of their *chuckle-headed* friends, by expressing my astonishment. "And shall we be-" live," exclaimed I, " that a negotiation, which " was thought of such importance as to require " the united wisdom of three of the most profound " and experienced politicians in America, can now " be entrusted to *one man*, and he of very slender " political abilities! And shall we believe, that this " negotiation is now looked upon as a mere *by job*, " which an Envoy at the Hague may perform in " a trip to Paris, without any interruption to his " ordinary functions!"—This was the way I talked on the subject, when I heard of the nomination of *Mr. Murray*; but I, poor fellow, was not in the secret: I did not know, that our worthy friend, Talleyrand, " *valued that Minister Plenipotentiary*;" I did not know that the good Bishop had pronounced Mr. Murray to be a " *a true American, a* " *man of reason, understanding, and true attach-* " *ment to his country*;" I did not know that the honest Talleyrand was " *far from wishing the Pre-* " *sident to send an Envoy directly from the United* " *States*, instead of investing with diplomatic " powers *some one already in Europe.*" In short, I did not know, poor ignorant fool as I was, that the

the good Talleyrand had, in some sort, *himself nominated Mr. Murray*; if I had known this, I should have been the last man in the world to call in question the wisdom of the President's nomination.

The last paragraph of Talleyrand's letter contains a fact not less curious than the other. It proves as clear as day-light, that *it was in consequence of Logan's conferences with Talleyrand;* that the latter opened a communication with the President through *Pichon* and *Murray*. It will be asked: "why was "Logan mentioned by Talleyrand at all? why was "he not kept entirely out of sight?"—But, let the reader remember, that Logan stood charged with secret agency; that his countrymen cried out against him, and that a Paris paper had noticed him as a *secret agent*. It was necessary for Talleyrand to make the President believe, that Logan was not at his elbow when he wrote this pacific letter; a suspicion of that kind would, *possibly*, have awakened the suspicions of His Excellency, and, therefore, the honest, the pious Talleyrand, assures him, that Doctor Logan is *not negotiating with the Directory*, that he is come to France to study *agriculture*, but that, "*to obviate all misunderstanding*, "HE *has engaged the Doctor to refer to another* "*time, the experiments which he proposed to make* "RESPECTING AGRICULTURE; AND TO RETURN "HOME."—Was not this kind? And must it not have *convinced* the President, that Logan had *nothing* to do with the "*plausible appearance of a probabi-* "*lity?*"—The Doctor's being so ready to obey Talleyrand, in *returning home*, might indeed, have excited in a narrow mind, a suspicion of his being in the service of France; but the President was too liberal a man to give way to such a thought; and, though Talleyrand's overture being made while the Doctor was at Paris, seems to corroborate the suspicion,

picion, that *the Doctor dictated so, if not wrote the very letters that induced the President to send a new Embassy to France*, yet, as the pious Talleyrand *says it was not so*, the President certainly did right in rejecting all the evidences of Loganian interference, though they were as strong as proofs of Holy Writ; for, what evidence is there, what evidence can there be, equal to the word of Talleyrand!!!—Notwithstanding the reasonableness of all this, however, there might have been some suspicious persons, who would have doubted the veracity of Talleyrand, and who would have been most damnably enraged at the idea of sending another embassy in consequence of Logan's interference. I say there might have been some such silly suspicious people, and, therefore, in order to prevent their foolish cavilling, the letter was very prudently withheld from their perusal. But the French Directory, as I observed before, have thought differently, and have sent a copy of the letter out to be published.]

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*Players.—From a London Paper.*—"CHILDREN OF THESPIS.—Mrs. MERRY is not soon "to revisit this country, having entered into new "articles with the Manager of the Philadelphia "Theatre. Her talents are much admired in America, and she is likely to return to this country in "*prosperous health.*"

This puts me in mind of an article I saw in the same paper some time ago, in which *Wignell* and *Reneigal* were represented as playing to crowded and brilliant audiences, in Philadelphia, while *Bates* and *Darley* were *making their fortunes* at Bush-Hill, the new Vauxhall of America. What a lie this was is best known to the four *gentlemen* themselves, who were, at the very time the paragraph was published

lished, actually taking the "*benefit* of the *Insolvent* "*Act* of Pennsylvania."—I suppose the paragraph had been sent over to England for publication, with a view of raising recruits to fill the deserted companies here.—*Mrs. Merry* has certainly great merits as a play-actress; but the only change her *circumstances* have undergone for the *better*, has, I believe, been produced by the *exit* of her democratic spouse.

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*Boston Slaves.*—By *Boston Slaves* I mean all those servile wretches, who have, at times, joined in the yell against me, for disapproving of the President's *nomination*; but I more particularly allude to those two spaniels in human shape, *B. Russell*, and *Minns*, news-printers of Boston. I have frequently found it necessary to expose the abject servility of these men. Proofs will be found scattered through the numbers of my Gazette, more than sufficient to justify the degrading appellation that I have applied to them; but, I think it right, at this time to bring forward, under one head, the whole history of their baseness, to examine their doctrine of silent submission to the will of the Executive, and to compare their opinions, respecting opposition to Government, with those which are entertained and acted upon in that "*insular bastile*," Great Britain.

In order to render my remarks perfectly intelligible to every one, who may honour them with a perusal, I shall, previously, insert that passage from my Gazette, which drew forth from the Slaves those evidences of baseness, on which I propose to comment.

"*Porcupine's Gaz. 20th Feb.* 1799.

"For these two days past there has been a most "atrocious falsehood in circulation. The '*True* "*Americans*,'

" *Americans,' Duane* and *Bradford,* have roundly
" asserted, that the President of the United States
" has intimated by message to the Senate, that he
" has resolved on sending *another Plenipotentiary*
" *to treat with the French Republic!!!* Every one
" must perceive falsehood on the front of this; yet
" have the audacious wretches above mentioned,
" dared to promulgate it, without hesitation; nay
" they have even *named the Plenipotentiary* (Mr.
" Murray, now at the Hague), and Bradford has
" gone so far as to say that he derives his informa-
" tion from *a Senator*, who told him besides, that
" Mr. Murray was not *to leave Holland,* till *he* had
" the most unequivocal assurance that he would be
" properly received at Paris!"

" I have not, indeed, made any inquiry into the
" matter, nor do I think it worth while. I have
" too much respect for the President, too much
" confidence in his wisdom, to suppose the thing
" possible. He has repeatedly declared that *nothing*
" *was to be hoped for from the justice of France;* all
" his speeches, his messages, and his answers to
" addresses, speak the same language; they in-
" culcate the impolicy of ever trusting to the pro-
" mises of the Rulers of France; and in one of
" his messages he solemnly declares, that he never
" *will send another Minister to treat with her, till*
" HE *receives ample assurances of his being received*
" *as the Minister of a great, powerful, free, and in-*
" *dependent nation!* After this, would it not be
" the grossest insult to suppose it possible for him
" not only to send another Minister, but to *leave*
" *that Minister to judge of the assurances respecting*
" *his reception?*

" Ever since the President has been in the chair,
" he has been complaining of the conduct of
" France. He has published the injuries of Ame-
" rica to the world in volumes; he has made the
" [illegible]

" welkin ring with her cries, and, latterly, with " her threats of revenge; and, shall we believe " that her wounds are to be healed, and all her " mortal wrath assuaged, by one soothing letter " from the pen of Talleyrand to the sentimental " Mr. Murray! And shall we believe, that a ne- " gotiation, which was thought of such importance " as to require the united wisdom of three of the " most profound and experienced politicians in " America, can now be entrusted to one man, and " he of very slender political abilities? Shall we " believe that this negotiation is now looked upon " as a mere *by job*, which an Envoy at the Hague " may perform in a trip to Paris, without any in- " terruption to his ordinary functions?

" With the very last message to the House of " Representatives the President sends the House a " copy of a letter from Lord Grenville to Mr. " King, which clearly proves the existence of a " French decree for *putting to death* all Americans " found on board ships belonging to the enemies " of France. Lord Grenville calls this *an atro-* " *cious decree, unexampled in the annals of the world,* " and assures the American Minister of the King's " resolution to protect those Americans who may " be found under his flag, or to revenge their death " by the most rigorous retaliation on Frenchmen. " This the President certainly communicated by " way of example to Congress; and, lest they " should count upon the *suspension* of the decree, " he tells them to "remember that the arrêt of " " the Executive Directory of the 2d of March, " " 1797, remains in force; the third article of " " which subjects *explicitly and exclusively Ame-* " " *rican seamen to be treated as pirates, if found on* " " *board ships of the enemies of France.*"

" Now, this message was sent to the House on " Saturday last, and can it be believed, that the " man,

" man, who gave this under his hand and seal on " *Saturday*, could on *Monday*, propose to send " another Minister to treat with the very power " who had passed, and who still held unre- " pealed, the bloody decrees of which he com- " plains?

" I will not expatiate on the *consequences* of such " a step on the part of the President, because I " cannot suppose the step itself within the com- " pass of possibility; but, I will just observe, that " had he taken such a step, it would have been in- " stantaneously followed by the loss of every friend " worth his preserving. To gain and to preserve " friends, a statesman must act with vigour, steadi- " ness, and consistency; he must encourage his " friends by showing them that he profits from their " friendship; he must clap his own shoulder to the " wheel and maintain the ground that has been " gained for him; for, those men must be more " than mortal, who will persevere in the Sysiphian " task of supporting a Government that is everlast- " ingly recoiling."

In the justice of these remarks every man of sense and candour must concur; they had, however, scarcely made their appearance, when a torrent of abuse began to pour in upon me from all quarters. From the French faction this was naturally to be expected; but, from the Federalists, nothing could warrant the expectation of it, but a thorough persuasion of their having abandoned every idea of consistency, and every principle of honour and of freedom. This persuasion had not yet gained a place in my mind; it was, therefore, with some little surprise, that I heard they had passed sentence of *transportation* on me.

A report immediately got into circulation, that I was to be *sent out of the country*, under the *alien law*. This report found its way into some of the newspapers;

papers; it became the subject of a song, set to the tune of the President's March (the words being a parody on that famous *Federal* Hymn, called "*Hail, "Columbia*"*); it was *generally* believed, and the measure, which it was supposed the Government had resolved on, was generally acquiesced in, if not approved of.

In this state of the public mind, the base *Slaves of Boston,* who made sure that the transportation was determined on, thought they might venture forth to attack me.

*B. Russell* began, in his paper of the 6th of March.—"Ignorance and impudence," says he, "are strongly pourtrayed in the last Numbers of "the Porcupine, and nothing but *repentance* and "*contrition* ought to restore him to the good opi- "nion of the Federalists.—The *insolence* of Por- "cupine, in commencing an attack on the Presi- "sident of the United States, for a measure, *of "which it is impossible Porcupine can ever be a "judge,* is beheld with a mixture of contempt and "indignation. Contempt, that an individual, who "is known to the people of the United States, "only as a pamphleteer and scribbler against the "principles of the French revolution, should, upon "all occasions, hold himself up as their political "guide. Indignation, that an obscure foreigner,

* "Your dirty mouth we do disdain,
"For all your words are spent in vain;
"Your words are words that are not good
"(By them that read and understood),
"For John Adams you did offend,
"And for that your neck shall bend."

This is a pretty fair sample of the performance, which is much about on a level with *Hopkinson's,* whether we consider the sentiments or the poetry of it, nor do I think it would be at all improper to reward the author by appointing him *Envoy to some nation of Savages!*

"who

" who merely exercises in this country a mecha-
" nical business, *should presume to place himself in*
" *opposition* to the illustrious asserter of American
" Independence, the undaunted supporter of our
" rights and interests, in the most critical situa-
" tions, for upwards of thirty years. But *some-*
" *thing more* than contempt and indignation *must*
" *soon follow.*"

The Slave *Minns* was still more unreserved. In his paper of the 8th of March, he tells his readers, that he hears, that Porcupine is attempting, by a subterfuge, " to get out of the situation of *igno-*
" *miny* and *peril*, to which his *scandalous abuse* of
" the President has brought him; but," adds he,
" this subterfuge is too barefaced to deceive any
" body, and the defence so paltry, that *it ought not*
" *to screen him from* PUNISHMENT. If he is
" not taken up on the sedition law, *or* sent out of
" the country on the alien law, they are BOTH *dead*
" *letters.*"

Now, would not a stranger to the fact, on reading these passages, suppose that I had been guilty of some act of treason, or that I had published a most flagitious and outrageous libel on the President? And, were he a stranger to the nature of the Government, would he not think, besides, that this President was some despot, governing by his sole will and pleasure? Such most certainly would be the conclusions of any one who should see these extracts, being at the same time entirely ignorant with respect to the Government and the pretended offence which I had committed against it. But, if such a man were told, that the Government of the United States boasts of being the most lenient in the world; that its constitution is full of the Rights of Man, and that it guarantees, in a more especial manner, the " inestimable right of *expressing freely*
" *one's thoughts*, either by speech or by the press;"

and,

and, if he were then told, that the remarks of Porcupine contained not one insolent or disrespectful expression, would he not say, that amongst all the abject wretches, all the sycophants, all the cringing paupers, upon the face of the earth, the *Boston Slaves* claimed the preeminence?

Observe, mark well, the sentiment of the slave *Minns*.—" If Porcupine is not," says he, " taken " up on the *sedition law*, OR sent out of the coun- " try on the *alien law*, they are BOTH dead let- " ters."—Thus is this miserable tool ready to justify the President in whatever step he may take.—The alien law was made to empower the President to remove foreigners *suspected of being in the interest of the enemy*; it gives him no power to put this law in force *as a punishment for crimes against the laws*. Yet Minns stands pen in hand to justify the perversion of this law to purposes of private revenge; and he undisguisedly declares, that if I am not punished under *one* law or the *other*, they are *both* dead letters! He does not care *which* law is enforced, so that I suffer! So that I am punished, it is a matter of indifference with him, whether it be for a *public libel* or a *secret conspiracy!*—Such are the notions of *justice* imbibed in the school of Republicanism.

But, I have not revived this subject so much for the purpose of commenting on the baseness of these republican parasites, with regard to myself, as for the sake of examining their doctrine of *silent submission* to the will of the Executive.—The slave *Russell* speaking of the *nomination*, tells his readers (in his paper of the 6th of March), that, " with " respect to the political concerns of the union, as " they relate to foreign nations, *the great body of* " *the people cannot be supposed to have a* PERFECT " *knowledge*. They therefore have placed senti- " nels to watch, and chosen guides to direct their " progress. JOHN ADAMS is chief of these

" sentinels or guides—he has always been found " vigilant and quick-sighted, and is therefore en- " titled to our confidence and esteem. If those " who have pledged themselves to support with " their lives and fortunes, our illustrious President " in the discharge of his duty, shall inconside- " rately cease to follow where he leads, we shall " be lost in a labyrinth of perplexities, from which " it will be difficult to devise the means of extri- " cating ourselves."

I agree with the profound Mr. Russell, that the *great body of the people* cannot be supposed to have a *perfect* knowledge of the concerns of the nation; I also agree that they have appointed sentinels to watch over them, that John Adams is one of those sentinels, and that he has frequently been found vigilant and quick-sighted; but, it does not hence follow, that he can *never* be wrong, and that *no part* of the people can have as perfect a knowledge as he, respecting the interests of the nation. Nor, because the better part of the nation have pledged themselves to support him in the discharge of his duty, does it follow that they are never to disapprove of his conduct, but follow through thick and thin, whether he leads them to honour or dishonour.

But, let us hear *Minns*, who certainly surpasses his rival parasite. " The *ready approbation* of the " Federalists in the recent proceeding of the Pre- " sident, is a proof of that patriotism they have " always contended for. They have ever avowed " themselves to be the friends and supporters of Go- " vernment. Their actions have demonstrated their " sincerity, and will continue to do so. If they " *only supported such measures as quadrated with* " *their own crude notions*, what Government " would be obliged to them for their precarious " friendship? They have contended, that certain " powers

" powers delegated to the President, should be ex-
" ercised *independently*—they deprecate an *officious*
" *interference with the constituted authorities.*"

This is a very comfortable doctrine, upon my word, for a despot. According to this hireling printer, the friends of Government are quietly to acquiesce in *every measure* of the executive, whether it appears to them wise or unwise, just or unjust, or else their support is not worth having! In fact, they are to have *no opinion* of their own: they are to be driven like one sort of cattle, or led like another sort of cattle, or "no Government will be " obliged to them for their precarious friendship!" This is *liberty* with a vengeance!

But, the logical Minns proceeds:—" They have " contended, that certain powers delegated to the " President should be exercised *independently*; " they deprecate *an officious interference* with the " constituted authorities."—So that the expressing of one's disapprobation, either by writing, or verbally, is here set up as " an *officious interference with* " *the constituted authorities!*" Impudent caitiff! Dissenting from the President in opinion respecting the policy or justice of a measure, and expressing that dissent, is here insolently represented as an attempt to *invade his powers*, and to share with him *in the exercise of his executive functions!*

Adopt the principle of these servile wretches, and the friends of Government may sow up their lips; for who will ever pay attention to a set of creatures that are prohibited from uttering any thing but *praise?* The absurdity and the abominable servility of this principle are so evident; it is so well known, that the disapprobation of private persons publicly expressed, have frequently induced Princes and Ministers to alter their determinations, that I should not think it necessary to produce an example, were there not one at hand, to the force of which

the Boston slaves *dare* not refuse to bow their heads. On the 18th of February, the President sent a message to the Senate, in which he nominated "*Mr. William Vans Murray*, our Minister at the "Hague, to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the "French Republic."—On the 20th of February I published the remarks which I have inserted above, and which have drawn forth the cat's-paw abuse of the Boston slaves. The principal object of these remarks was, as the reader will see, to expose the inconsistency and the danger, of committing to *one man*, of very slender political abilities, a negotiation which was before thought of importance enough to require all the skill and firmness of three of the most profound and experienced men in America. These remarks were, as I said before, published on the 20th, and, on the 25th, the President withdrew his nomination of this *one man*, and made, in lieu thereof, a nomination of *three men*, which three men were to wait *in America*, till the proper assurances should be received from France, whereas, Mr. Murray would have been authorized to go to France the moment he received assurances satisfactory to *him*.

From the President's second message, it very evidently appears, that he was induced to alter his determination by the disapprobation expressed *without doors*; for, he frankly tells the Senate, that the proposition of a fresh negotiation with France "has "given occasion to manifestations of the PUBLIC "OPINION, *by which* it appears, that a new mo- "dification of the embassy will give more general "satisfaction, and perhaps *better answer the purposes* "*in view*."—Now, mark well, ye Boston slaves, that I do not pretend, that it was my publication which produced this change; but, I know well that *no other paper*, nor any *other person*, did publicly express a disapprobation of the first nomination, till

*after*

*after the second nomination had taken place.* At any rate, it was a "manifestation of the *public opinion*" that produced a change, which the President acknowledges is *better calculated to answer the purposes in view.* But, no such manifestation could have been, and consequently, the charge could not have been produced, if the base and preposterous principle of the Boston slaves were adopted. It is clear to every man of common information, that this new modification of the embassy has, at least, *respited the honour and safety of America.* If the first nomination had not been disapproved of out of doors, it would have produced a fatal dispute between the President and the Senate, or we should at this day have patched up a treaty with France, and should, probably, have been thrown into her scale, just at the moment that it is kicking the beam. I do not believe, that Mr. Murray would, willingly, have made a treaty with France calculated to involve his country in the war, on her side; and had he done it, I am sure the President would not have given it his ratification; but, I also know, that it would have been next to impossible for America to make any treaty with the Directory, at the time this treaty would have been made, which would not have immediately brought on her the hostility of England, Russia, and the Porte; and let it be observed, that this hostility would have been brought on her, precisely at the time, when it would have been utterly impossible for France, or any other power, to render her the least assistance.

From this imminent danger the country has, *hitherto,* been preserved by the President's candid abandonment of his first nomination, and I have great hopes, that we shall finally have to thank this "*new modification of the embassy*" for saving America from the disgrace, and the disagreeable consequences, of being numbered amongst *the friends of*

*the Regicides*, when the King comes to mount on his throne. Yet, it is for having, with my small voice, joined in the "manifestations of the public opinion," which produced this salutary change, this measure of safety and of honour; it is for this, and this alone, that the *Slaves of Boston* have had the audacity and the baseness to sentence me to banishment, as a *spy*, OR to fine and imprisonment, as a *libeller!*

I shall now, as I proposed, proceed to compare their doctrine of *silent submission* to the will of the Executive, with the opinions and practice of the friends of Government in Great Britain.

The doctrine of liberty, laid down by the *Boston slaves*, is briefly this:—*That no man, professing a friendship to the established Government, ought ever to express his disapprobation of any measure, which has been adopted by the Executive.* It will be observed, that this doctrine has originated (for I really believe it to be *original)* in a country which boasts of being the *most free and most enlightened* in the world; and it will certainly be allowed, that I take no unfair advantage of the doctrine in comparing it with the practice of Government-writers in Great Britain, the Government of which America did not find *free* enough for them.

Since the propriety of treating of this subject has occurred to me, I have looked into the writings of at least a score of British authors, famous for their support of Government. I could fill volumes with instances of their pointed disapprobation of the measures of the King and his Ministry. But so voluminous a collection of proofs is not necessary; I shall, therefore, confine myself to writers of this stamp, who have distinguished themselves during *the present war*, and, that my quotations may be precisely in point, I shall select such passages only as relate to the two embassies, which

Great

Great Britain sent to treat with the Regicides of France.

The first author that I shall appeal to is *Burke*. I have not, at this moment, access to his two first letters on the *Regicide Peace*, but the *third* will answer my purpose.—The King, in his declaration, issued after the breaking off of the negotiation at Paris, says, that, "he has now *only to* lament its "abrupt termination, and to renew the solemn "declaration, that *whenever* his enemies shall be "*disposed* to enter upon the work of a general pa-"cification, in a spirit of conciliation and equity, "nothing shall be wanting on his part to contribute "to the accomplishment of that great object."—This declaration Mr. Burke reprobates in terms the most indignant. He says, that, in the negotiation, "the Ministers quitted the safe, beaten highway "between independent powers;" he says, that, "to pacify the enemy, they made *every sacrifice of* "*the national dignity*; that they offered *to immolate*, "at the same shrine, *the most valuable of the na-*"*tional acquisitions*;" and he finally says, that, "there seems to have been *no assignable motive* for "sending Lord Malmsbury to Paris, except *to* "*expose his humble country to the worst indignities*." Having thus reprobated the sending of the embassy to Paris, he then asserts, that the above quoted part of the King's declaration is "a resolution of "persevering *in the very same kind of conduct*, to-"wards the very same sort of persons, and on *the* "*very same principles*."—In another place, he calls this passage of the declaration of his Majesty, "a "*whining lamentation*;" he calls it, "the last re-"source of *female weakness*, of *helpless infancy*; of "*doating decrepitude*."

This is the language not only of a friend to the British Government, but of a *pensioner* of the British King; and, I dare say, no one ever suggested

the propriety of taking his pension from him, much less of banishing him, as a spy, or fining and imprisoning him, as a libeller. This work was read by every loyal Briton, with admiration and with gratitude. What would the friends of Government in England have said of any servile miscreant, who, in hopes of ingratiating himself with the King or the Ministry, should have dared to propose the *sending of this writer out of the country?* Would not the proposition have excited universal detestation? And would there not have been found some generous fellow to trample the base parasite under foot?

But, these passages from Mr. Burke, strong as is the reprobation which they contain, are very far inferior, in point of severity, to what we might have expected from him, if he had honoured the world with his reflections on the *second Embassy*, the *Embassy to Lille*. While, however, we have to regret that death should deprive us of the thoughts of Burke, on this subject, it is some consolation that the loss has been supplied by a man, who, though somewhat inferior to him both as a writer and a statesman, acknowledges no inferiority in the soundness of his principles, or his attachment to his King and country. I mean the author of those famous publications, entitled, "*Considerations on Public* "*Affairs.*" This series of pamphlets was, for a long time, ascribed to the pen of that accomplished statesman, Lord Auckland: some of the Reviewers even named his Lordship as the author; but, it has since been ascertained, that the real author is a gentleman of the name of *Bentley*.

This writer, in speaking of the conditions which the Ministry were ready to treat upon at Lille, says, "whoever now looks at the end of the war, will "believe that we have made it confederated with "France against our common allies, or at least re-

"fuse

" fuse to believe, that either party had a virtuous " or honourable cause, when *both* have concurred " in so *base* and so *guilty* an issue."—In another place, when he comes to speak of the failure of the negotiation, he says:—" And, can the Ministry be " so blinded by any vanity, any folly, any flattering, " any species of self-love and delusion, as not to " see that the present safety, the present greatness, " the present glory of this country, are not their " work, nor their praise, but the gift or the for- " bearance of the enemy! That we owe our state, " under Providence, to no merit, no wisdom of " theirs, but *to the defeat of their projects*, and the " *failure of their schemes!* That we have *escaped* " by *their disappointment*; that we have been *saved* " by *their miscarriage*; that we are *a nation* IN " SPITE OF THEM!"—In another place he says, that the Embassy to Lille, " exhibited to the world " the spectacle of a British Minister deputed to " crime from *cowardice*, received with insult, and " dismissed with mockery, *offering our ruin* and re- " turning with our shame."

Now, ye *Boston Slaves*, ye prostituted parasites, compare the practice of British writers with the articles of your servile creed; compare this undisguised censure, this severe reprobation, with my feeble and qualified disapprobation of the President's nomination. These British politicians boldly accuse this Executive of having made *a sacrifice of the national dignity*, and offering *to immolate the most valuable of the national possessions*; they call the King's declaration a *whining lamentation*, the last resource of *doating decrepitude*; they charge the Executive with concurring in a *base* and *guilty* measure; they accuse the Ministry of *cowardice*, and bid them recollect that the nation has been preserved *by the failure of their schemes*. Had I made use of language like this (and I certainly should

should have done it, if I had felt myself free enough) how soon my writ of proscription would have been made out, if the President had concurred in sentiment with the Boston Slaves! I should not have been allowed time to say my prayers.—Such is the difference between British and American *liberty!* Such is the difference between the liberty, which is enjoyed under a *King*, and that which is enjoyed under a *Sovereign People!*

This contrast is not, however, seen in its full and fair light, till that conduct of the two governments, which has been the subject of disapprobation, is brought into view. Mr. Burke wrote just after the first embassy to France was returned. Lord Malmsbury had, indeed, been sent away from Paris in no very polite manner, but he had been *received*, and the Secretary of State, such as he was, had opened a negotiation with him. The insolent usurpers did not disdain to hear him, nor did they refuse him the protection and privileges which the law of nations have allowed to Ambassadors. They did not, in short, treat him like a vagabond, and menace him with the correction of their accursed police, as they did Mr. Pinckney, even after they had received his letter of credence.

Mr. Bentley's indignation was roused by the second embassy, and, it must be confessed, that the step was cruelly degrading; but what would Mr. Bentley have said, if a third embassy had been proposed, after one Envoy had been driven away without a hearing, and after three had been admitted to an audience with certain under-strappers only for the purpose of receiving propositions for making their country tributary to France? If this gentleman was so offended at the renewal of the embassy of Lord Malmsbury, what would he have said if another had been preparing, and if the new envoy had been pointed out by the Directory themselves?

themselves? Mr. Burke expresses great indignation at the King's declaring, that he is ready to enter into a new negotiation *whenever* the enemy *shall be disposed* to treat on fair and honourable terms. Where then would he have found words to express his indignation, if the King (after having two embassies driven out without being received at all) had declared that he still stood "ready to "embrace every *plausible appearance of a proba-* "*bility* of preserving or restoring tranquility?"— And how would he have thundered through the page, if, under such circumstances, his Majesty had really appointed a third embassy, and proclaimed to the world, that it was *kept in waiting* till the insolent enemy should please to consent to its reception!

*But*, say the BOSTON SLAVES, *the comparison is not in point. The Government of Great Britain is a* MONARCHY; (or, as they have sometimes called it, an *Usurpation*) *the people are not duly represented; the King and Ministry are not* THE ORGANS OF THE GENERAL WILL; and, *therefore, opposition to their measures is allowable, and even highly meritorious. But,* HERE, *where the President is chosen by the people; where he is merely* THEIR AGENT, *performing the acts which their august Majesty directs him to perform, to censure those acts is to censure the conduct of the people themselves; it is, in fact, to insult and libel the whole nation!*

This is what you may call a *political conundrum*, which, though it may be very fit to amuse the Sovereign People, is not, I presume, calculated to impose on the rest of mankind. It contains, however, a most comfortable doctrine for those who happen to get into power, in a *representative* Government. If their conduct is disapproved of by any man, or any number of men, they triumphantly refer them to their own maxims, and tell them to recollect, that

that what they do *is done by a majority of the people*, and, therefore, to complain of their conduct is to make a complaint against the conduct of the *majority*, which is, in effect, to destroy the very foundation of all Republican Government. If I recollect right, there is a sentiment of this cast in General Washington's famous Farewel Address. Speaking (and he spoke *feelingly* on the subject) of *opposition to Government*, he seemed to admit, that it was perhaps necessary to *some sorts of Government*, but that it was by *no means necessary to that of the United States*.

It is very kind in the *Boston Slaves*, and others, to lavish their praises on *Fox*, *Erskine*, *Grattan*, and all the crew of *reformers*, for their "*manly*, and "steady opposition" to the Government of Great Britain, while they will not allow a word to be uttered in disapprobation of the conduct of their own Government, either by natives or foreigners! This is very kind; all the misfortune is, their baseness and malignity are seen through, and their pitiful efforts are despised.

I shall now take my leave of the *Slaves of Boston*. I most heartily despise the wretches, and I am conscious, that they will be despised as heartily by every man of spirit who shall read these remarks. The miscreants deserve no quarter at my hands; but to put it out of their power to complain of my want of candour, I shall mention the only circumstance that can possibly be pleaded in mitigation of their unparalleled servility; and, I humbly presume, that I shall derive the greater merit on this account, as the *circumstance* is one which their *modesty* would for ever prevent them from urging in their defence. The palliative circumstance then, to which I allude, is, THEIR BEING BOTH IN THE EMPLOY OF GOVERNMENT! One is *Printer to the General Court*, and the other is *Printer of the Laws*

*Laws of the Union.*—Now, some people will, upon this information, call *B. Russell* and *Mims* a couple of base hireling scoundrels; but, suffer me, reader, to caution you against the use of such censorious language; for, between you and me, there are a great many most excellent Federalists, whose attachment to Government has no better foundation.

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*The Priestlean* COOPER.—This patriot of the Priestlean school is settled at Northumberland. My readers may recollect, that, not long since, I gave an inflammatory extract from a paper which he publishes there, with the assistance of the High Priest of his order. It will be curious, if, in the dark times which are evidently approaching, the Old Socinian and his followers should act the same part *here*, which, during the American revolution, they acted in Great Britain. The thing is far from being either impossible or improbable. We have seen the like come to pass. We have seen General Washington publicly thanking Tom Paine for his services during the revolution, and we have seen Tom *repay him with interest*. We have seen Priestley and his seditious crew, publicly thanked for their attachment to the revolutionary cause, and we may yet see them make *a proper return for the compliment*. In the mean time I shall relate an anecdote of *Cooper*, taken from that most excellent periodical work, THE ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW AND MAGAZINE. *

"This Mr. Cooper was the Delegate from the "Constitutional Society to the National Conven- "tion of Paris with Mr. James Watt. Originally "educated for the bar, he pursued not only his "professional studies, but became versed in astro- "logy with Henderson, chemistry with Henry,

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* See Anti-Jacobin Review, &c. for March, 1799.

"metaphysics

" metaphysics with Priestley, and politics with " Brissot. He was a leading Member of the Li- " terary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, " and occasionally treated his illuminated friends " with the haunch of an *ass*, fed on milk: for, to " the *unprejudiced*, the haunch of an ass is as " good as an haunch of venison. But at this feast " of the enlightened few at their *civic* board, the " asinine haunch was crowned with a chaplet, em- " bellished with the letters George, and the guests, " among whom were two *officers of dragoons*, were " treated with a *slice of George*. *Calves heads* con- " stantly garnished the tables of these gentry on the " 30th of January; but the *Church and King Club* " counteracted the machinations of these admirers " of regicide. Cooper having burnt the velverets " and callicoes which he proposed to bleach on " novel phlogistic principles, having become a *bank-* " *rupt*, retired to America to philosophize in the " calm retreats of lettered solitude, where he and " Priestley * would enlighten Europe from the de- " sarts of the new world."

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* Were it not for the vices of these two men, I do not know any two upon earth who are more striking objects of pity. Disappointed, neglected, despised as they are, it would not be at all wonderful, if they were to make some desperate attempt on their own lives. Their mortifications and miseries must render their existence an almost insupportable burthen. They stand in need of all their *philosophy*, and, if the new *Northumbrians* are truly described, they must have occasion for no small portion of sectarian cunning. Priestley cannot here (as in that hot-bed of fanaticism, England) find fools to build him meeting-houses, and feed him with a salary. His present neighbours will never pester him with contradictions to his creed; if he does but *pehave like a shentlemans*, and let them cheat him as much as is convenient for them, they care not whether he worships God or Devil. If I am well informed, however, the Doctor has long ceased to be an object of sharping speculation; he received a tolerable squeeze at his first arrival, and has been growing drier and drier ever since; and, as to poor Cooper, all that remains of him would be a lenten entertainment even for the crows.

*Bubble*

*Bubble and Squeak.*—The following extracts with which I am sure my readers will be well pleased, are taken from a poem (lately published in London), entitled *Bubble and Squeak.*

*Whig Club of England.*

Fam'd *Orator of Palace Yard,*
Thy melting eyes O lend the bard!
Lend him thy bowels of compassion,
And pathos of the newest fashion,
To wail, with sympathising grief,
The loss of each insurgent chief;
For when a grand arch rebel dies,
In *Fox's* civic eulogies,
(Like homely jade by beauty washes
Or sugar candy from molasses)
Reg'nrated, transform'd, refin'd,
He soars the noblest of his kind,
Heroes and demigods among,
A gilded fly from ordure-sprung. *
† Hung be the Shakspeare's bar with black, ‡
Stript off an undertaker's back!
The club's conven'd.—Yield day to night!
Waiter!—but half the candles light;
And half of that same half snuff out!
*Enlighten'd Whigs* can dine without.
Cold be the cod fish, cold the sirloin.
The claret not worth two-pence sterling,
The punch of brandy void and lemon,
The soup black broth of Lacedemon,
The beef steaks scorch'd, the oysters stinking,
The port fit for the devil's drinking.
Half boil'd too let the pudding come,
A mealy waste without a plumb;
And let Dutch herrings shed their pickle
In sympathy with tears that trickle

* "See Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club, June 6, 1798."

† "Hung be the heav'ns with black,—Yield day to night."
Henry VI. Part I. Act I.

‡ The Whig Club met at the *Shakspeare Tavern.*

Down

Down Opposition cheeks and noses,
While *Fox*, his friend's apotheosis,
Proclaims the solitary herald
Of all the virtues, fell *Fitzgerald!*
To kind oblivion loth to trust
Defunct rebellion's sacred dust!

### *French Paper Money.*

But in *that country* where *confusion*
Usurps the name of Revolution,
And pettifoggers and sow-gelders
Senates and councils form of elders,
Since legislative confiscation
Answers all end of transmutation,
Gold-making's deem'd a sorryer trade
Than 'tis to steal it ready made:
And, since they're well convinc'd to boot
That wealth of evil is the root,
They wisely wage inveterate quarrels
With ore that would corrupt their morals;
Which that they may preserve intact
They Midas' talent counteract,
And by their potent *art financique*,
Learnt of *their brethren transatlantick*,
(O'er whom, of late, they bounce and vapour),
*Reform* their luidores to paper:
Make specie at their touch reducible
To nought in requisition crucible;
Ensepulchre men's gold and plate
In grand Crusophagus of state,
From whence regenerated cash is
Hatch'd like a Phœnix from its ashes,
And, freed in purgatory Gallic,
From its corporeal part metallic,
Again to circulation springs
On metaphysic paper wings;
'Till, by the plund'rers who devis'd
Its fabrication exorcis'd,
And of all tenure dispossess'd,
Evaporates the *swindling pest:*
While famish'd dupes behold dismay'd
*Credit's pale ghost for ever laid.*

*Embas.*

*Embassy to France.*—The following paragraphs, from Claypoole's paper, made their appearance about ten days ago. They are curious, and deserve some comment.

" For some time past, preparations have been " making by our deputed Ministers, to embark on " their mission to the French Republic; and hopes " were entertained that the *unhappy differences* which " subsist between the two countries, would speedily " disappear, and an amicable disposition mutually " resumed. But this *pleasing prospect* must now " be relinquished, at least for a time; *the depar-* " *ture of our* ENVOYS *has been suspended.* To what " can this be attributed? The change of men and " of measures in France, affords a *sufficient* an- " swer. From the late Directory, no doubt *ample* " assurances were given; but whether their suc- " cessors entertain the same idea of American " spirit, and capability of resistance, is yet to be " known: and consequently the departure of our " Ministers retarded. We have no doubt, let " what may be the cause, it is dictated by the " *wisdom, patriotism,* and *experience* of administra- " tion; and must be considered as proceeding " from that *declaration,* which every American " should wish to be adhered to, made by the Pre- " sident upon his announcing the recall of our " former injured and insulted missionaries of peace."

" In another view of the subject—may it not " have happened that the President has received " intimation from the coalesced powers, that WHO- " EVER IS NOT THEIR FRIEND, IS THEIR FOE?— " That this is their determination, has been long " conceived, and generally believed. The hasty " journey of the President—his unexpected de- " parture from Quincy—and other combining " causes, lead to the formation of the idea."

" In such a dilemma, our embarrassment must be " great—our FIRMNESS must be greater. *United in* " *support of our administration*, the event need not " be feared."

From the whining tone of the first of the preceding paragraphs, a reader would be apt to suppose that this newsman was describing a quarrel between a man and his wife, or a lover and his mistress. " The *unhappy differences* which subsist " between the two countries!" What softer terms could he have used, had he been speaking of some trifling dispute between old friends, owing to indiscretions on both sides, instead of a state of hostilities between two nations, occasioned by insults and depredations, without number or provocation, in one, and a long continued tameness in the other, without example or excuse? Is this the proper language of an American, and a soldier; when he treats of the injuries his country has suffered from the most atrocious, and sanguinary tyrants the world was ever scourged with? But why is this difference, to continue the use of the term, called *unhappy?* When all men, who have any respect for the honour and interests of America, are persuaded, notwithstanding what we suffered, that the rupture with France is the most happy event that has occurred, since the day we first became acquainted with her: it has snatched us from the arms of a strumpet, whose embraces are mortal. We might otherwise still be chaunting the Marseilles Hymn; the poison of her principles might be spreading deeper and wider; and we might, indeed, have been enlisted under her infernal banners, fighting in the cause of anarchy and atheism. Although I would not abate a cent of what she has robbed us of, in negotiating for a peace, I think the whole a trifle when balanced against the dangers of her alliance.

Not

Not so thinks the gentle Claypoole: he, tender-hearted soul, laments that the "pleasing prospect" of reconciliation, "must now be relinquished," if not for ever, "at least for a time; the departure of "our envoys has been suspended."—This suspension he sagaciously attributes to the change of men and measures in France, which, he adds, is a *sufficient* answer to all inquiries on the subject. But, he has not told us why this instability in the French Republic should affect the politics of the United States, at this time more than in the year 98, when that wretched country has been constantly changing her rulers from the beginning of the revolution to this day? when faction has been rolling over faction, like the waves of a troubled ocean; when there has never been any settled Government in France, with which it was either safe, or honourable, to form a political relation, since the meeting of the National Assembly, or, at least, since the murder of the King; when, in short, the republic has been nothing but a succession of rebels, robbers, and assassins, who, after ruining their own country, have endeavoured to destroy all others?—Yet this is the nation with which our whining newsman, and politician, is so impatient to be reconciled.

But if the change of men in France, for I insist that there has been no change of measures, be "a "sufficient answer," why, Sir, should you cast about for another—or, if you were resolved to accommodate your readers with a choice of reasons, why not suppose, that there has been some change of opinion in the executive, respecting the original propriety of the measure: the wisest men are ready to rectify their mistakes—why, in the name of every thing that is whimsical, why, send us to the councils of Europe, to the cabinets of Petersburgh, Constantinople, Vienna, and London, for the rea-

[illegible] suspension?—But, says the wise Clay-[illegible] another view of the subject, may it not [illegible] happened that the President has received [illegible]nation from the coalesced powers, that *who-[illegible]s not their friend is their foe.*" Why should the coalesced powers interfere in our sending Ambassadors to France, to settle our own affairs—in what respect can we assist or injure them, if we are disposed to do it?—Do they stand in need of our assistance?—There has been a time, about three years ago, when one of those powers might have received some aid from our alliance, and we might have derived some honour from uniting with her; we might *then* have contributed something towards crushing the five-headed monster, and, hastening the return of peace and safety to the world—but the time is past—the procession has gone by. It did not consist with our politics, or our councils were too much contaminated by French principles, to engage in so righteous a cause. The case is now altered. At the present period, I believe, the coalesced powers, such of them, I mean, who care any thing about us, desire no more from us than an honest neutrality: more than this might embarrass them at a general pacification.

But we have no right to suppose that they will permit us, under the mask of a neutral trade, to assist their enemies, to supply their blockaded towns with ammunition or provisions, or to protect their property by the American flag. These acts, by prolonging the war, would be essential acts of hostility. In other respects they are indifferent about [illegible] perhaps that they expect from us, is, to be [illegible] to our treaties, to fulfil our contracts, and [illegible] *our just debts.* This done, I believe there [illegible] occasion of alarm: we shall be suffered [illegible] "*unhappy differences*" with the dear [illegible] in our own way, and in our own time;

time; or, if she should chance to be crushed by the coalition of *despots* combined against the *cause of Liberty*, which I confess is far from improbable, we shall, even, be indulged in the privilege of lamenting her downfall with impunity. *

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*The Duke of Kent.*—By a friend lately returned from Nova Scotia, I am informed, that on the 6th of September last, *his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent* arrived at Halifax; having been promoted to the rank of General in the British army, and appointed Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in British North America.

His Royal Highness on his arrival (in the Arethusa, after a passage of forty-three days) was waited upon on board the frigate by his Excellency Sir John Wentworth, Admiral Vandeput, Lieutenant General Ogilvie, and other officers of distinction. At half past twelve o'clock the royal standard was displayed in the Duke's barge, and a royal salute fired by all his Majesty's ships in the harbour, as the Duke passed from the frigate to the King's Wharf, where he was welcomed on shore under a discharge of cannon from the citadel and all the other posts, and attended by the Governor and Council, the Admiral and General, and the principal gentlemen of the army, navy, and town. He was escorted, through double ranks of the troops of the garrison, to the Government-house (a carpet having been spread on the occasion from the wharf to the house) where his Royal Highness received the congratulations of those who attended, after

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* The reader will please to observe that notwithstanding what the gentle Claypoole says about a *suspension of the Embassy*, no suspension has been resolved on; but, on the contrary, the envoys are preparing to depart for France, in the frigate United States, which is waiting at Newport, Rhode Island, to receive them.

which, accompanied by the Governor, the Admiral, and the General, he proceeded to the grand parade, where the Royal Fusileers saluted, and marched past him, with their usual steadiness and handsome appearance. At five o'clock, his Royal Highness (and his suite) met the Admiral, the General, the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and other officers and gentlemen of distinction, of the fleet, garrison, and province, at an elegant dinner, given by Sir John Wentworth at the Government-house. In the evening the Government-house and the town were illuminated with uncommon brilliancy, a most splendid ball was given by the officers of the Royal Fusileers, and the evening concluded with every demonstration of universal satisfaction and joy. Similar expressions of public joy were, it is said, general through the province.

To the congratulations, which the people of the happy provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Upper and Lower Canada, must receive, on this occasion, from the rest of their well-wishers, I beg leave to add mine. There is no part of his Majesty's subjects more worthy the royal favour than are the inhabitants of these colonies, and most assuredly, to send out the Duke of Kent as their commander, was, whether we consider his birth, his rank, or his endowments, one of the highest honours which a gracious Sovereign could bestow.

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*Mr. Fenno and the Anti-Jacobin Review.*—In reading over the *Farmer's Museum*, a task which I always begin with pleasure, and seldom end without profit, I was not a little surprised to meet with a passage strongly marked with *illiberality* and *ignorance*. It is indeed, taken from a Boston paper, and this circumstance might, for a stupid wretch, like *Brown* or *Bradford*, be a sufficient apology; but,

but, not so with respect to the editor of the Farmer's Museum, whose talent for *discrimination* has long rendered his miscellany an object of universal admiration and applause.

The passage, of the insertion of which I complain, is contained in a letter, dated July the 3d, and said to have been received at Boston, from "*a gentleman of high respectability in Europe.*" The first part of this letter contains some remarks on *Giles's* declaration respecting a dissolution of the Union, which subject being dismissed, the writer concludes with the following observations on Mr. Fenno's publication of the fourth of March last.

"I have lately," says the writer, "seen a publication of young Fenno's, who seems to have "*taken Peter Porcupine for his model*; but not being "blest with so strong nerves, he gets discouraged "at the first public measure which happens not to "coincide with his ideas, and I observe has given "up his paper, with an address, discovering very "considerable abilities, as well as some *useless peevishness*, and some *youthful petulence*. I have seen "this performance, in the *English Anti-Jacobin* "*Review*, at full length, under the title of "*Fenno's* "*View of the United States of America.*" The "English editor seized it with avidity, *because it* "*contained a libel upon our country and its Government.—To such things* from the pen of *Peter Porcupine, I know not what can be objected*, while he "avows himself an Englishman, and *keeps within* "*the bounds of law.* We ought to derive benefit "from being told our faults; and we know what "allowances to make for the prejudices of a foreigner: but an American ought to treat his country with more delicacy and more respect. He "may censure with severity, whenever he thinks he "can contribute to *reform*, but this censure should "always be attended by the tenderness of friend-

" ship. He may be a *satirist*, but ought not to be " a *lampooner*."

If this " Gentleman of *high respectability*" means, that Mr. Fenno has taken Peter Porcupine as *his model* in writing with " *useless peevishness*" and " youthful petulence;" or in publishing a " *libel*" and becoming a " *lampooner*;" if this be his meaning, Peter Porcupine does not thank him for the compliment. But, if he means to say, that, in the *style* or the *sentiments* of the publication which the Anti-Jacobin has entitled *a View of the United States*, Mr. Fenno has taken Peter Porcupine as his model, then the said Peter most sincerely thanks the " gentleman of high respectability" for the *honour* he has done him.

Men who desire, from whatever motive, to suppress the *truth*, are seldom at a loss for tricks wherewith to second their desires; but of all the budget, which they have at command, none is so common and so contemptible as the moralizing cut and dry cant played off by this " gentleman of high re- " spectability." We all know, that a man's censure on his country " *should always be attended by* " *the tenderness of friendship*;" and that, " *he may* " *be a satirist, but ought not to be a lampooner*;" but, because I allow these maxims to be good, I am not to be duped into the belief, that Mr. Fenno's censure was *not* attended with the tenderness of friendship, and that his publication was a *lampoon*; on the contrary, I insist, that the View of the United States breathes as much of the tenderness of friendship as it is possible to express in conjunction with just satire; and that, as to the distinction between a *satirist* and a *lampooner*, if the " gentleman" will leave the matter to be decided by *Persius*, *Boileau*, or *Johnson*, I pledge myself to prove, that Mr. Fenno not only stands acquitted of being a *lampooner*, but that, as a *satirist*, too much *tenderness*

*derness and timidity* is his fault. If either of the satirists, whom I have named, had undertaken the subject that fell to the lot of Mr. Fenno, how would he have laid on the lash! It would not, my good "gentleman," have been a mere random buffeting that could have contented him; he would have stripped the sinner to the skin, and lacerated her from the nape to the heel.

As to the literary merits of the *View*, the "gentleman" does not seem to call them in question.—The thing certainly has some trifling fault; a little *more method* and a little *less swell* would have been no diminution of its merit; but the former fault is only a mark of *haste*, while the latter, though a fault, is a proof of *fertility of genius*. This patriotic "gentleman" is pleased to say something about "*useless peevishness*" and "*youthful petulence*." The work does, indeed, alternately express *chagrin*, *contempt*, *anger*, and *indignation*; but, had not the "gentleman" *known* the *condition* and *age* of the author, I am persuaded he would have found nothing to merit the appellation of *peevishness* or of *petulence*. If the assertions or the principles of Mr. Fenno are ill-founded, why did not some one refute them? Why does not some one do it now? Nay, why did not this "gentleman of high respectability" do it? He was in London, and I am certain his refutation would have found a place in the same work, where his eye first met the offensive satire. It is in vain for men to affect to *despise* what they dare not encounter. When Mr. Fenno's *View* first appeared, the "True Americans," as they have the ridiculous vanity to call themselves, had the insolence and baseness to report that the "*poor young man was* MAD." This miserable affectation of contempt for a performance, which none of them were capable of criticising, has not, you see, prevented it from reaching Europe, and there attracting a degree

of

of attention rarely bestowed on foreign productions. It were, then, worthy the patriotism of those, whose feelings are so alive to the honour of their government and country, to stand forth with a refutation. But, this they know they cannot do—they are aware, that by denying Mr. Fenno's general assertions, they would compel him to justify them by entering into a horrid *detail*. I commend their prudence, therefore, in forbearing to provoke a renewal of the satire; but, every man of candour must reprobate the means they are taking to gratify their resentment. They are offended, they feel their stupid animal pride wounded by the promulgation of truth; they are conscious of the inherent weakness of their cause, and their own inability to support it, and they are endeavouring by the whining cant of patriotism, to excite a popular prejudice against their opponent.

Mark, too, the unbearable insolence of their pretensions. They speak as if Mr. Fenno had *no interest* in the subject, which it has pleased him to write on. Because he is the publisher of a *public paper*, they look upon him, his talents, his opinions, his honour and his fame as *public property*, or rather each of them seems to regard this property as *his own*. An enviable situation truly!

The "gentleman of high respectability" has, however, blasted the doctrine of the *Boston slaves*. He says, "to *such things*," (as Fenno's offensive view) "*from the pen of Porcupine*, I know not what "can be objected, *while he avows himself an English-* "*man*." Now, this is precisely the opposite of the doctrine of the *Boston* slaves, who insist on the necessity of punishing me for disapproving of certain measures of Government, not because what I say is either criminal or false, but *because I am a foreigner*, which is the very reason why this "gentleman" thinks free scope ought to be given to my

my animadversions! The maxims of these two classes of politicians, though flatly contradictory in themselves, do nevertheless cooperate most admirably in their tendency. The Boston slaves wrest the weapon of satire from the hands of *all foreigners*, while their "gentleman of high respectability" wrests it from *all the natives!* They act like two opposite bastions of a fortress, those who are sheltered by the one are swept off by the cannon of the other!

Leaving the Boston slaves to anticipate the time, when they and their ally shall have succeeded in sewing up the lips of every man who dares to speak or think for himself, I shall now say a word or two respecting the illiberal reflection, cast, by the "gentleman of high respectability," on the *English Anti-Jacobin Review*, the editor of which, he says, "seized on the publication of Mr. Fenno with "avidity, *because it contained a* LIBEL *upon our* "*country and its government.*"

This is by far the most malicious part of the passage which I have quoted. *The Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine* is a work of such distinguished merit and celebrity, that it would be great impertinence in me to attempt a defence of its reputation, were it not necessary, in order to parry the backhanded stab, which, through it, is aimed at the performance, on which, I presume (for I have not seen the number), it has bestowed its commendations. This *Review and Magazine* (for it is both) was established for the express purpose of exposing the artifices and combating the violences of Jacobinism. It contains original criticism, it detects the misrepresentations and perversions of the Jacobin Reviews, and gives publicity to such articles, in verse and prose, as are peculiarly calculated to aid the cause of sound morality, true religion, and lawful government. That the editor, or editors, enter-

entertain no animosity against "*this country and its government*" will be readily allowed by all those who have read their review (as published in my Gazette) of *Scipio's Reflections on Monroe*, and of *Hamilton's Defence*. Those who recollect the applause they bestowed on these publications, and their pointed reprobation of the conduct of Monroe and of the base proceedings of Callender and his associates, will assuredly repel the foul charge which this "gentleman of high respectability" has brought against them.

If the gentlemen of the *Anti-Jacobin* were so eager to seek for, and to promulgate and extol, *libels* on this country and its government, where could they have made a better choice than in the publications of *Callender* and *Monroe?* But they censure, most severely censure, the writings of both these enemies of the American government. Many are the occasions on which they have shown their *good will* towards this country and its government. In their Historical and Political Summary for March last, they speak very highly of the spirit shown by the people of the United States, and of the salutary measures adopted by the government, to assert the national independence and preserve its honour; they bestow great praise on "the able report of Mr. Pickering;" they express their fears of the consequences of democratic disaffection, and they conclude by lamenting "that the utmost ef-"forts of the President, *whose virtues and talents* "*are alike conspicuous*, will prove inadequate to en-"force the adoption of that line of conduct, which "can alone preserve the prosperity and indepen-"dence of America."

Now I ask any reader of common sense, if it is probable, if it is possible, that these gentlemen should "seize on Mr. Fenno's View with avidity, "*because it contained a* LIBEL *on this country and its*

*its Government?*" And I ask him, too, whether the "gentleman of high respectability" is not a most atrocious slanderer?

It was a very foolish step in these people to revive this subject at all, and it was singularly foolish in them to make mention of the circumstance of the Anti-Jacobin Review. This has produced an examination, and they have now the mortification to hear the public informed, that the same critics who have *reprobated Callender* and *Monroe* have *applauded Mr. Fenno.* What stronger proof can be required of the merit of that publication, which the Boston Slaves and their "gentleman" are endeavouring to decry?

But the audacity of this "gentleman" in accusing the Editors of the Anti-Jacobin of giving circulation to a "LIBEL" surpasses even that of the Sans-culottes. If it were a *libel* why did not the American government prosecute the author? The gentlemen of the Anti-Jacobin found the publication in a Philadelphia newspaper, signed with the author's name; and had they not a right to make what use of it they thought proper? Little did they imagine, that some jealous-pated republican stood ready to catch at their review, and make it a subject of reproach against them in that very country where the work had been first published! If ever this poor sheet should have the honour to fall into their hands, the information it contains will convince them, that Fenno's degrading picture of the American public prints is not more degrading than true.

The more I think of this complaint against the Anti-Jacobin Review, the more indignant do I feel at its abominable insolence. What! the servile flatterers of the mob not only wish to seal up the lips of all who breathe the air of the United States, but they wish to extend their muzzling inquisition

quisition to every corner of the globe! No one must use the name of this country and its government unaccompanied with praise! If such are the demands of the people of America, they should, at least, set the example of delicacy. But have they done this with respect to Great Britain? Have they not promulgated *Paine's Rights of Man, Barlow's Privileged Orders,* and every other performance levelled at the peace, happiness, and honour of the British nation and its government? Has not every one of the miscreant Pindar's lying libels on the King been published and republished in books, pamphlets, and newspapers, till the very children remembered more of them than they do of the Bible? Paine's Rights of Man, that daring attack on the British monarchy, was published here, *preceded by a recommendation under the hand of Jefferson the Secretary of State.* Members of Congress have frequently abused the British king, his ministry and government, and the whole nation in a lump. How many hundreds, how many thousands of newspaper paragraphs, have railed on the same subject; how many times has the downfall of Great Britain been exultingly predicted? Nay, has there ever been an original book or pamphlet published in America, for twenty years past, on whatever subject, without something or other being dragged into it to satirize the British nation or its government? And is it, then, for Americans to accuse a British editor of a want of *delicacy* towards them and their government, because he has, for once, given publicity to what they wish to keep from the world? Unparalleled presumption! Monstrous insolence!

The British editors and writers have, in truth, shown too much delicacy on this score. An over anxious desire to avoid whatever might retard the epoch of *perfect reconciliation,* led them into a foolish,

foolish, and even a culpable forbearance. The most dangerous arguments of the infamous Paine, and the other seducers of the people, were built on their impudent mistatements respecting America; yet, I have observed (and not without much mortification), that from considerations of delicacy towards America, a detection of these mistatements was always avoided, by the persons who undertook to combat the efforts of the incendiaries; so that, on the most important subject, the miscreants remained triumphant. Nay, at this very time, that malicious wretch *Winterbothom* is suffered to issue his eulogizing lies about America in volumes, and no one attempts to contradict him. Still more,—the sectarian Reviewers, the editors of Annual Registers, and the opposition members of Parliament, are continually reproaching the ministry for not following *the wise example* of the administration of America; and all this has not brought forth one ill-natured, one sarcastic remark, in reply.—But, nothing can last for ever, and British forbearance must have an end as well as every thing else. *Truth* has arisen in the east, and she will continue her progress to the west, in spite of the puny resistance of the Boston slaves and their "gentleman of high respectability."

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## NOVEMBER, 1799.

*American affairs.*—The frigate *United States* is waiting at Newport, Rhode Island, for the envoys, *Messrs. Ellsworth* and *Davie*, whom she is to carry to France. In one respect, they will go in a very fortunate time; for, by the time they arrive, their brother ambassador, Mr. Murray, will have outlived the *Batavian Republic*, and will, of course, be perfectly at leisure to make a visit to Paris. When one

one reflects, it is curious enough to observe, that the principal vessel of war, one-fifth of the whole navy, that was fitted out to fight against France, is, in place of being employed in war, converted into an engine of pacification! The Directory (if our envoys should find them in their seats) will make a peace with them on any terms; they will give them *carte blanche*; I dare say they will promise, in the name of the nation, to pay for every farthing's worth of spoliations, with as little hesitation as I would give a draft on the man in the moon. Their situation is such, that they will submit to any thing; but, were they not quite so low, I would not bet two to one that the United States frigate ever saw America again. They remember the *Insurgente*, and had they the power to retaliate, be assured they would do it. Nay, as it is, I do not think it would be imprudent in captain Barry to take a birth in an outer road, and keep a spring upon his cable. Though dressed in their penitential weeds, the devil may tempt them to stretch out their piratical paws. It is related of a Norman thief, that he picked his father confessor's pocket, while he was giving him absolution; and our envoys will, I fear, find that the penitence of the Directory is very much of the Norman stamp.

The President of the United States is arrived at Trenton in New Jersey, where are at this time assembled all the principal officers of the federal government, civil and military. It has been whispered about, that the President has signified his intention of *resigning* as soon as Congress meets; but, from what I have been able to learn, the report seems to be unfounded. For the President to resign would, on many accounts, be extremely unfortunate; but, it would be more particularly so as it would affect the relations between this country and Great Britain. A dispute unhappily exists now; the proceedings

ceedings of the board of commissioners is already a subject of disagreement; what then will it be, when the very existence of that board shall depend upon the will of ONE OF THE DEBTORS?

The election of my *Democratic Judge*, as Governor of Pennsylvania, undeniably the most influential State in the Union, has, in my opinion *decided* the fate of what has been called *Federalism*. The regular returns of this election are not yet published, I reserve myself till they are, to give my opinion respecting the chain of *consequences* which will inevitably result from the event. It has uniformly been my opinion that M'Kean would succeed, and I have as uniformly asserted, that his success would be only a sort of onset in a struggle, which will terminate in the complete triumph of Democracy. I mean a *pure* (perhaps it should be *impure*) Democracy; not a Democracy that allows a man to make his underlings put "*honourable*" before his name, and "*esquire*" after it; but a *real* Democracy, an *equality* Democracy, where sans-culotte slovens shall be-citizen each other till the very walls blush at the obscenity. M'Kean, Dallas, and Co. have carried their point; they are got uppermost; but, let them remember, that, in the progress of Democracy, there are *many stages*; every stage has its class of leaders, and the sovereign people have too much justice to suffer him who has been in the *first class*, to come also into the *last*. "Chacun a son tour," as Marat said to Brissot; and I look forward with great confidence to the time, when *Duane* and *Callender* shall occupy the space now filled by *Dallas* and *M'Kean*.

I am told, the *Federalists*, particularly the small ones, bear their defeat with Christian-like fortitude. They say, that they *must* submit to the will of the majority, which is certainly very *true*, but not very consoling. Some of them go so far as to say, that

M'Kean will make "*a very good Governor.*" I wish them joy of him, with all my heart, and if either of them should, after a trial, stand in need of a double share of his Excellency's paternal watchfulness, I will cheerfully give him up mine, without fee or reward.

The *Sovereign people* have assuredly a right to do what they please with themselves; if they had chosen to put themselves under the rule of *Lloyd* or *Reynolds*, or even *Dallas*, no one would have had a right to gainsay. A *citizen*, who, according to a decree of the Democratic Society, is "at once a *sovereign* and a *legislator*," may, if he please, submit to the authority of the Devil. But, this right, great and inestimable as it certainly is, does not prevent him from being made a fool and an ass, by some animal of superior sagacity. A striking instance of the *cullibility* of the sovereign people is, their believing that their choosing M'Kean for Governor of Pennsylvania *would put a stop to the fearful successes of the enemies of Republican France!* What a mortification must it be to them, to receive, along with the account of M'Kean's triumph, the news of the battle of *Novi*, and of the surrender of the *Dutch Fleet!* The intelligence of M'Kean's election had not, indeed, reached Europe, when those events took place, and, therefore, it is impossible to say whether they would have taken place, or not, if his election had been known there; but, I really do not conceive, that the certainty of it would have arrested the progress of Field Marshall Suwarroff, unless, indeed, he had seen M'Kean in his military rank, surrounded with the mighty militia of Pennsylvania. It is, in fact, impossible to say precisely what effect this election may have on the operations of the royal and imperial armies; nor is it, indeed, quite certain *that they will ever hear of it.*

I shall

I shall now insert two addresses to the people of Pennsylvania on the election. Such pieces should not be lost.

*To the Electors of Pennsylvania.*—When a candidate for the highest office in the State is presented for the public opinion, his character, so far as relates to fitness for the station, becomes an object of importance, on which every citizen, capable of throwing light, would be deficient in his duty to his fellow citizens, if he neglected the opportunity before the choice was made. The ensuing election for a governor of the State of Pennsylvania, is one of the most important crises that this State has ever experienced: it is to determine whether we are to govern ourselves or be governed by foreigners. There are but two candidates, one of whom has given sufficient evidence of his adherence to the principles of liberty, substantiated in the constitutions of the United States and of this State; the other has given as pregnant proof that he adheres to nothing but what accords with his own interests, nor longer than those interests are subserved by his consistency. So much has been already written on the characters of these candidates, that it would be unnecessary to add to the labours of the press, if the writers had brought their facts closer together, and given a concise picture of Mr. M'Kean's character as it results from them.

I propose to shew from what has appeared, that Mr. M'Kean has been for above thirty years, a man inconsistent with himself, varying from opinions openly avowed, to the contrary, in repeated instances; and that he never has maintained any opinion, which he has not in some period of his public life and conduct, directly contradicted—that he has been a whig and a tory, a constitutionalist and

a republican, a federalist and an anti-federalist, as often as his interest and ambition have rendered either of these characters most subservient to them.

Attend to the following facts, known to every body, and the result will be evident:

The stamp act passed by the British parliament, wherein we were not represented, and whereby a large revenue was expected to be collected, was to take effect in 1765. Mr. M'Kean was among the number of those, who after some temporizing entered into an opposition to it; he was a member of that Congress of delegates from most of the then British colonies which met at New York, to take measures to procure a repeal of the act, and his boasts of weight of influence, and services in that body, are well known to all who have heard him for the last twenty years, spout out his own praise. He was also an opponent to the declaratory act of 1766, wherein after the repeal of the stamp act, the British parliament asserted their right to make laws binding to the American colonies in all cases whatsoever; and to the act passed the next year (1767, to enforce this assertion by imposing duties on tea, paper, glass and painters' colours imported into America; and to all the acts passed for raising revenue in these (then) colonies by the authority of the British parliament; these ideas were popular, and he joined with the people in the opposition, whereby he raised himself to consequence, and established a character as a whig, a friend to the people, to liberty, and the rights of man. Thus he continued until his interest led him to another view of things; in 1772, the collector of the customs of the port of Newcastle died, and Mr. M'Kean saw an office vacant worth from 100l. to 150l. sterl. a-year, which he conceived only waited his asking for it. It was in the gift of the governor of the

Delaware

Delaware counties in the first instance, of the board of commissioners of the customs at Boston in the second, and lastly, of the King, or rather of the minister of Great Britain. Mr. M'Kean was lawyer enough to know that if he accepted this office, he must take an oath to carry the revenue laws of Great Britain into execution in their fullest extent, according to their form and effect. This however, did not prevent him from studying his own emolument; immediately on the death of the collector, he sent a messenger to Philadelphia, requesting from Mr. James Hamilton, (then governing as president of the counsel *ad interim* between the departure of governor John Penn, and the arrival of governor Richard Penn,) a commission, as collector of the customs of the port of Newcastle on Delaware: Mr. President Hamilton, exercising authority under the crown, no doubt, thought he could recommend himself to his superiors by purchasing off a flaming patriot with an office, whose salary paid by the King, was but 90l. a year, and therefore immediately granted the commission, and under it Mr. M'Kean took the oath of office: by this he became a complete tory, that is, a person sworn to carry into effect the odious duty of enforcing revenue from the colonies by acts of a parliament, in which they were not represented. This is not all, Mr. M'Kean received a second commission from the commissioners of the customs at Boston, who had the general superintendence of the collection of the British revenue in the colonies, and whom Mr. M'Kean had often, while he was a whig, branded as an unconstitutional board; under this second commission he again took the oath, and was installed collector of the hated duties; and in all probability, he would have been obliged to have packed up his all and gone off, with the other revenue officers of the crown, on or

before the declaration of independence, if the King's pleasure notified through Lord North, had not superceded him by the appointment of another collector of the customs for the port of Newcastle, and taken away his salary of 90l. a year, and the contingent perquisites of 50l. or 60l. more. This converted him; and he became again a whig, and was appointed a member of the Congress of 1774. During that year and 1775, he carefully observed the political weathercock which was then against the declaration of independence, until the reception of the pamphlet under the title of Common Sense, assured him that the moon had changed under a favourable aspect, and that the wind was settled in that direction, he then also became a settled whig. It is needless to relate his conduct in Delaware, Jersey, and Pennsylvania during the period of British invasion; it will form some curious paragraphs in a future history of the revolutionary war, when party spirit and party connections, shall have so subsided and dissolved as that historical truth may be told; wherefore, having established the first asertion that he has been a whig and a tory, alternately, as it suited his views of ambition and emolument, I proceed to the establishment of the second.

The first constitution of Pennsylvania was formed by a convention, composed as that of France afterwards was, of a few designing men, imitators of Cromwell, and each desirous of obtaining the protectorship of the State; and the many, the ignorant deluded tools of the faction, who were ready to give all power to their leaders; a letter now exists in print, from one Cannon, a schoolmaster in Philadelphia, a man then governing the mob, as Marat afterwards did the suburbs St. Antoine of Paris, which was circularly addressed to the electors of the several counties, recommending to them to choose for their delegates to the convention,

tion, men of little learning, for that men of general or legal knowledge only confounded one another, and were unfit for the office of framing a constitution; his recommendation was so well attended to in many of the counties, that when the convention met, and a committee appointed to draft the form of a constitution, reported, it was moved to have several copies of it *transcribed*, that the members might have an opportunity of *reading* it over at their lodgings, to which an amendment was offered, to substitute the word *printed*, instead of *transcribed*; because a majority of them *could not read written hand*. This motion was carried, and the report was printed, and hence the origin of printing all things depending before our public bodies. This *learned* convention established the first constitution of Pennsylvania, and there was not to be found a lawyer whose reputation had been established in Pennsylvania, who would accept the office of Chief Justice under it: Mr. M'Kean, then little known here, accepted it against his own decided judgment often expressed, and became a constitutionalist, a term of distinction assumed by the friends of that form of government, exercised by a single legislative branch, and he served the party who thus took him by the hand, faithfully, as long as it suited the purposes of his ambition and emolument, but no longer. In the course of a few years it was discovered that a government of a single branch was equally tyrannical, if not more so, than a despotic monarchy; that the passions of the many became concentrated, and operated with as much consistency and more violence than those of an individual, and were more intolerant than the limited monarchy from which we had emancipated our country; the supporters of these opinions were stiled *republicans*, in contradistinction from the *constitutionalists*; they had waged

wordy war in the newspapers against each other from 1779 to 1786, and in the course of ten years, the public opinion became decided in favour of *republicanism*, which in the public mind bore the idea of a representative government, divided into three branches, elected by and accountable at certain fixed periods to the people, by periodical elections. In 1786 a project originating in Virginia, was hearkened to by many of the other States, who sent representatives to Annapolis, in Maryland, to consider of some plan to render the federal government, then weak, from its composition of all power in one branch, more efficient in its administration of the affairs of Thirteen States; this meeting could effect nothing; their defective powers were, however, enlarged, and the States more fully represented, at a meeting the next year (1787) at Philadelphia; when the present constitution of the United States was framed and recommended to the people of the several States for consideration, a convention of each to be called in the manner recommended. Mr. M'Kean clearly perceiving that the tide of popular opinion was coming with a full swell in favour of this constitution, suffered himself to be carried like a feather along with it, and when, in the year following its adoption, the constitution of the State was proposed to be rendered more conformable to that of the United States, he deserted his old friends the constitutionalists, who had raised him to the Chief Justiceship, who had dubbed him with (to use his own expression from the Bench) the title of Doctor of Laws, the highest dignity attainable in the profession, and became a republican.

The contest about the new constitutions of the United States and of this State, at this time, gave new names to the contending parties without any alteration in their views. The constitutionalists were

were men who, despising all order in government, and contending for an exact equality among men, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, whether wise or idiots, insisted that their representatives should meet in one chamber, and by a majority of persons decide on all acts of legislation; while the republicans insisted that the wiser and better part should be selected from the people at large, and be placed in two chambers with powers of negative over the acts of each other, in order to prevent that simultaneous effusion of passion which a single branch was commonly affected with by the impulse of some aspiring demagogue who would always by popular flattery be able to insinuate himself into their good opinion, and become their leader, their Cromwell. This difference of opinion gave new names to the parties, and federalists was substituted for republicans, antifederalists for constitutionalists: while the contest was doubtful, the latter submitted to the appellation, and even assumed the title, but when by the loud acclaim of the people the constitutions were ratified, they wished to change it, and many arts have been tried to bring about a reform—Newspapers have been set up and fallen down in the attempt, and yet it has not succeeded but in the jargon of the party. The antifederalists have assumed the name of republicans, but none beside themselves understand them as meant by it, and it is left to the Aurora and a few of its followers to designate them by it; while the true character of republicans is maintained by the federalists, who first assumed and always deserved the honoured name: during this change of the Shibboleth of party, it was not difficult for Mr. M'Kean to turn with the tide; he thought his interest to be, to swim with the current, and he suffered himself to be enrolled in the list of federalists: he advocated the cause of the new

new constitution of this state with energy; nay, he exceeded the excesses of those of his compeers who are now called monarchists, and advocated principles of inequality among the people which would be too tedious to enumerate—here he was a federalist in the extreme, but his services soon passed into oblivion—he was left to be merely Chief Justice of a single state—he was not promoted to the bench of the Union—he conceived himself neglected—he waited the next change of the moon, the next turn of tide, in hope that he might meet a favourite weed or straw to attach himself to, and flow into the port of an higher office. The clamours excited by Genet and the French party, and by his reporter, Dallas, seemed to him a fit opportunity to serve his purpose; he embraced the occasion, and from a firm supporter of federalism, he became an antifederalist; and ever since he presided at the meeting in the State-House yard, when M'Clenachan proposed to kick the British treaty to Hell, he has been the most inveterate enemy to the people and the government of the United States, wholly attached to a foreign nation which has nothing to recommend it but the assumed names which he has discarded of liberty and republicanism.

We also find him, at this day, advocating a claim of the British government, brought forward by their commissioners in favour of the Penn family for quitrents, &c. of near half a million pounds sterling, and justifying it in a book written and subscribed by himself. This claim is said to be one of the causes of the secession of the American commissioners. How the *exclusive patriots* can reconcile this conduct of the Chief Justice, (in being thus concerned in a measure, to serve a British subject which has proved so injurious to America) *with their pure*

*pure American principles*, the Republicans know not *.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, This is the man recommended to your suffrages as Governor of the State, and I call upon all who shall vote for him, to reflect within their own minds in which of his characters they mean to patronise him; whether as a Whig before 1772, a Tory and Custom-house officer in 1772 and 1773, a timid member of Congress till 1776, a Constitutionalist from thence till 1787, a Federalist of the highest tone from thence till 1793, or an Antifederalist, a Jacobin, a Foreigner, a Frenchman from thence to the present time, and now agent for a claim injurious to his country.

A PENNSYLVANIAN.

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*To the Citizens of Pensylvania.*—The natural effect of unmerited abuse is to excite men of firm minds to the manifestation of the grounds of their conduct. The stream of obloquy poured out upon the friends of Mr. M'Kean, inevitably produces such an excitement. The public will see how far the republicans have cause for their doubts and fears, in case of Mr. Ross's success; and how far a safer course of public conduct may be expected from Mr. M'Kean, if elected.

The objections to Mr. Ross, which operate on the minds of his opponents, are various, numerous, and weighty. They will be offered to the public with temper and candour, and will not be suppressed on account of abuse or threats.

The conduct of Mr. Ross, while he was the colleague of Mr. Morris in the Senate of the United States, is one of the causes of *distrust* in him. It will be found that he separated from his able fede-

* Thus we see, that, however the two parties might disagree in other respects, they were in perfect harmony with respect to *withholding the money due* to Great Britain!

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ral colleague, and acted on the two sides of the same subject, in a curious and uncommon manner. He obtained his seat in April 1794, by an union of the *Western* members of the state legislature, with those *that were called antifederal* in other parts of the state. He had obtained that station by *according with* and *promoting the feelings and passions of the opponents of the excise*, though he was in truth, and is *a friend to the excise system*. It is a matter well known to the officers of the excise, and has been the subject of official representation since the insurrection, that Mr. Ross excited the distillers against the collectors. He certainly attended one of the meetings of the opponents of the excise, and his *brother-in-law* Mr. John Woods, now president of the state senate, was *a deputed member* of one of the anti-excise meetings, held at Pittsburg. They were both lawyers, seeking *practice* and *popular standing*. It is also a notorious fact, that it has been openly avowed in the Western counties, that Mr. Ross declared in a public place, *he would defend any man for nothing, who should kill an exciseman*. These charges against Mr. Ross are no secret. They have been known since 1795, and have been unreservedly mentioned in many places and to many persons. In the spring of the present year, and before Mr. M'Kean was fixed on by the republicans, a member of one of their committees stated to a member of one of Mr. Ross's committees, *that Mr. Ross's conduct in exciting the Western insurrection, was a principal and insurmountable objection to him*. If he had ever so much disapproved of the excise system, in *truth and sincerity*, and if he had ever so strenuously wrote it down or voted it out, there would have been nothing contrary to consistency, morals, or law in his so doing; but to excite to prosecution, violence, and death, must be considered as highly reprehensible in a *friend* or *enemy*

of

of the excise system, and was *the worse* in him because he was a hearty friend to it. This charge must be considered as having received *a full confirmation* from the *unreserved* publication of it so long ago as the 20th day of July in the present year. *No* answer, *no* denial has taken place. Nay, though such objections to Mr. Ross were mentioned to the Federalists *in the beginning of March* last, it has produced nothing on his part but the *confession of silence*. He has been *openly* charged, and he stands *mute;* while his *many* counsellors and supporters do not venture *even to take notice* of the charge. But how did Mr. M'Kean act upon this subject? When persons called republicans, or democrats, or Irishmen, or friends of France, were brought before him for matters against the federal law, *far short* of such acts as those charged to Mr. Ross, the Chief Justice *firmly* and *impartially* administered *the laws* against them. If he, *as a Judge*, had, like the attorney Mr. Ross, *promoted* the prosecution and even violent death of the officers of the Federal government, *order* and *property* would have received a *fatal* blow. What is the consequence? The opponents to the excise now heartily thank the Chief Justice for keeping them within the wholesome restraints of law, and of course from further transgressions, which must have ended in ruin to many of them, and the total subversion of public order: and *some* of the Federalists are reviling Mr. M'Kean and supporting the dangerous man, which Mr. Ross proved himself to be. It will be said, that at *one* meeting of the insurgents, Mr. Ross boldly attended, and laboured to persuade them to submit to the laws. *It should be remembered, that he had then obtained his seat in the Senate.* He had carried that *great* point; and was, no doubt, justly *alarmed at the flame that was created, and which he had so largely contributed to blow up.*

*up.* But let it be remembered, that the degree of violence he spoke of, is *so great*, that *no other man*, however warm or rash, is alleged to have *said* any thing so excessive, nor to have *done* any thing so cruel. The burning of General Nevill's house was *far short* of killing the general himself: and Major Lenox, though taken by the insurgents, even after some of them had been killed, escaped without suffering the fate indicated for the officers of the Federal government by Mr. Ross. The knowledge of *this* conduct *alone* of Mr. Ross's, without any other reasons, is sufficient to decide any man *against placing the maintenance of law, property, and order in his hands.* Let it not be attempted to menace for expositions like those. That will convince no man. They require a *calm examination*, and *a clear refutation.* Till that is done, conscientious men, who love order and government, will have a *right* to disapprove of Mr. Ross, and *will exercise that right*, though the native English printer, Cobbett, the native Irish printer, Brown, and the native American printer, Fenno, (whom the British employ to write against the administration, and whom they call "*their own,*") should continue to pour out their streams of abuse.

But let us proceed. Though Mr. Ross was elected by means of those who at least wished well to the French in their efforts against the despotic states, yet he took part from the first week with those in the Senate, who were of opposite sentiments. But this he did so as not to commit himself. He took his seat the 24th of April, 1798. On that very day a question occurred, whether the Senate should request the President, in a reply to be made for them, "to assure the French of their friendship and good will, and *wishes for the prosperity of their republic.*" Mr. Ross voted against this. But in a a few minutes, when it was put in words nearly

nearly to the same effect, and *the yeas and nays were called*, Mr. Ross voted in the affirmative. And yet he is called *steady*.

On the third day of Mr. Ross's senatorship, on a question *to suspend the intercourse with England*, on account "of her failure to execute the treaty of peace, and of her spoliations on our trade," Mr. Ross voted *against it*, but presently when it appeared, that by the coming in of two Senators on the other side it would be proved, by the yeas and nays, that the suspension would be lost by means of his vote against the third reading of the bill, this firm and steady patriot, and politician, *abandoned his duty and went away from the Senate*. By this act of Mr. Ross the question was supported by 13 against 13, and the Vice-President, Mr. Adams, was forced to commit himself by giving his casting negative to the third reading of the bill. It has been suspected and alleged, that the party among the Federalists, who are enemies of Mr. Adams, meant to sacrifice some of his popularity by thus putting him in the gap, and it is well known that Mr. Ross's particular friends tried to get Mr. Pinckney elected President, instead of Mr. Adams, in 1796. Few young men have ever played a more complete game, *personal* and *party*, than Mr. Ross.

Soon after Mr. Ross endeavoured to get the pay of the regular army increased, though only seven could be got to vote for the increase.

On the 12th of May, upon a petition against further duties of excise, Mr. Ross, who has shewn himself a supporter of these very excises, and of the system in general, separated from his colleague Mr. Morris, and from Mr. Cabot, King, Ellsworth, Izard, Rutherford, Frelinghausen, &c. and joined Mr. Burr, Monroe, Jackson, &c. in every question. Mr. Ross abandoned his judgment and convictions,

convictions, and joined his pretended party enemies, merely to please a part of his constituents, and not because he disapproved of the excise system or those very duties. An *honest* opponent to the excise has a right to his opinion, and is bound indeed to vote according to his conscience. But, if a man making very high pretensions to sense, information and spirit, votes *for law fees or public office*, against his judgment, even in opposition to the excise, the opponents of that system will hold him very cheap, and it behoves the friends of fair and wise public measures to distrust him. If Mr. Ross will act thus *in concert with his opponents* to procure *a re-election to the Senate* (having to stand again in 1796) what will he not do to be re-elected Governor, or to go up in the Federal system of office, power, and profit.

Mr. Ross's votes were of the same nature on the 21st of May, 1794, on the subject of the balances of the States. The Federal *administration* earnestly wished that business to go through—he pretends to the character of their *firm* and *uniform friend*, yet he voted to bring forward papers (in a settlement made, by General Washington's speech, *final*) so as to open the door for long and embarrassing discussions.—Mr. Morris, who under all his misfortunes was, in the Senate, *indeed a Federalist*, voted against Mr. Ross, in almost all the cases we have mentioned, *when Mr. Ross did not fly away*—a dangerous step Mr. Morris ever avoided to take.

On the question to provide even ten gallies *to defend our ports from British intrusions*, they were carried, as also the monies therefor, Mr. Morris voting *twice for* and Mr. Ross *twice against* that small defence of our trade, when Britain was the aggressor. General Washington had *strongly* recommended preparations for defence; Mr. Morris *supported*, Mr. Ross *opposed* them to the last.

Mr.

Mr. Morris and Mr. Ross divided in May, 1794, upon the question of *a further assumption* of State debts by Congress, intended to balance the sums due from the debtor States, and on the question of interest on those balances. Mr. Morris, and the federalists in the Senate in general, and the administration of 1794, were all *against* both these questions, Mr. *Ross* for them. Yet it is *falsely* said, he is *a firm federalist*, and *steady supporter* of the *administration*.

When we were afraid of a war with *England* in May 1794, Mr. Ross was *against* a small army of 10,000 men, though now so desirous to see 40 or 50,000 raised. He *again* separated from Mr. Morris *on this question of defence*. He would not *trust General Washington* with a *small* force against *the British king*, but is willing that Mr. *Adams* shall have *a very large one*, besides *volunteers*. Was it *antifederalism*, or *opposition to General Washington's administration*, or *anglicism*? Certainly it was *not* the effect of *federalism*.

On the 28th of May, Mr. Morris and Mr. Ross *again* divided, the latter being *opposed* to providing for the interest of debts due to the States, which had paid too much in the WAR, though an honest *federal* measure. Here, *justice*, the most *guarded* public *credit*, the *sentiments of the Congress*, and of his *able colleague* with the *administration of General Washington*, were *all* against Mr. Ross. But this singular young man did not mind them *all*. Yet they say he is *a steady federalist*. On the *final* question to raise a force *recommended* by General Washington in 1794, to be *prepared*, if Mr. Jay's negotiation should not succeed, Mr. Ross *opposed*, and Mr. Morris *concurred* in carrying the bill. *General Washington* had recommended additional preparations, in *the most solemn manner*. Yet Mr. Ross is called a steady supporter of government.

Mr. Ross voted for the *carriage* tax, of which the western counties pay but a trifle, as they keep very few, but was against the tax on *lump and loaf sugar* which the rich and good livers use in *all* parts of the State. Carriages *are* chiefly *home made*, out of *our own* wood, iron, and leather, yet Mr. Ross would tax them, and not refined sugars, though they are from *foreign* materials. This *little* attention to local interests, Mr. Ross's western constituents would be too liberal and just to approve.

It is unaccountable why Mr. Ross on the 5th of June 1794, voted *against* raising a regiment of twelve hundred men, for the frontiers, when we expected the continuance of the Indian war, and feared a disagreement with England. *Here again* he divided from Mr. *Morris*. General Washington, we have observed, had recommended *strongly* some additional force.

Mr. Ross again separated from Mr. *Morris* and the *federalists* in the senate on the question of introducing the regular discipline among the volunteer troops, and others, that should go out into the Indian country with a real view to defend our frontiers, or to commit depredations *under that cover*. Expense and bloody Indian wars were eternally produced by the irregularities of frontier expeditions. It was now wished to restrain them.

On the subject of the bill to provide for the payment of the money due to the French republic, Mr. Ross again dissented *from Mr. Morris*, from *the majority of federalists*, and from *the views of the administration*. He kept this course steadily till the explosion of the western insurrection, and then veered about. [*See the Journals from* 1794.]

On the 9th of June Mr. Ross, upon *two* questions as to a *defensive* force and the discipline of the above-mentioned bodies of our armed citizens, dissented

dissented *from Mr. Morris, from the federalists*, and from *the administration.*

It is not contended that Mr. Morris's opinions were at all *obligatory* on Mr. Ross, but it is *very clear*, that he was deemed an *aged* and *experienced friend* of the *government* and *constitution*, a *firm* and *intelligent federalist, friendly to the administration*, and *particularly* so to General Washington; yet we see Mr. Ross, *a young* man, in his *maiden* session, *very generally* disagreeing from Mr. *Morris*, from *the federal party*, and from the *administration of General Washington.* Yet deceived and uninformed, we call him a *firm supporter* of the administration, and a *steady* man in *federal* politics.

It may be asked then, why so many of the federalists liked and confided in him. The answer is, *that they did not before know his conduct:* and that Mr. Ross managed to trim his movements very dexterously, and to talk federalism out of doors, while he opposed it within the Senate.

We see he is generally in *small minorities* in his FIRST session, in the year 1794, and those often what were called *anti*-federal, and *anti*-administration. Whenever his good management required, he knew how to make *the finesse complete*—by a *sudden* absence. We shall see by-and-by, that he played this game of absence from FEDERAL questions, in the *most important* session this government has EVER seen, for more than NINETEEN weeks.

AN ELECTOR.

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*To the Citizens of Pennsylvania.*—It has been pretended by some that Mr. Ross never did interfere improperly in the business of the Excise. Yet it has been openly stated in "*The History of the Western Insurrection*," published in 1796, with the author's name, that Mr. Ross engaged, at the

court of 1794, in a plan and agreement for the removal of the Inspector, General Neville, and the collectors throughout the whole Western survey. This was a *singular act for a friend to the administration*, and its monstrous impropriety is made manifest by this fact, that *all* the officers were continued in their offices, by General Washington, or restored to them after the insurrection, which had frightened one, or two, into resignations. Mr. Ross did make an application for the removal of one or more of these officers, but none were removed, nor was any appointed, except unfortunately *one*, for his own county of Washington, who has since gone off with the public money. [See *History of the Insurrection*, 1796, page 64.] It is *well* known, that it was extremely difficult in many places to prevail on persons to accept the excise offices. In other places it was *impossible* to prevail on them to keep those offices. Some, who were tenants, were refused the use of rented houses for offices. In one instance, a federal military officer (in Mr. Ross's own county) was *forced* to withhold an house he had rented for an excise-office. Yet Mr. Ross, who had viewed that riot, who is a lawyer, knowing his legal tether, and a person claiming a *very high* federal character, attended to form an agreement at Fayette, and contributed to that agreement by which *a whole set* of federal civil officers, in five large counties, were to be *removed* without crime or neglect. The reason suggested by Mr. Ross was, that *the people could not confide in them*. At the head of them was General John Neville, a man not second to Mr. Ross either in character, property, morals, or *public service*.

*Federal Citizens*, take care of this young politician, who has clambered into posts of honour and emolument by such means. If you regard steady and

and candid politics, safe property, and orderly conduct, take care of such a man.

It was a matter of certainty, that the people would not submit to officers so marked out for popular *odium* and *sacrifice* by a FEDERAL SENATOR; and as the people found those officers were not removed when Mr. Ross returned from the Senate in 1794, it is the less wonder that they fired upon one, and burnt the house of another, and thus began the insurrection in the following month. The proposition for this removal of the constituted authorities, was brought forward by Mr. Ross to Mr. Findley, who declined it. Mr. Findley was represented as an enemy to the constitution, to the excise, and to the administration. What must his enemies say and think of Mr. Ross? Is not such a clandestine agreement to remove *all revenue officers*, under whose jurisdiction Mr. Ross himself was, a most clear "*assumption of executive authority*," and an *anarchic* proceeding?

Was Mr. Ross, *alone*, a better judge than President Washington, with the Senate's advice, and the secondary executive officers, with whose department the revenue officers were connected?—When the commissioners (Messrs. Yates, W. Bradford, and Ross) made their report, *not one* complaint was preferred against the officers. It is said that some were made against Mr. Ross. *Let him deny it if he can.*—It is understood that *David* Bradford was at Fayette, and participated in this scheme for the removal of the officers. Judge Addison certainly did.

But to sum up all in one *short, clear* view—Does it not plainly appear, that Mr. Ross, instead of acting the part of a faithful, orderly citizen *in support* of the Western constituted authorities; and the part of a dignified and faithful member of the govern-

ment (a Senator,) was hanging up all the officers to be *hated* and to be *sacrificed*. Persons to whose knowledge these things have come *will not* cease to be influenced by them against Mr. Ross, whether friends or foes to the excise system.

In the year 1795, we find Mr. Ross first voting to prevent the destruction of the bill for securing a portion of land to the French inhabitants of Gallipolis; and on the very next day voting against the bill on its final passage. The first vote was consistent with the interests of his constituents; and of his estate, but what induced the latter inconsistent vote, we cannot say. He knew he might safely vote so, because he would be in a very small minority. It is only mentioned to shew his unsteadiness.

And again: Mr. Ross, after voting *in* an *amendment* to protect the Indians, which was much objected to by the Western people, absented himself from the question on the final passage of the bill. It would so *appear* that he was *not present* when this bill, so unpleasant to them was passed. Mr. Ross was in the Senate on the same day, and voted upon other questions.

It would not be right, perhaps, to lay so much stress upon these single facts of absence and finesse, but that they happened often, and in the last session but one (important as it was) Mr. Ross's absences from the Senate were extended to almost *twenty* weeks! In that session, it was well known, that a variety and number of very important bills and laws were to be considered and passed. They required an openness, firmness, and decision, which Mr. Ross appears to have thought might operate against him in his election *as governor*. Attention or neglect of *the militia*, consent to or refusal of *a regular army*, ships of the line, frigates, and other vessels of war, British questions, French questions, and American ques-

questions, were to be voted on. The trials of this country were truly serious: its prospects truly alarming—and Mr. Ross was absent *five* weeks *with* leave, and almost *fifteen* weeks *without* leave! Yet he is called a *firm, faithful,* and *steady* man. He *sees* and *approves* what the federalists *see* and *approve.* But in his first session, he voted, as we have shewn, almost always *against them.* In the important session before the last, *when the Senate had to act upon the dispatches of Messrs. Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry,* he *flew the way,* and was absent from the most serious duties that could fall on a senator, for almost *twenty* weeks! A more palpable and unjustifiable great stroke of political finesse and manœuvre was never shewn by any man. The Journals of the Senate *prove* these facts. It is deceiving their party for his partisans to *pretend,* that he is *firm* and *steady.* No good can be expected in moments of trial from a person, who will thus manage and manœuvre to get into the office of governor. The people will be imprudent *indeed,* to overlook it. They will remember it is the same man who acted so unwarrantably, as we have shewn, just before, in the excise business. If *even party-friends* would make a cool and candid examination, it would clearly appear to themselves that Mr. Ross has behaved very exceptionably in the office of senator on trying questions, and in trying times. He will naturally have other objects of ambition and interest, if he should become governor, and we may justly expect and fear, that he will manage *that office* to procure them, just as we see he has managed his senatorship.*

AN ELECTOR.

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* Another address against Ross has the following passage:—"Mr. Ross voted in the convention of Pennsylvania, on the 3d of February, 1790, to *strike out* of the constitutional regulations

## DECEMBER, 1799.

### *Some Account of a Manuscript found among the Papers of a French Emigrant in London, entitled* TALLEYRAND'S DESCENT INTO HELL.*

THIS work appears to have been composed at intervals of time, as an English exercise, and partakes of all the vicissitudes of temper which may be supposed to have influenced a Frenchman in his situation; exiled from his country, stripped of his property, cut off, for ever perhaps, from a beloved family, and only supported under the weight of misfortune by the elasticity of a French mind. This perfect subjection of the matter and manner of the work to the disposition of the author, has produced a very extraordinary contexture, and much variety of style and entertainment; sometimes verse, sometimes prose—sometimes narrative, sometimes dialogue,—it pursues its broken course not unfrequently through meads of flowers, but oftener doubling into the wild recesses of romantic humour; now prattling with echo in philosophy's

tions about holding offices, the words "*who acknowledges the* "*being of* A GOD, *and a future state of rewards and punishments.*" [See page 84 of Minutes of the Grand Committee.] Samuel Sitgreaves, Esq. (the reputed author of Milo) voted with Mr. Ross. Mr. M'Kean voted against them, and for retaining those words, otherwise we might have Atheists in office. *The good old charter*, between *William Penn*, and *the people*, contained these ideas to which Mr. M'Kean piously and wisely adhered. One person, who voted with Mr. Ross against retaining these words, has been known to say, that an all-wise and all-powerful God could not be proved or demonstrated. Mr. Ross's friends may pretend to deny this vote of his, but they must deny it (if they do) falsely and wickedly. Let them shew the minutes on the election grounds, when they deny it, and their daring falsehood will be proved. We must all think with Mr. M'Kean, that no person, who does not acknowledge a God, should be entrusted with our public offices."

* This article was written by my friend, the late Mr. WILLIAM CLIFFTON of Philadelphia.

rocky

rocky labyrinth, and then winding its plaintive current among the willows of sorrow, "telling its mournful, pitiable tale."

The author commences his singular production with a detail of circumstances which occasioned Talleyrand's expedition. The most prominent is this: the French Directory, after having ransacked history for extravagant examples of villainy, inhumanity, cruelty and madness; after having even surpassed those models, and created others still more shocking and outrageous; discovered that Hercules, Theseus, Ulysses, and other heroes of antiquity, while yet in their mortal bodies, had absolutely visited the shades below, and returned with whole bones and monstrous reputations to their country and their friends. An exploit, so daring and so profound, was not barely calculated to incite surprise in the great nation; it became the object of their indispensable and passionate emulation: it was accordingly decreed by the Directory, that this should also be added to the atchievements of republican France. The person chosen to conduct the perilous enterprise, was Talleyrand the apostate. If the devil had a friend on earth, whom it was his interest to keep there, it was generally believed that he was the man: there was consequently little danger of his detention in the dominions of his infernal majesty. On the part of Talleyrand, however, a considerable degree of reluctance was displayed, which, by the operation of a few talismanic words and a kind of directorial power, was confined within the chambers of his own bosom. Nothing now remained but to settle the mode of descent; no sibyl to direct his way, no embodied Tiresius to bid him welcome. Many expedients were suggested, none of which on closer inspection were deemed practicable. They resolved at length to send for one of the German magi, who are supposed

posed to excel in necromancy, and to entreat his aid in the prosecution of their scheme. A description of the object in contemplation was accordingly forwarded to Weishaupt the illuminatus, and his assistance solicited in the most persuasive terms. Weishaupt yielded to their importunities, and agreed to join Talleyrand in Campania. Having met, they journeyed on, hoping to meet the sulphureous breath of Avernus at every step. All day they continued their wanderings, guided only by the supernatural intimations of Weishaupt's familiar, till the shadows of night began to close around them. The moon was at the meridian; the moment auspicious, when the necromancer commenced his incantations. Birds of darkness began to flit around them; heavy clouds gathered over their heads, and the earth was felt to tremble, as Weishaupt muttered his potent spell. On these holy rites, fate has intersposed her curtain, and blotted out the pages which ought to succeed. We lament the loss of this part of our author the more, as a description of the best way of going to hell, now-a-days, must have been highly entertaining. One circumstance strikes us very forcibly; as it seems to argue the defection of the conjuror: no Weishaupt is mentioned in any of the succeeding pages in our possession, and the hero of the great nation is left to prosecute his infernal peregrinations alone. We are therefore authorized to suppose, that this adept in mischief, not wishing to participate in the danger he had allotted to Talleyrand, led him to the brink of the precipice, delivered him into the hands of the great enemy of mankind, and withdrew himself, safe and sound, from the honour and responsibility of so hazardous an undertaking.

With what species of "diplomatic skill" Talleyrand prevailed on Charon to ferry him over the sable waters, is not known; for, where the letters

again

again begin to brighten into form, we find the Minister and Cerberus about to commence a negotiation. This part seems so charmingly managed by the poet (for here he is a poet) that we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our readers.

The triple monster from his hellish bed,
Rous'd as he heard the limping hero's tread,
Rush'd to his kennel door, to take his stand,
Shook his three heads, and growl'd this stern demand:
Whence and what art thou, execrable fool?
What boatman brought thee o'er the Stygian pool?
Where is thy passport? where thy golden bough?
What climate breeds such crooked things as thou?

To these interrogations Talleyrand could not listen without emotion: he felt the blood withdraw itself from his extremities, and flow all cold and curling into the very centre of his heart. Some time elapsed before the work retrieved its locomotive faculty; but at length the petrifaction began to dissolve, and his tongue was again loosened from its fear bound captivity. His "diplomatic skill," that powerful charm which had unnerved so many nations, he had taken care to bear about him, and now, when perils crowded on him, he began to shake it up for use. He thus addressed the porter of hell:—

Ah! Cerberus, I love thee from my heart;
So kind and gentle in thy way thou art!
How meek thy mien and musical thy voice!
Thy tail 'tis true———but then a tail's thy choice.
It kills my heart to see a beast so brave,
With many heads and every one a slave.
When shall I see your lady-bitch, good now:
(The breed's a most prodigious breed I vow;
And e'er to t'other world I journey up,
Methinks I'll ask the devil for a pup.
In "peace and safety" might my masters snore
With such a dog to guard their palace door)—[*Aside.*]

The

The minister now paused, not without some uncertainty touching the disposition of the centinel; to dissipate every doubt, Cerberus opened his chaps, "and loud and long the dog of midnight howl'd." The fears of Talleyrand were, moreover, considerably invigorated, as he perceived the monster raise up his hinder parts which were before gathered within the den; and he endeavoured to make good his retreat; uttering, as he backed off, these words:—

Excuse me, Citizen Dog, I've got no sop,
As I'm alive; no honey, not a drop:
But let me pass, and I'll delight to tell
How kind a devil is the dog of hell.

Cerberus shook himself from his litter, and demanded once more, in the most terrific tone, the name, country and quality of his visitor. The poor fugitive, too much alarmed to think of any other expedient, dropped on one knee and made the following reply:

*Talleyrand.* I beseech you, Cerberus, not to be hasty in your proceedings. I will inform you on the several subjects of your inquiry, if you will listen patiently to what I have to say.—My name is Talleyrand, my country is France, and I am the envoy extraordinary of that nation to the Directory of this. You have unquestionably heard of our great revolution, are well acquainted with its principles, and no doubt feel an interest in their success. You, yourself, Cerberus, are the slave of a tyrannical master, and it would be the proudest deed of my life could I set you free. In France the very canaille have risen to the highest honours of the state; and even at this moment, a monster, like yourself, is at the head of our political administration. I cannot see why the adoption of the same principles should not produce the same effects here; nor

nor can I, for my life, find any reason which would reduce Cerberus's hopes of dominion below those of Pluto.

*Cerberus.* Rise, Talleyrand, your excellent qualities have made you dear to Cerberus. I sit in the mouth of my den and listen to the wailing of many a ghost, wandering on the other shore, whose carcase you have given to birds and beasts of prey.—The *brave republicans* have rendered trifling, and beneath attention, every villain of antiquity, whose name till now, has been embalmed with infamy; and you, my friend, are a thousand times more infernally glorious than a Brutus or a Cataline, an Harmodius or an Aristogiton; nay, even, than the robber Procrustes, or the Ephesian Erostratus. The project of fraternizing hell, is most certainly worthy of its great inventors; and, that we may discuss this point with more security, suppose we retire into my kennel; I assure you on the honour of a dog, you have nothing to fear.

*Talleyrand.* Never shall distrust assail the breast of Talleyrand, while he can thus fly, with fraternal confidence, into the arms of his beloved Cerberus.

Here the fraternal hug is given, and Talleyrand, overcome by the vehement affection of his brother beast, falls, deprived of motion, and almost of life, at the threshold of his den.—While he thus lay wrapped in insensibility, the newly illuminated Cerberus went off at a dog-trot, returned with his three mouths freighted with the waters of Styx, and emptied them, with the utmost solicitude, full in the face of the entranced adventurer. However this act of kindness might have conduced to his reanimation, certain it is, that no touches of gratitude were generated by it in Talleyrand. His revivifying pangs found the most piteous utterance.

He

He exclaimed against his persecuting destiny; poured out torrents of maledictions on the Directory; and imprecated a thousand curses a piece on the three heads of his tormentor. No epithet of abuse was severe enough for his purpose. He called him "a treacherous, misbegotten hound;"—"the bear of darkness;"—"an unwholesome, shag-eared monster;"—"a mountain of mischief," and "the great Jeffersonian Mammoth." Poor Cerberus bore all this like a good dog, and endeavoured, with the most winning concern, to deprecate his wrath.

*Cerberus.* Weep not, good Talleyrand, weep not at this misfortune. The embrace of which thou complainest should rather be received as a proof of love, than an evidence of malice. There is not a fibre in thy system, but is the busy witness of my esteem, and yet thou rebellest against thine own nature. Come, come, be pacified; surely Frenchmen should not murmur, when those are silent who have suffered the lustful grasp of thy master. He indeed squeezes with a vengeance. Think of those nations, that, clasped in his fond arms, have felt their heart's blood ooze from every pore; and breathed their last sigh under the pressure of his tenderness. Think of these, and let thy lamentations be turned into songs of joy, and thy angry frown into the nod of pardon.

*Talleyrand.* Vile slave, will all your precious nonsense set my fractured ribs? will it charm my aching body into quiet? Oh! fool that I was, to trust my poor frame among the paws of such an unheard-of traitor! I may have a whole bone or two about me, but none from my hips upwards, that's most certain. What a comely thing I shall be, too, if I recover! I am not an Atlas, to bear a world, but I shall seldom be seen without a mountain on my shoulders. If my breast bone comes forward,

forward, as I expect it will, poverty cannot be among the evils of my life, for no one can say Talleyrand lacks a *full chest*. But the chief advantage I shall enjoy from this fraternizing sport will be the innumerable excrescences that will grow out of my soldered fragments; every bone-knot as large as—my hoof at least.—

> May all the aches that mortal ever felt
> Gnaw on the joints of those who sent me hither:
> And, faithless dog, to pay the debt I owe thee,
> May discord set thy shaggy heads at war.

There is something uncommonly beautiful in this speech of Talleyrand, particularly in the conclusion, where his final curses are thrown into blank verse, in order to render them more striking and terrible. He was not, however, so shockingly handled as his fears at first suggested. He got upon his feet (with some difficulty to be sure) walked a turn or two, and at length made overtures of reconciliation to his new acquaintance. These were accepted; and he was suffered to depart on his mission, after promising, that on his return, he would spend some time with Cerberus, and teach him to sing the Carmagnole, Ca-ira, and Marseilles hymn.

Thus released from the jaws of Cerberus, Talleyrand hurried on his way, supported by some unseen power, which still urged him forward. Scarcely had he passed the tribunal of Midas, when he saw at some distance before him, a sullen, discontented spectre, apparently waiting his approach: this was no other than the shade of his friend Egalite, the murderous Orleans, who, as Talleyrand drew nigh, thus addressed him: "I am permitted to a momentary respite from agony, that I may disclose to thee, Talleyrand, the miseries of hell; follow." Though an unnatural courage was given to the minister, that his intellect might not be overpowered by

by the lighter horrors of the place, yet there were moments, when this sustaining influence forsook him, and all that can blast the sense, or harrow up the soul, was suffered to have its full effect upon the guilty adventurer. He had, during the laconic speech, surveyed the features of his departed brother in evil, and scarcely recognized a single trait, so distorted were they with the anguish of his sufferings. But when the phantom ceased, and with an awful and mysterious wave of his withered hand, beckoned him away, his soul died within him. Another summons was repeated before he was enabled to proceed: he muttered an ejaculation of remorse, and went on.

They had now reached the borders of Phlegethon, and the adamantine gates of the Vast Profound were displayed. The confused din of tortured souls rushed upon their ears; scenes of Gorgon terror flashed on Talleyrand's sight; and he was again well nigh sinking into that state of mental suffocation whence he had so lately emerged. As they stood on the portal, and their eyes wandered through the gloom, suddenly the groans and lamentations of the agonized wretches within, were hushed; a pale illumination shot up from below; and from the middle of the unfathomable abyss was seen slowly to rise a vast and fiery globe, upborne, like a bubble, on the vapours, which perpetually ascended from the nether regions of the deep. Fluctuating from side to side, it rose higher and higher, till it became stationary, directly opposite the place to which Talleyrand had been conducted by his insubstantial guide. He had now fortitude sufficient imparted to him, to survey with tolerable composure this fearful apparition: and he discovered it to be a shell of transparent, but solid fire, through which every thing passing in its capacious concavity was perfectly visible. Thousands of wretched forms,

forms, goaded by a thousand deadly impulses, were seen tumultuously rushing on each other with a fury never to be appeased; hate, discord, envy, malice, jealousy, revenge, anarchy and murder, directed with demoniac exultation their frantic deeds; and it seemed to be a world, in which every dreadful passion and propensity that disturb the repose of mankind, was turned loose to riot in ineffectual slaughter and eternal misery.

The silence was now broken by Talleyrand's guide, who very naturally supposed the envoy was impatient for an explanation of what was passing before him.

"You behold," said he, "the punishment appointed for your revolutionary countrymen. In this region of retribution, all those who indulged their vicious inclinations to the subversion of order in France; who fed on the spoils of innocence, and sated their blood-craving appetites with human carnage; who overturned the altars of their God, and laid waste the happiness of a nation, are doomed for ever to writhe under the consequences of their enormities; to be at once the murderer and the victim; and to feel, while they dispense, all the varieties of cruelty which their abandoned spirits had suggested, ere they were precipitated from the world above. Philosophers, who all their lives have been pursuing an imaginary something, a delusive phantom, are here plunged into the dreadful reality; and are continually suffering the pangs of dissolution, without the alleviating hope of eternal sleep. Woefully are those mistaken who imagine that death is no more than a state of quiet forgetfulness; who suppose no after-reckoning will call them to a strict and awful question on their earthly career. Life is the allotted state of purification wherein the soul must divest herself of the evils of human nature, subject her propensities to the in-

corruptible will of divine affection, and so harmonize her wishes as to be herself her own heaven of never failing delight. But if she passes the irremeable gates " with all her imperfections on her head;" if the burning tooth of accursed desire continues unquenched, and hungers after its forbidden morsel, in this place it rages with increasing fury, and is her never-dying worm of torment: for all things entering here are eternal, and change is never known."

During this discourse, Talleyrand had withdrawn his eyes from the terrifying prospect, and fixed them with stupid horror on the void of darkness; he now lifted them to the mangled countenance of his conductor, and beheld it, in all its ghastliness, tinged with the sulphureous emanations of the infernal orb. He shrunk into himself, and the ghost of Orleans proceeded: " Miserable fool that I am, I too have been the slave of passion, and the consummator of my own destiny.—Yes, Talleyrand, to the bosom of that perdition am I doomed to return, when at your departure the date of my respite shall expire. Wonder not to hear these sentiments from the mouth of Orleans; a perfect consciousness of the pleasures they have sacrificed, and the heinous nature of the crimes they have committed, is among the sharpest curses which hell has awarded to the wicked. In the midst of all my frantic outrages, remorse is my constant companion. She preys on my quivering vitals which grow beneath her devouring fangs." He had scarcely uttered these words when Talleyrand observed himself to be involved in shadow, and heard the whizzing of wings in rapid flight above his head. The fiends were conveying another ghost to *la Place de la Révolution*. The flame closed over him for ever; and he was instantly welcomed with an hundred burning daggers in his bosom. Pained to madness,

ness, he returned the salutation, and mingling in the uproar, was soon lost in the indistinguishable rout. "What you have just witnessed," said Orleans, "was the *apotheosis* of Tone the Irish rebel; he has contrived to make his way here without the hangman's aid; and as a French citizen and labourer in the cause of destruction is now finally deposited among his brethren."

Talleyrand now discovered many of his old comates, whose visages were not totally obliterated. Robespierre, Danton, Brissot, Marat, Condorcet, and the Orator of the Human Race, were among the number. The distinction of Cordelier and Jacobin, appeared to be altogether forgotten; those ties which on earth bound some of them together in one deadly interest, were broken; and each perturbed spirit became a fury of vengeance to his brother. But amid this throng of republicans and philosophers he looked in vain for Mirabeau, and ventured, in a tremulous voice, to ask his guide in what manner his earliest and dearest associate was disposed of. For him, replied the ghost, has been reserved a deeper and heavier perdition. He is now suffering in the hidden cells of anguish, the very sight of which would stiffen all thy joints with horror. In the entrails of yonder rock which rises from that ocean of liquid fire whose waves never sleep, is the home, the last dreadful home of Mirabeau,—Mirabeau, whose sacrilegious purposes were conceived in darkness, and brought forth in blood; whose crimes were more numerous than the fiends which surround thee, more remorseless than the bosom of Alecto; whose corrupt heart rotted in its own impurity; who died blaspheming; and to honour whose pestilential remains, the ashes of a virgin saint were torn from their hallowed rest and scattered to the winds of heaven. Nor is Mirabeau a solitary sufferer: Voltaire, and all those

whose bodies pollute the holy shrine of St. Genevieve, with the apostate priests and bishops, are there racked on the excruciating wheel of hopeless despair.

After a momentary silence, the mingling yells of varied torture burst from their confine, a black whirlwind swept along the gulph, and the fatal orb moved from its station. As it gradually descended, Talleyrand followed it with his eyes till it was lost in utter darkness. The gates, self moving, now closed the terrific scene, and left the minister to ruminate on the wonders of the place, as his guide conducted him, silently, towards the palace of Pluto. They soon arrived in sight of those delightful fields where the great and good repose in endless felicity. When come to the residence of the Prince of Darkness, Egalité was dismissed, and Talleyrand was delivered over to the shade of Dulau, the unfortunate Archbishop of Arles. Different, indeed, were the objects of Talleyrand's contemplation, as he passed along the flowery banks of Elysium, from those he had witnessed on the borders of Phlegethon. Pure rills gushing from their rose-fringed fountains, " on orient pearls and sands of gold," bubbled along in mazy wantonness; thousands of cool and pleasant arbours rose, in blooming tufts, on every side:—Not a grove but had some new and captivating beauty; not a mead but was impurpled with the violet or flushed with the carnation:—The voice of ecstacy warbled from every bush; the smile of celestial joy glittered on every countenance:—" The scene shone bright with bliss;" and every thing seemed to give evidence that it was the " Place

> " Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
> With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
> Nor malice forky-tongued."

As

As our author, in this part of his performance, is rather interesting, it is with pleasure we lay it before our readers. It may be considered as no unfavourable specimen of his serious poetry.

There, rage no storms; the sun diffuses there
His temper'd beams, thro' skies for ever fair.
There gentler airs, o'er brakes of myrtle blow,
Hills greener rise and purer waters flow;
There bud the woodbine and the jes'mine pale,
With every bloom that scents the morning gale;
While thousand melting sounds the breezes bear,
In silken dalliance, to the dreaming ear,
And golden fruits, mid shadowy blossoms, shine,
In fields immortal and in groves divine.
As onward, through the joyful plains he goes,
Th' apostate priest no touch of comfort knows.
The sight of sainted souls in pleasure laid,
By ev'ry stream, and bless'd in every shade,
Joys which his guilty soul must never share,
His spirit plung'd in comfortless despair.
E'en then when mem'ry shew'd his every sin,
When all was darkness and remorse within,
His martyr guide directs his trembling eyes
To where his monarch's peaceful refuge lies;
Where in the centre of a blooming wood,
Immortal Louis rests, the mild and good.
A crown he wore, by angel fingers made;
Around his head celestial glories play'd;
In wreathes of light his radiant limbs were drest,
And transport harbour'd in his holy breast.
Close by his side, in beauty's pride, was seen,
His life's last thought, his gentle, faithful Queen;
In bowers of bliss, like the first pair, they play,
Or, hand in hand, pursue their flow'ry way.
A sight like this, to keener pangs consign'd
The quivering texture of his blasted mind;
When thus his guide: "Behold that lovely pair,
Whose lives were faultless as their lot is fair;
Whose inn'cent blood by ruffian hands was shed,
Who call'd no curses on their murd'rer's head:—
These were thy Sov'reigns, Priest; the blood of these
No charms can silence, and no prayers appease;
It mounts, like incense, to the eternal throne,
And brings the judgments of th' Almighty down.

Quick flies the time, the rapid hours advance
That wing the dreadful destiny of France:
Her race, her horrid race of crime is run;
Beneath th' horizon sinks her bloody sun;
The cloud-built turrets of her pride decay;
Their evening crimson fades in gloom away;
Fierce portents blaze, and to the world declare
The last sad night of Anarch's fell career.

The time has been, ere scribbling knaves began
To claim more rights than God design'd for man;
To teach mankind that passion never strays;
That human nature's just in all her ways:
That Christian laws are ludicrously nice,
And sweet, oh! sweet's the downy bed of vice;—
Ere convict thieves, at their own fate amaz'd,
Were from the gallows to the pulpit rais'd;
Ere, in the face of guilt-annoying day,
The mother play'd to shew her child the way;
Ere the son pluck'd the hoary father's beard;
Ere beggars reign'd, and beggars' trulls were fear'd;-
While Paris, yet, could plead her virtuous ten,
And prayers sincere were mutter'd now and then:—
The time has been, that gave the rustic throng
Their evening ballet, and their morning song.
E'en Paris, then, her harmless joys could boast;
Who was most upright, then, was honour'd most;
And no vile blush our grateful cheeks o'erspread
To ask a blessing on our Monarch's head.
In those good days it was not strange to bend,
With cordial friendship, o'er a bleeding friend;
To see a foe in cureless anguish lay,
And smooth'd his pillow as he pass'd away.
Then, want was furnish'd with the means to live,
For men had hearts to feel, and hands to give;
Then wealth dispens'd what happiness it could,
To taste the luxury of doing good:
Then beauty wept at sympathy's command,
And love was then no stranger in the land.
Tell me, false Autun, what has France obtain'd
In lieu of these; what great advantage gain'd.
With all your new illumination fir'd,
With licence bless'd, with sacrilege inspir'd;

With venerable piles in ruin laid,
By village tales the wood god's dwelling made;
With all the hamlet's sweet delights o'erthrown;
With flocks undone, and pious pastors flown,
With knaves carousing where the poor were fed;
With ev'ry gen'rous, social virtue dead;
With all these blessings added to your store,—
Say, are you better, happier than before?

We are sorry the extent of our plan will not suffer us to give the whole of this passage; but we will select from it that part which particularly refers to America. After Talleyrand became assured of the final triumph of Great Britain, and of the restoration of monarchy in France, he was solicitous to know in what manner the difference with America would terminate; as he had still hopes of getting a crop from her, before he should be obliged to resign the task, of renting out the globe to other hands. It was true, she had been kicked and bruised with too little ceremony, and it was said she was preparing to kick in her turn; but this report seemed to Talleyrand rather problematical, inasmuch as she had been cuffed for many years without resentment, complaint, or even a murmur. He, however, wished to try if her back was absolutely up, whether, a little affected humiliation, and sorrow for the past, would not happily restore him once more to her confidence. Dulau answers:

Go, more than demon, go, resume thy art:
Go, plead repentance, and a contrite heart;
Go, let affection glitter through a tear;
Go, proffer peace;—the peaceful land will hear.
While sordid commerce hugs her mangled trade;
While public fame a slave to gold is made;
While thefts and insults only touch the breast
With grief for some and hope to save the rest,
Tho' but two fractions of the whole remain,
Who pleads for peace will never plead in vain.
Go, for Columbia waits, with anxious eyes,
To see thee smile, an easy, willing prize:

The gates of Janus there are ever barr'd;
Thou'rt sure to triumph, though the terms are hard.
And when the flattering league of friendship's made,
When every little fear in peace is laid;
When, wrapp'd in specious rest, they bless their lot,
The future fair, and all the past forgot,
Then cut the mounds of faction's lawless flood,
And drench another land in tears and blood.
Infatuate men, ah! what avails your *boast*,
Your rising navy, and your guarded coast,
Your hosts of patriot youth, in arms array'd:—
'Tis, all, the wretched shadow of a shade.
For soon the spoiler comes "with wanton wiles,
With quips, and cranks, and nods, and wreathed smiles,"
Disarms your vengeance, stays the lifted blow,
And lays your freedom and your honour low.
So the poor girl whose bold seducer flies
With steps too rude to seize the virgin prize,
Frowns on the wretch who dar'd invade her charms,
And all her injur'd feelings rush to arms:
But soon return'd, he drops an artful tear,
And pours his plaintive sorrows in her ear,
Till treacherous love admits the wily cheat,
And stamps her ruin and her shame complete.
So Satan once with "diplomatic skill,"
RUSH'd through the tangles of the sacred hill,
Beguild'd the truth of *Adam's* honest mind,
And nail'd the yoke of mischief on mankind.
Infatuate men! while clouds invest the air,
You fondly dream to-morrow will be fair:
Still careless on the same dull road you stray,
Nor heed the stormy dangers of the way;
With you the frolic and the feast is found,
The chariot rattles and the glass goes round:
You still can truck your wares, and go to bed
With some new speculation in your head;
Still strut the 'Change with haberdasher pride;
Still count the profits, and the gain divide;
Still take the breakfast paper, and explore
The advertising columns o'er and o'er;
And, if the tale, should meet your listless glance,
Of some new land a prey to bloody France,
You still can look at home, with vast content,
And underwrite the state for one per cent.

Suc

Such was the prophetic spirit of our author when engaged in this truly curious little work. And what can we say of his predictions? are they not the offspring of a sickly imagination brooding over its own misfortunes? meteors of a stagnant mind, the victim of a sedentary life? Surely, surely, America, after her long suffering, is not at last to be dragged into the vortex of revolutionary misery. And yet——

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## JANUARY, 1800.

*To the Subscribers to this Gazette* *.

Gentlemen,

Agreeably to my notification, made by advertisement, on the 11th ultimo, I now address to you the *farewell number* of PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

Remembering, as you must, my solemn promise to quit Pennsylvania, in case my old democratic Judge, MACK KEAN, should be elected Governor; and knowing, as you now do, that he is elected to that office, there are, I trust, very few of you, who will be surprized to find, that I am no longer in that degraded and degrading State.

My removal from Philadelphia to New-York would certainly be sufficient apology for the suspension of my paper from the 26th of October (when the last number was published) to this time; and, were I inclined to resume and continue it, I am persuaded it would, by the far greater part of you, be honoured with a welcome appropriate to the return of an absent friend; but, the renewal of this intercourse between us, pleasing as it would be

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* This was published at New-York.

be to me also, under other circumstances, cannot take place, either now or at any future time.

My Gazette, Gentlemen, instead of being a mine of gold to me, as it has generally been supposed, has never yielded me a farthing of clear profit, and, therefore, in laying it down, I lose nothing but a most troublesome and weighty burthen. I must confess, however, that this consideration was no inducement to the step I have taken. *Gain* was never, in any situation of life, a primary object with me. The other branches of my business enabled me to support the loss incurred by the publication of my paper, and it was my intention, even after I had fully ascertained and sensibly felt the unproductiveness of it, to continue it till the month of March 1801; but, as this intention was founded entirely on my persuasion of the *public utility* of the continuation, it fell, of course, the moment that persuasion was removed from my mind.

I began my editorial career with the *presidency of Mr. Adams*, and my principal object was to render his administration all the assistance in my power. I looked upon him as a stately, well-armed vessel, sailing on an expedition to combat and destroy the fatal influence of French intrigue and French principles, and I flattered myself with the hope of accompanying him through the voyage, and of partaking, in a trifling degree, of the glory of the enterprise; but he suddenly tacked about, and I could follow him no longer.

For a *first-rater*, like Mr. Adams, to beat up in the very teeth of former maxims, professions, and declarations, might, for aught I knew, be not only safe and prudent, but magnanimous also in the sublimest degree; but, for a poor little cock-boat; like me, rigged only for a right forward course, to attempt to imitate the adventurous manœuvre would have been the very extreme of vanity and presumption,

presumption, while, on the other hand, to continue my course *alone* would have been dangerous, useless and absurd; I therefore waited for the first fair opportunity to haul down my sails, to lie to, and quietly to contemplate the retreating commodore, surrounded with my more versatile companions, whose happy construction enabled them to yield obedience to every signal and to trim to every breeze.

While, however, I most heartily congratulate my brethren on the pliability of their principles, and the consequent respectability of their situation; while I, admiring, behold with what speed and address they retrace their route, and congratulate them on the approach of the time when they are to receive a pardon from the much-abused Talleyrand and the other rulers of the yet dear sister republic; while I thus cordially bestow on them my congratulations, there are some few things, on which I humbly presume, I may be permitted to congratulate myself. Yes, I must congratulate myself on having established a paper, carried it to a circulation unparalleled in extent, and preserved this circulation to the last number, without the aid of any of those base and parasitical arts, by which patronage to American newspapers is generally obtained and preserved;—I congratulate myself on having, in the progress of this paper, uniformly supported, with all my feeble powers, the cause of true religion, sound morality, good government and *real* liberty;—I congratulate myself on never having, in a single instance, been the sycophant of the Sovereign People, and on having persisted, in spite of calumny, threats, prosecutions and violence, from the one side, and of praises, promises, and caresses, from the other—in spite of the *savage howlings* of the SANS-CULOTTES and the *soothing serenades* of the FEDERALISTS (for I have heard both

both under my window);—I congratulate myself on having, in spite of all these, persisted in openly and unequivocally avowing my attachment to my native country and my allegiance to my king;—and, with still greater pride I congratulate myself on being the first, and, perhaps the only man, who, since the revolution, has, in open court, refused to take shelter under the title of *citizen*, and demanded justice as *a subject of King George*;—finally, I congratulate myself on having the entire approbation of every man of sense, candour and integrity, the disapprobation of every fool, the hatred of every *malignant* whig, and the curse of every villain.

I am,
Gentlemen,
Your most obliged
And most obedient servant,
WM. COBBETT.

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RUSH and his *five thousand dollars* having made a great noise, I think it necessary to say a word or two on the subject here, though I intend shortly to publish a very ample account of the whole affair.

Most of my readers will remember, that, during the continuance of the yellow fever of 1793, the wild and novel practice of bleeding a patient five or six times a day, and plying him, at the same time, with doses of *calomel* or *mercurial purges*, became the subject of very warm discussion amongst the medical men of Philadelphia. At the head of the sticklers for this practice (whom, to avoid circumlocution, I shall call the *Bleeders*) was DOCTOR BENJAMIN RUSH. Indeed, the practice *originated* with Rush, unless we believe that such a man as Doctor *Sangrado* really existed and practised physic; for in the works of no other medical writer could Rush find a sanction to his practice, and it is well

known, that every eminent physician in Philadelphia, Khun, Wistar, Stevens, Hodge, Monges, Currie, &c. &c. totally disapproved of it.

In the dispute of 1793 Rush was fairly defeated, notwithstanding he wrote more in the several newspapers than all the other physicians put together, and notwithstanding he plyed his "*dear Philadelphians*," his "*dear fellow citizens*," with more than *quantum sufficit* of that oily lingo for which he has long been renowned. His "*dear fellow citizens*" loved coaxing well enough, but they loved life better. Still resolved, however, not to acknowledge himself in an error, but to support his practice if possible, he stopped till the fever was over, and then, like the famous physician of Valladolid, he *wrote a book*. The book produced no more effect than the newspaper essays; men could not be persuaded that "bleeding *almost to death*," was likely to save life; and bleeding and mercurial purges became the subject of general dread.

When, therefore, the yellow fever again broke out in 1797, Rush and his pupils (who were the only persons that followed the practice) found very little to do. The leader recommenced writing in the newspapers, but with somewhat less confidence and more caution than formerly. He did not (except in a few instances) address himself *directly* to his "*dear fellow-citizens*," but published letters, sent to him by his brethren of the lancet practice, giving accounts of the great cures wrought by *bleeding* and *mercurial purges*, which latter were sometimes called *Rush's powders*, in imitation, it was naturally supposed, of those great inventors of wonder-working nostrums who dwell in and about the city of London.—Sometimes a letter from Rush to some other of the learned tribe would appear, preceded by a letter *requesting information* respecting his mode of practice. On these occasions the grand master of the art seldom failed to expatiate largely

largely on the virtue of his remedies and on the success of their application, always taking care to throw in a due portion of compliment to the *skill of his practitioners*, and of *tender solicitude* for the welfare of his "*dear countrymen*" and "*dear fellow citizens.*" To such a length were these systematic endeavours for pushing the practice into vogue carried, that there sometimes appeared in print letters written to, and answers received from, physicians dwelling in the same city of Philadelphia, men with whom Rush was most intimate, and with whom he conversed probably ten times a day. What necessity was there for such men *to write* to each other? What could they write but for the express purpose of publishing their letters in the papers? And what object could they have in view, in these indirect addresses to the public, but that of extolling their own practice, of advancing their own fame, and increasing their own profits? And, if this be not PUFFING, if it does not resemble the conduct of QUACKS, I beg the learned brethren of the lancet to tell me what it is.

These attempts to gain the confidence of the "*dear Philadelphians,*" did not, however, pass unperceived. Many gentlemen of Philadelphia (not physicians) expressed to me their dread of the practice and their indignation at the arts that were made use of to render it prevalent. They thought, and not without reason, that it was lawful, just, and fair to employ a newspaper in decrying what other newspapers had been employed to extol. In fact, I wanted very little persuasion to induce me to combat the commendations of a practice, which I had always looked upon as a scourge to the city in which I lived; but this practice, and the wild opinions of the inventor and his followers, really appeared

peared to me to be too preposterous, too glaringly absurd, to merit serious animadversion; while, therefore, I admitted the sober refutations of those medical gentlemen who thought Rush worth their notice, I confined myself to *squibs, puns, epigrams* and *quotations from Gil Blas.* In this *petite guerre* I had an excellent auxiliary in Mr. Fenno, jun. Never was a paper war carried on with greater activity and perseverance, or crowned with more complete success. It began about the middle of September, and, before October was nearly ended, "bleeding *almost to DEATH,*" and *calomel* (Rush's powders) were the standing jests of the town. Rush suppressed his mortification for a good while; he seemed to say that it was beneath a great physician, and a member of the *learned* philosophical society of Philadelphia, to be ruffled at what a couple of low news-mongers could say; but, at last, after having felt him nearly all over, we hit upon his soft place, and there we did so sting and goad him that he finally became half frantic, and ran about the streets vowing vengeance. His fury, however, soon gave way to the meek and christian propensity, which he is said to inherit from a pious matron who once sold apples and drams at the corner of Second-street, and so, like Nicodemus Broadbrim, in Foote's Devil upon Two Sticks, he "*sent for a "sinful man in the flesh, called an Attorney, to pre-"pare a parchment and carry us unto judgment.*"

That this man, who had promulgated his opinions and extolled his practice in paragraphs, letters, pamphlets, and books without number, and who had, in these various publications, ridiculed, decried and abused both the practice and the persons of his opponents; that this man should have the audacity to appeal to the law for a protection from the hostility of the press, astonished every body; and, though it was clearly perceived, that he

he never would have made the appeal but with the certitude of being able to bring the cause before a judge notoriously inimical to the defendants, yet no one imagined, that he would ever dare to pursue the matter to a trial. "A *jury*," said they, "let "Mack Kean say what he will, there will always "be *a jury* to protect you from his malice." I always had my doubts, however, that Rush, that the sleek-headed saint-looking Rush, knew the judges, and juries too, better than my friends did, and the result has, at last, proved, that my doubts were but too well founded.

The suit against Mr. Fenno (of which I shall say more another time) was dropped, he was *an American*, and mine was put off from court to court for *upwards of two years*, when a favourable juncture of circumstances encouraged the plaintiff to bring it on, and when, for the publication of a string of *squibs*, in which no man of candour will be able to discover any thing malicious or libellous, a Philadelphian court and jury, on the 14th of December, adjudged me to pay the enormous sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

A minute account of this prosecution in all its stages, of the conduct of Rush, of the court, of the lawyers, the evidences, and of the jury, together with certain curious anecdotes respecting the parties who have acted the most conspicuous parts in the transaction, all tending to ascertain the *real* cause of the decision against me, will be the subject of a pamphlet. I have immortalized the *Democratic Judge* in every country where the English language is spoken, and I will endeavour to do the same by the *father-in-law of* ARNOLD (Shippen) and the *twelve sovereign citizens*, who so chearfully obeyed the dictates of his charge.

I cannot help, however, giving some account here of the prosecutor's conduct subsequent to the trial.

So

So eager was the meek and humane Doctor Rush to touch the profits of his long and unwearied labours, that, in a very few hours after the verdict was given, he sent off expresses to execute the judgment at New-York; and, that the high spirit and dignity of *the family* might be preserved, his *son*, who is a lawyer, was packed off on the errand. It was reported, in the malicious city of Philadelphia, that he had seized me and put me in jail; but the fact was, that, fast as he rode, my friends rode faster, and, though I had plenty of time to go off, bail was ready for them before they asked it. This, it seems, provoked them exceedingly; for, upon the return of the bum-bailiff lawyer, they sent the sheriff to fasten upon the effects, which I had advertised for sale in my house at Philadelphia; they lodged an attachment in the hands of Mr. Morgan, my agent in that city; they hunted out my clerk, who was left at Philadelphia to collect debts, and attached all that he might have or receive belonging to me; nay, they had the unparalleled meanness to go out to Bustleton and lodge attachments with every one whom they suspected to have a horse, a cow, a dog, or any thing of mine in his possession.—They have since made a sale of the property they found in my house, where, amidst the exulting yells of the sovereign people, they sold, for about *four hundred dollars*, what ought to have brought *nine hundred or a thousand*. At this sale was exhibited every trait of the cowardly Philadelphia malice. The hanging of *Roberts* and *Carlisle* did not excite more unequivocal expressions of triumph. The sovereign citizens took printer's ink and drew the picture of the devil on the door of the house; they even *bit* the presses with their teeth by way of revenge for what the poor innocent things had done. Methinks I hear the reader say: "It is well *you* were not there, Peter!"

Peter!"—Not at all. I know the sovereign people of Philadelphia; I have wintered them and summered them, as the man said by his hogs, and I know them to be at once the most malicious and most cowardly race in existence.

Under other circumstances, it would have been extremely mortifying to me *to have my goods sold by the sheriff*; but, in such a case as this, it was no mortification at all. Indeed, I was pleased at it, as it furnished the sovereigns with a good opportunity of declaring themselves *the partisans of Rush* and the *enemies of Porcupine*. The only thing on account of which I regretted the seizure and attachments, was, the delay thereby occasioned in the discharge of some few demands against me in Philadelphia. I owed about 800 dollars when I came away, while the debts which I left to be collected, amounted to about 2,500. By attaching the money which my clerk should collect, the payment of the 800 dollars has been delayed; but the gentlemen, to whom this money is due, may rest assured of receiving full payment before the 1st day of February. In fact, they want no assurance of this kind; they know well that I am NO PENNSYLVANIAN.

I should here take my leave of this subject for the present, but *a fact* respecting *Rush's practice* (that sublime practice, that infallible art, for ridiculing which I am to pay 5,000 dollars) has just fallen in my way, and it is a fact of such importance, that I cannot delay mentioning it for a single moment. This fact is, indeed, a most serious one, and must deeply interest the feelings of every American, as being very closely connected with an event which has plunged the whole nation in mourning. The reader will easily perceive, that the event, to which I allude, is THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, and, if he has

attended to the report of the physicians, he will as easily perceive, that their treatment of the deceased was in precise conformity to *the practice of Rush*; but lest this report should have escaped his notice, I here insert it at length, as I find it in the New-York Daily Advertiser of the 30th of December.

" Some time in the night of Friday, the 13th " inst. having been exposed to a rain on the pre- " ceding day, Gen. WASHINGTON, was attacked " with an inflammatory affection of the upper part " of the wind-pipe called in technical language, " *cynanche trachealis*. The disease commenced " with a violent ague, accompanied with some " pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, " a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, " and a difficult rather than a painful deglutition, " which were soon succeeded by a fever and a " quick and laborious respiration. The necessity " of blood-letting suggesting itself to the General " he procured A BLEEDER in the neighbour- " hood, who took from his arm, in the night, " TWELVE OR FOURTEEN OUNCES OF " BLOOD: he would not by any means be pre- " vailed upon by the family to send for the at- " tending physician till the following morning, " who arrived at Mount Vernon at about eleven " o'clock on Saturday. Discovering the case to " be highly alarming, and foreseeing the fatal " tendency of the disease, two consulting physi- " cians were immediately sent for, who arrived, " one at half after three, the other at four o'clock " in the afternoon: in the interim were employed " TWO COPIOUS BLEEDINGS, a blister was " applied to the part affected, two moderate doses " of CALOMEL were given, and an injection " was administered, which operated on the lower " intestines—but all without any perceptible ad-

" vantage; the respiration becoming still more " difficult and distressing.

" Upon the arrival of the first of the consulting " physicians, it was agreed, as there was yet no " signs of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of " the lungs, to try the result of ANOTHER " BLEEDING, when about 32 OUNCES OF " BLOOD were drawn, without the smallest ap- " parent alleviation of the disease. Vapours of " vinegar and water frequently inhaled, TEN " GRAINS OF CALOMEL were given, suc- " ceeded by REPEATED DOSES OF EMETIC " TARTAR, amounting in all to five or six " grains, with no other effect than a copious dis- " charge from the bowels.—The powers of life " seemed now manifestly yielding to the force of " the disorder. Blisters were applied to the ex- " tremities, together with a cataplasm of bran and " vinegar to the throat.—Speaking, which was " painful from the beginning, now became almost " impracticable; respiration grew more and more " contracted and imperfect, till after eleven o'clock " on Saturday night, retaining the full possession " of his intellect, when he—*expired, without a* " *struggle!*

" He was fully impressed at the beginning of " his complaint as well as through every succeed- " ing stage of it, that its conclusion would be " mortal; submitting to the several exertions made " for his recovery rather as a duty, than from any " expectation of their efficacy. He considered " the operation of death upon his system as coeval " with the disease; and several hours before his " decease, after repeated efforts to be understood, " succeeded in expressing a desire, that he might " be permitted to die without interruption.

" During the short period of his illness, he eco- " nomized his time in the arrangement of such few

" con-

" concerns as required his attention, with the ut-
" most serenity, and anticipated his approaching
" dissolution with every demonstration of that
" equanimity, for which his whole life has been
" so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

" JAMES CRAIK,
" Attending Physician.
" ELISHA C. DICK,
" Consulting Physician."

" The signature of Doctor Gustavus Brown,
" of Port Tobacca, who attended as consulting
" physician, on account of the remoteness of his
" residence from the place, has not been procured
" to the foregoing statement."

Thus we see, that, in the space of about *twenty hours*, probably less, the patient was bled *four times*, and took three doses of *calomel*, that is, of *mercury in powder*. The bleeder, whom the General sent for, took twelve or fourteen ounces of blood, suppose it to be only twelve ounces, Messrs. Craik and Dick say that they next employed two *copious bleedings*, and after that a bleeding of *thirty-two ounces*. They do not tell us the weight of the " *copious bleedings*," but, if they were of thirty-two ounces each (and there is not the least reason to suppose that they were less,) there was taken in all one hundred and eight ounces, which is nine pounds, and which makes in wine measure, nine pints, or *one gallon and a pint!!!*—Now, it is computed, that *all the blood* in a man who is in the prime of life and in the bloom of health, does not weigh more than about fifteen pounds, and every one knows that the quantity of blood decreases daily as old age comes on. And yet these physicians (if we believe their own report), took about nine pounds of blood from General Washington, who was *sixty-eight* years of age, while, during the

same space, they gave him *three doses of* CALOMEL, or *mercury in powder*.

Thus, on the fatal 14th of December, on the same day, in the same evening, nay, in the very same hour, that a Philadelphian court and jury were laying on me a ruinous fine for having reprobated the practice of Rush, GENERAL WASHINGTON *was expiring while under the operation of that very practice!* On that day the victory of RUSH and of DEATH was complete; but their triumph was but of short duration; for while I have continued on my course unchecked by the judgments, the seizures, the attachments of Rush, and the savage howlings of his "*dear fellow-citizens*," General Washington has, I hope, broken the chains of the grim tyrant, Death, and soared into the realms of immortal glory.

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*For Sale—Two debts*, due to Wm. Cobbett, from Citizens TYBOUT and BARNES of Philadelphia.——That the purchaser may be able to form a correct estimate of the state and value of the said debts, the proprietor thinks it necessary to publish the following depositions, assuring the public, that *Mr. James Douglas*, the deponent, is an honest Scotsman, a man of undoubted veracity and integrity, of which no further proof is wanting than his being left in Philadelphia by the proprietor of these debts with full power to collect accounts for him to the amount of about two thousand five hundred dollars.

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, ss.

**By this Public Instrument,** *be it known to all whom the same doth or may concern, That I,* **Charles Bridgen,** *a Public Notary in and for the State*

*State of New-York, by letters patent under the great seal of the said State, duly commissioned and sworn, and residing in the City of New-York: Do hereby certify, that on the day of the date of these presents before me personally came and appeared Mr. James Douglas, who being duly sworn, did depose and say, that on or about the fourteenth day of December last he applied to ANDREW TYBOUT, Hatter, residing in Chesnut-street, PHILADELPHIA, for payment of a sum of* 3 *dollars and* 82½ *cents, being the amount of his subscription for Porcupine's Gazette from the* 4*th day of March to the* 28*th day of August* 1799. *On which last-mentioned day the publication of the said Gazette was suspended, on account of the Yellow Fever—that the said ANDREW TYBOUT refused to pay, alleging that he had received the paper but for a short time after the said* 4*th of March—that this deponent assured him that he was mistaken, for that he himself had actually delivered the paper at his house until the said* 28*th day of August, notwithstanding which he persisted in his refusal to pay, and this deponent expressly declares, that he did so deliver the said paper at the house of the said Andrew Tybout.*

Whereof *an Attestation being required, I have granted this under my Notarial Firm and Seal, and the said deponent hereto subscribed his name.*

Done *at the City of New-York, in the said State of New-York, this second day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred.*

QUOD ATTESTOR.

*JAMES DOUGLAS.* *CHARLES BRIDGEN.*
*Notary Public.*

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SS.

**By this Public Instrument,** *be it known to all to whom the same doth or may concern, That I,* **Charles Bridgen,** *a Public Notary in and for the State of New-York, by letters patent under the great seal of the said State, duly commissioned and sworn, and residing in the City of New-York:* **Do** *hereby certify, that on the day of the date of these presents before me personally came and appeared, Mr. James Douglas, who being by me duly sworn, did depose and say, that on or about the fourteenth day of December last, he applied to JOHN BARNES, who resides at No.* 16, *South Third-street, PHILADELPHIA, and demanded of him payment of the sum of three dollars and eighty-two cents and a half, being the amount of his subscription for Porcupine's Gazette, from the fourth day of March to the* 28*th day of August* 1799, *on which last mentioned day the publication of the said Gazette was suspended on account of the Yellow Fever; that the said JOHN BARNES positively refused to pay the said sum, declaring that he had* no right to pay the same, *as the paper* was not continued to the end of the year.

**Whereof** *an Attestation being required, I have granted this under my Notarial Firm and Seal, and the said deponent hereto subscribed his name.*

**Done** *at the city of New-York, in the said State of New-York, this second day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred.*

QUOD ATTESTOR.

*JAMES DOUGLAS.* *CHARLES BRIDGEN.*
*Notary Public.*

I think it necessary, in addition to the above, to observe, that the refusal of TYBOUT is grounded on an

an *assertion* which is positively contradicted by the *oath* of *Mr. Douglas;* and that the reason for not paying, assigned by BARNES, is absurd. He has *no right* to pay, he says, because the Gazette was not published to *the end of the year.* I suppose this *right* of Mr. Barnes is one of the *rights of man,* and, if so, I can have no objection to it in the abstract; but, as to the *reason* on which the *right* is grounded, in the present instance, I must beg leave to say a word or two. He has no right to pay, he says, *because* the Gazette was not published to the end *of the year.* Now, it is well known, that Gazettes, and mine amongst the rest, are paid for *half yearly,* and, if no yellow fever had disturbed me, I should have supplied Barnes with my paper to the 4th of September, and have demanded the money for the half year, without stopping till *the year* was out. Suppose I had died on the 23th of August (I wish you had! says some malignant caitiff), would Barnes have refused to pay my executors? According to Barnes's *rights of man,* every news-printer, at the dropping of his paper, *must lose all the money due to him for subscription at the time;* because it would be at least a thousand to one, if the *year* of any one customer happened to end on the very day on which the paper would be dropped. Is this the principle on which men subscribe to newspapers? Barnes had no dislike to the paper, he could not say he had not been supplied regularly as long as the health of the city would permit, he could find no inaccuracy in the bill, for he was not charged for a single paper which he had not received; but, he knew I was gone from Philadelphia, he knew the paper had not been, and could not be, served him to the *end of the year,* this therefore, and this alone, presented itself as a reason for refusing to pay the bill.

As, however, I wish to *out-wit* no one, I must in-

form those who may be inclined to purchase, that the above debts, though justly due to me, are liable to an attachment for the benefit of *Rush*; but, to secure the purchaser, I hereby engage, that, if the debts should be attached, to return the purchase-money.

N. B. The terms of sale may be known by applying at the subscriber's house, No. 141, Water-street, New-York, where the accounts will be furnished, duly authenticated, and where his account-book, as far as relates to the above debts, will be chearfully submitted to the examination of any person of respectability.

WM. COBBETT.

*New-York, Jan.* 14, 1800.

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*Characters of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York.*

" *Baltimore.*—With a few exceptions, the inhabitants of Baltimore are all engaged in trade, which is closely attended to. They are mostly plain people, *sociable however amongst themselves, and very friendly and hospitable towards strangers.*"

" *Philadelphia.*—It is a remark, very generally made, not only by foreigners, but also by persons from other parts of the United States, that the Philadelphians are *extremely deficient in hospitality and politeness towards strangers.* Amongst the uppermost circles in Philadelphia, *pride, haughtiness, and ostentation, are conspicuous; and it seems as if nothing could make them happier than that* AN ORDER OF NOBILITY *should be established, by which they might be exalted above their fellow-citizens, as much as they are in their own conceit.* In the manners of the people, in general, there

" is

" is a coldness and reserve, as if they were *suspi-*
" *cious of some designs against them,*' which chills to
" the very heart those who come to visit them."

" *New-York.*—" From Long Island I returned
" to this city; which the *hospitality and friendly ci-*
" *vilities I have experienced, in common with other*
" *strangers, from its inhabitants,* induce me to rank
" as *the most agreeable place in the United States;*
" nor am I singular in this opinion, there being
" scarcely any traveller I have conversed with, but
" what *gives it the same preference.*"

These extracts are taken from WELD'S TRAVELS, published last summer in London. The first extract is to be found in Vol. 1. page 45; the second in Vol. 1, page 21; and the third in Vol. 2. page 375.—The remarks contained in these extracts are those of an *impartial* foreigner, and were suggested by what the writer saw and heard. I have inserted the character of the people of the two other great cities that Mr. Weld visited, that the reader might not be left to suppose that the author was an indiscriminating satirist of the *American* character. His description of Rush's " dear fellow-citizens" is *truth* itself. It is a picture drawn from the life. There are, doubtless, many exceptions; but the *native* Philadelphians, in general, are the most suspicious, envious, haughty, and yet mean characters that ever existed upon the face of the earth. They are lazy, insolent, and above their occupations, from which cause, foreigners and people from the eastward, supplant them in every branch of business, and grow rich while the natives are daily falling into embarrassments, poverty and insignificance. Hence they naturally become envious and spiteful with respect to foreigners; and yet, were it not for the industry and enterprise of foreigners and people from the eastward, their city would

would soon be without trade. In the bookselling business, for instance, if they were to shut up the shops of Dobson, Campbell, Rice, Carey, and Aitkin, where would people look for books?—At "*the true American*," Bradfords' bawdy book-*store*, in which *store* the Bradfords take about as many pennies as Dobson or Campbell, in their respective *shops*, take guineas. As I have incautiously run into this subject, I will just observe, that it is somewhat singular, that these Bradfords, who are great *friends of Rush*, and great *enemies of mine*, and who are the only *native* Philadelphians that sell books, should also be the only booksellers in the city who sell *bawdy books*. This is no very striking proof of that *purity of morals*, of which this city has made such a boasting. So profligate are these the Bradfords in this way, that, just after I had (in my Censor for September 1797) reprobated their selling obscene books, one of them, laughing, told a friend of mine, that they were rejoiced I had noticed the circumstance, for that *it was an excellent advertisement for them*. And these, reader, are the fellows who are now publishing an account of Rush's success over me, and expressing their joy at it, as it will tend, say they, to put a stop to the *licentiousness* of the press!

And now, "*my dear Philadelphians*," to use the language of Rush, I will, for the present, take my leave of you, wishing you joy of the numerous blessings you possess, to the exclusion of us less happy mortals.—I wish you joy of your new Governor, "His Excellency Thomas Mack Kean, Esqr. Doctor of Laws, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c." I wish you joy of his worthy successor, the father in law of Arnold; I wish you joy of your new Supreme Judge, "the Honourable Hugh H. Brackenridge, Esq." I wish you joy of him, with all my soul.—I wish you joy of your House of Assembly; I wish

you

you joy of your Leib, your Logan, your Dallas, your Tenche Coxe, your Mc. Clenachan, and your Captain Duane and his company of volunteers. I wish you joy of your 50,000 dollars *water-tax*, and of the philanthropic labours of "Tommy" Parker and Citizen Latrobe. I wish you joy of your President's House, and of your other noble enterprises—I wish you joy of your "*permanent* bridge over the Schuylkill,", which, if not neglected and too much exposed to the inclemency of the elements, will certainly last as long as the paper on which it is drawn. As I am a share-holder in the noble undertaking, I would beg leave to suggest (as the most effectual means of rendering the bridge really permanent) the propriety of having it framed and glazed without a moment's delay.—I wish you joy of your "superb *Canal*," and of your SUPERB CANAL LOTTERY, No. II.—I wish you joy, without the least spark of envy lurking in my bosom; indeed I wish you joy of your philanthropic insolvent laws, of your payments by *ticket* and *advertisement*.—And, though last not least, I wish you joy, by the soul of Sangrado, I wish you joy of your DOCTOR.

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*Rush's Witnesses.*—Rush brought forward three witnesses, all Doctors of his own sect, and who were, of course, parties deeply interested as to the attack on his *system*. The witnesses were, *James Mease*, *John Redman Coxe*, and *William Dewees*. Besides the common interest that these men must have had in punishing one who had so successfully reprobated their practice, I shall, in my pamphlet, prove that *Mease* and *Coxe* had each of them a *personal* grudge against me. I do not say that any one of the three told *lies* to the court and jury, but I promise to prove to the entire satisfaction of even the

the Philadelphians, that their evidence, particularly that of *Dewees*, would have appeared very different from what it did appear, if I had had the cross-examining of them. I should have made *Dewees* recollect, that he *knew* he was *not* my family physician, that he *knew* Doctor Budd was. I should have made him recollect, that he was not employed in my family, except once in a trifling indisposition of a child, and in the capacity of *granny*, and that that was on account of Doctor Budd's absence. I should have made him recollect, that, at the very moment that I recommended him to one neighbour (still in the absence of Doctor Budd, and, in in fact, of all the other Doctors) who had the flux, I sent thirty miles to bring Doctor Monges to another neighbour, who I thought had the *Yellow Fever*. In fact, I should have made it clearly appear, from this man's evidence, that I always entertained, as I still do, the sincerest conviction of the danger of Rush's practice.

The reader should be informed, too, that these men's evidence consisted of certain declarations, which they had heard me make use of in *private conversation*. The scraps that *Coxe* retailed were, indeed, picked up in my own shop; but *Mease* invited me to drink and to dine with him when he collected his materials, and *Dewees* heard me speak, perhaps, in my wife's bed-chamber.—At this rate, men ought to be cautious how they talk while *Doctors* are in their houses!

The Philadelphians have the impudence to accuse me of being a *malicious slanderer!* My God! If I were to relate only one thousandth part of what they have told me of each other, were I to publish a thousandth part of what they have *written* to me of each other, I should set them all to cutting of throats! The reader will, however, allow, that there is no delicacy, no forbearance, due from me

to

to these three *volunteer* evidences, these betrayers of *private conversation*; and, therefore, in my pamphlet I shall not spare them. I possess a letter in the hand writing of one of them, addressed to me at the very time I was storming Rush's quarters. In this letter, the writer calls me "*dear Sir*," and concludes by saying that he is my "*sincere friend.*" Enclosed he sends me a paragraph for my paper, which he requests me *not* to insert *in his name* but *in my own name*, and this paragraph contains an attack *on his patron and benefactor*, ten thousand times more rude, libellous and malicious, than any thing I ever published respecting Rush. I did not publish it all. I had several objections to it, but I was principally prevented from publishing it by reflecting on the abominable ingratitude of the writer. But, I have both the letter and the paragraph, and, please God! they shall appear in print.

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*Rush's Lawyers.*—Talk of libels, indeed! The "*report of the trial*," just published by Rush's friend Bradford, is the most infamous bundle of libellous falsehoods that ever was published in the world. In my pamphlet I shall endeavour to plead my cause a little better than Mr. *Harper* did it for me. I shall leave Rush no room to exclaim, "I "HAVE NOT GIVEN HIM A FEE." At any rate, I am sure, I shall not pay my court to the sovereign people by *pouring out nauseous eulogies upon Rush and his followers*, and by *traducing the character of my client.*

I shall not, probably, call Hopkinson, Levi, and Ingersol *assassins*, as they had the infamy to call me; but I shall relate some pleasant anecdotes of them, and fully prove, from their conduct, that the prosecution was pushed on from malicious motives.

The

The *delicate* son-in-law of Mifflin took occasion to express, beforehand, the utmost *contempt* for any thing that I might say about *him*, in consequence of the libels he was vomiting out against me. Believe me, reader, this was all affectation. He is now waiting in fearful suspense; and when he hears that another number of the PORCUPINE is arrived in Philadelphia, he will tremble like a dog upon a wet sack.

A CONCISE

A

CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE

# *HISTORY*

OF

# PRINCE SUWOROW'S

# *Campaign in Italy,*

IN THE YEAR 1799.

A CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE

# *HISTORY*

OF

# SUWOROW's ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

IT was in the month of April, 1799, that the renowned Suworow opened the campaign which threw such brilliancy over the close of the eighteenth century, and which delivered Italy from the galling and disgraceful yoke, from the pillagings, the murders, and the sacrilege of the rapacious, bloody and impious republicans of France. This charming country had fallen, state after state, before the arms of the enemies of God and man. The Emperor's Italian possessions, those of the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, had been over-run and revolutionized; Rome followed next, the aged Pope had been robbed, insulted, and led captive by a French Calvinist, acting under the orders of the infidels of Paris; lastly, the Kings of Naples and Sardinia had been driven from their dominions: so that, at the time Suworow entered Italy, the French were in possession of the whole country from Dauphiné to the gulph of Venice, and from Switzerland to the bay of Taranto.

To defend this territory, to keep the Italians chained at their feet, and to sally out on their enemies, their force was evidently inadequate. *Moreau* with about forty thousand men, was stationed in the Milanese; *Championnet*, with eighteen thousand, in the states of the church; *Macdonald*,

with twenty thousand, in the kingdom of Naples, and *Scherer* with forty-seven thousand on the banks of the Adige.

The insolent usurpers of France, still sacrificing safety to pride, and reason to presumption, instead of collecting their forces, which were scattered over the whole face of Italy, and opposing the entire body to the Austrians, who were preparing to attack *Schérer* on the Adige, were obstinately determined to keep possession of all their conquests.

On the 26th of March, *Schérer*, though inferior in force, attacked the Austrians, under General *Kray*, who were posted on the opposite side of the Adige. This was little more than a drawn battle. Schérer did, indeed, inform his masters, that he had gained a *victory* and had taken four thousand Austrians and twelve pieces of cannon; but, it nevertheless appeared, that, even from his own account, this victory was confined to the carrying of *two bridges*. The two hostile armies renewed the combat on the 31st of March, and again on the fifth of April, on which last day the French were driven from the banks of the Adige to Mantua with very great loss. According to General Kray's official accounts, the enemy, during the twelve days they were engaged, from the 26th of March to the fifth of April at night, lost twenty thousand men killed and wounded, and seven thousand prisoners.

Schérer did not attempt to make a stand at Mantua; he continued his flight till he got behind the Oglio and the Adda; and, by the 18th of April, the countries of Ferrara, Brescia and Mantau were in the hands of the Imperialists. The accounts of General Kray were probably exaggerated, but certainly the army of "*invincible conquerors*" were greatly reduced in number. Schérer was recalled by the mortified tyrants of France, and the remnant of

of his army, after leaving ten thousand men in the city of Mantua and five thousand in Peschiera, was put under the command of Moreau.

On the 14th of April twenty-three thousand Russians, led by *Field Marshal Suworow*, reached Verona, and the next day proceeded on their way to join Field-Marshal Kray. The command of the combined Imperial armies now devolved on Suworow; nor was it long before the audacious and impious enemy began to feel the effects of his valour, Moreau, who had received great reinforcements, had posted his army on the banks of the Adda. The position was very strong, and reached from Lecco to Pizzighitone. It was absolutely necessary for the French to keep this station, or yield a very extensive tract of country. On the 23d of April the right wing and centre of the allies entered Bergamo and Bergamasco, while General Klenau passed the Po, and led a division of Austrians into the Modenese. The fate of Milan, therefore, and of the Cisalpine republic, depended on the preservation of the post of the Adda. This river was very difficult to pass, having in its course from the Lake of Como to Lodi, very steep banks, and having all its passes well guarded by intrenchments. The French had very faintly defended the space between the Mincio and the Adda, but on the banks of the latter they had taken every measure to make up for their inferiority of numbers and the decreasing courage of the troops. They had strongly fortified Cassano,* which place and the right bank of the Adda were defended by formidable batteries and a well-constructed *tête-de-pont*. The head quarters of Moreau were at the village of Inzago, and two divisions of his army were posted there, in order to prevent the passage of the Adda

* A fortress in the Milanese, fifteen miles N. E. of Milan.

at that place. Near Lecco the French were also strongly fortified, and had a *tête-de-pont* on the left bank. A division under General Serrurier defended the Upper Adda, one half of which was posted behind Lecco, a part near Port Imberzago, and another near Tezzo. On the Lower Adda, towards Lodi, the enemy had a detachment under General Delmas, and a strong garrison in Pizzighitone.

Thus posted, and thus fortified both by art and nature, it is not surprising that the French should look upon themselves as secure and unassailable; but they forgot, that *Suworow* was the assailant.

On the 26th of April the Field Marshal resolved to force the passage of the river, and on the 27th he put his resolution in practice.

Gen. Vukassowich crossed the river in the night near Brivio, by the means of a flying bridge, which had been nearly destroyed by the enemy, but was afterwards quickly repaired; and took a good position on the right bank.

An Austrian column arrived at nine o'clock in the evening behind the village of Gervasto, opposite to Trezzo, consisting of the division of Field Marshal Lieut. Ott, as advanced guard; and that of Field Marshal Lieutenant Zoph to support it. The captain of the pontoniers, who had been previously sent forward, reported that it was impossible to throw a bridge, owing to the declivity of the banks, and the sharp turnings of the river.

On receiving this report, the quarter-master general Marquis Chastelier went to the place himself, and finding the execution of this design difficult, though not quite impossible, resolved with the assistance of the fourth Bannat battalion, and that of the chasseurs (whose colonel volunteered the service), to have the pontoons carried down by men, and to attempt to re-establish the bridge.

Between

Between twelve at night and five in the morning all the pontoons and beams were fortunately brought down; and at half past five the bridge was completed. Thirty chasseurs of the corps of Aspre and fifty volunteers of Nadasty were carried over in a boat to the opposite side, and remained at the foot of the rugged mountain, on which the castle of Trezzo is built, without making the least noise.

The bridges being finished, Major Retzer, with six companies of the above-mentioned chasseurs and one regiment of Russian cossacks passed the Adda: one battalion of Nadasty, two of Esterhazy, and the fourth Bannat battalion then passed the river, under the command of Col. Bideskuti, and fell upon the enemy in and behind Trezzo.

The French, who considered the building of this bridge impossible, had not the least notice thereof. The above brigade was followed by the seventh hussars and two cossack regiments. The enemy was driven back as far as Pozzo, where Field Marshal Lieut. Ott, whose whole division crossed the river, fell upon that of the enemy commanded by General Grenier, which was on the point of advancing against General Vukassowich at Brivio.

The battle was very obstinate; the enemy took post between Pozzo and Brivio, where it was most vigorously attacked.

The enemy, who in the mean time had drawn reinforcements from Victor's division, was on the point of turning the Imperial right wing, and the Bannat battalion had already begun to give way, when General Chasteller led up the two grenadier battalions Pers and Stentoch, which formed the head of Field Marshal Lieut. Zoph's division, just then coming up against the enemy.

The battalion Pers having attacked in front, suffered considerably; but the Stentoch battalion, with two squadrons of hussars of Archduke Joseph's re-

giment, under the command of Captain Kirchner, led on by Lieutenant Bokarme of the engineers (to the sound of military music), fell on the enemy's left flank, which was totally routed; and the hussars, having broken through the French, made three hundred prisoners, and cut two hundred to pieces.

The village of Pozzo was carried sword in hand. The enemy, in the mean time, had received reinforcements, and marched his troops up in order in the road that leads from Baprio to Milan, but was again attacked, and Major Retzer with the Nadasty battalion, took Baprio, and made two hundred prisoners.

The enemy was pursued; and near Gergonzollo the French general Beker, and thirty wounded officers, were taken prisoners.

At the same time General Melas marched against Cassano, and battered the intrenchments across the Ritorto canal with twelve-pounders and howitzers; and, as the French fell back, caused a flying bridge to be thrown over the canal di Ritorto. First Lieutenant of the pioneers, Count Kinski, completed it in spite of the heavy fire of the enemy. General Melas immediately ordered the Reisky's regiment against the intrenchments which covered the bridge, which, with three cannons, was carried with so much rapidity, that the bridge, which had been set on fire by the French, was saved by our troops.

General Melas crossed the Adda with his whole column; and the same evening marched to Gergonzollo, and the next day early (28th), to Milan.

The two divisions Frohlich and Ott advanced to Milan on the 28th; the right, under General Rosemberg, passed the Adda at Brivio on the 27th; but General Vukassowich, who had already passed the river, formed the advanced guard, met with a division

division of French under General Serrurier, at Bertero, which, after a most obstinate engagement, was beaten, and forced to capitulate. The whole corps laid down its arms; the officers were permitted to return to France on their parole, and the privates remained prisoners of war.

After this affair, General Vukassowich marched to Como, and the Russians to the right of Milan.

This battle (which has taken the surname of *the Adda*) cost the French 6,000 men in killed and wounded, 5,400 prisoners (amongst whom were three generals) and eighty pieces of cannon; the Austro Russian army took fourteen standards. The loss on the part of the allies was stated at 3,000 killed and wounded.

In the plan and execution of this attack, Suworow discovered all that presence of mind and promptitude, for which he had long been celebrated, and which are the first requisites in a great general. His distribution of the several divisions under his command was admirable; every corps seemed to be the best fitted for the service which it was appointed to perform; his knowledge of the talents and qualities of the several general officers appeared to be as perfect as if they had all served under him for years; his orders were given with brevity and precision, with dignity and solemnity; his name inspired confidence in the army and struck the enemy with terror. In his official account of the engagement he gives great praise to several of the Austrian and Russian officers, but particularly to Generals *Melas* and *Chasteller*. General Melas, with his division, carried the intrenchments on the opposite bank, and penetrated into *Cassano* in spite of a most obstinate and destructive resistance; and, it was owing to the skill and intrepidity of General Marquis Chasteller

teller that the passage at Trezzo, which the enemy thought impossible, was so successfully effected.

Nor was the battle of *the Adda* more glorious in itself than important in its consequences. Moreau, with his defeated and disheartened army, passed the Tesino, abandoned even the Novarese and the valley of Sesia, and continued his retreat, till, on the 1st of May, he took shelter under the walls of *Turin*, the capital of Piedmont, and also the capital of the king of Sardinia's dominions.

Milan, which was the *seat of government of the Cisalpine republic*,* and which was only fifteen

* As this ephemeral republic has been much talked about in America, it may not be amiss to give some account of it here. It comprehended, besides the whole of Austrian Lombardy, the territories of the Duke of Modena, the papal provinces of Ferrara, Bologna, and Romagna. It was bounded on the north by Switzerland, the Tyrol and part of the states of Venice; on the east by the Adriatic Sea and Austria Proper; on the south by the territories of the Pope, by Tuscany, the Mediterranean, and Parma; on the west by Parma and the states of the King of Sardinia. It contained 3,567 square miles, and 3,447,384 inhabitants. The country that this base usurpation extended over, is in every respect, one of the finest in all Europe. The mountebanks of Paris, according to their custom, gave to it five directors, two councils, and other bands of vagabond rulers. They divided it into twenty departments, as follows:

| Departments. | Capitals. | Deputies. |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Olone | Milan | 15 |
| 2 Verbano | Varese | 12 |
| 3 Lario | Como | 12 |
| 4 Delle Montagne | Lecco | 12 |
| 5 Tesino | Pavia | 12 |
| 6 Adda | Lodi and Crema | 12 |
| 7 Serio | Bergamo | 15 |
| 8 Adda and Oglio | *Undetermined* | 12 |
| 9 Mella | Breschia | 15 |
| 10 Benaco | Dezenzano | 9 |
| 11 Upper Po | Cremona | 15 |
| 12 Mincio | Mantua | 9 |
| 13 Crostolo | Reggio | 12 |

14 Appen-

miles from the hostile armies, waited with the utmost anxiety, the event of the battle of *the Adda*, on which its fate, as well as that of the whole republic of which it was the capital, evidently depended. As soon, therefore, as certain fugitives brought the news to the city, the vile creatures of France, the Lombard republicans, the Directory and Legislative Representatives were seen making off, like thieves, out of the gate towards Piedmont, while the honest and loyal part of the inhabitants were rushing to the opposite road to receive the Imperial troops. Here shouts of joy and blessings resounded all the way.

There years before, when *Massena*, who then commanded the van of *Bonaparte's* army, approached this city, he was met by a band of traitors and rebels, who hailed him as the harbinger of *liberty*. Very different was the procession that went out to welcome *Suworow*. The archbishop of Milan, who, like his predecessor *St. Ambrose*, had scorned to abandon his flock to despair amidst the barbarians, was at the head, followed by his clergy, and the old magistracy who were so horribly oppressed on the invasion of the French. They met the Austro Russian army at Crassenzago, and delivered to Suworow the keys of the city, but could not find language sufficient to express their joy and their gratitude. From Cressenvago to Milan, which was

| Departments. | Capitals. | Deputies. |
|---|---|---|
| 14 Appennines | Massa Carara | 6 |
| 15 Panaro | Modena | 15 |
| 16 Reno | Bologna | 16 |
| 17 Upper Padua | Cento | 6 |
| 18 Lower Po | Ferrara | 12 |
| 19 Lamone | Faenza | 12 |
| 20 Rubico | Rimini | 12 |
| | | 244 |

three

three miles, the way was so crowded that the army could scarcely advance. From the streets, the windows, the house tops of the city, the conqueror was saluted with continued shouts of "Long live Religion, the Emperor, and Suworow!" Such were the lamentations, which, after a three years' trial, the loss of republicanism excited in Lombardy!

Very few excesses were committed. Some houses belonging to the leading revolutionists, such as *Serbelloni* at Milan, and *Campara* at Brescia, were plundered, and that more by the populace than by the troops. At the same time that an amnesty was published, a proclamation, as wise as necessary, was issued, forbidding all reprisals, all violence against the partisans of the annihilated system. The amnesty, however, could not be, nor was it, extended to the principal authors of the public calamities, to those who before the French irruption and to the very last day persisted in preferring the interests of the Directory of Paris to those of their fellow subjects, and in being the accomplices and executioners of the oppression under which Lombardy groaned. Some persons of ill repute were arrested for the sake of policy, but most of the great criminals and appointed agents had followed the French army to Turin.

The Cisalpine Directory was composed of five fellows named *Savoldo*, *Alessandri*, *Testi*, *Lamberti*, and *Adelasio*. Their brethren of Paris had inserted them in the national Almanack of France, *next to the Emperor of Russia*. One of these renegadoes thought it best to purchase his pardon by returning to the frontiers, where, by consent of the Minister of Finance and some other members of the administration, he gave up the secret repositories and archives of the runaway government.

Turin offering no security sufficiently stable to this horde of wandering dignitaries and their dependants,

dants, to the vultures, agents, and *constituted* robbers who followed the French army, the caravans of them made their way by Mount Cenis, flowing into France, that common sewer of the revolutionary filth of Europe, and into which the refuse of Switzerland, Italy, Ireland, and Germany, have been continually pouring. A spectator of this discharge of corruption tells us, that no pencil can paint the band, pursued in imagination by the cossacks, clambering over the precipices of the Alps, a-foot, on mules, on asses, and litters; nor the medley of directors, legislators, ambassadors, secretaries, prostitutes, players, deserters, sans-culottes, usurers, and dethroned delegates, here cursed and there laughed at by the people who were witnesses of this new flight to *paradise*, consoling themselves for their miseries, with imprecations, and loading one another with censure.

At the end of eight days, there remained not, in Milan, a vestige of the republican government. The Executive Directory, the ministers of war, of finance and of foreign affairs, the council of elders, the council of youngers, the committees of safety and of secresy, the departmental administrators and municipal officers, the revolutionary tribunals and national guards, the requisitions, tricoloured flags, cockades, passports, certificates of civism, forced loans, jack-ketches, liberty-caps and guillotines,———all were vanished like the phantoms of a dream! the Imperial government was re-established in all its parts. The armorial bearings *of the apes* of France, yet new and fresh, gave place to the Royal Eagle, and the Cisalpine soldiers, deserted by the rebel chiefs, enlisted under the banners of their lawful sovereign.

Thus perished, after an existence of three years, that wonderful creation of Bonaparte's genius, the mighty Cisalpine republic! That state, in which all

all malignant republicans hoped to see another permanent example of successful rebellion, was vanquished by Suworow in one week; and the divans of rebels, who had tricked themselves out in robes and badges, and who had treated nobles and princes with disdain, were, in a few hours, reduced to a handful of vagabonds, by whose flight Italy was purified, and the republican hordes at Paris augmented.

In the meantime the fortresses left behind, in the hands of the French, fell, one after another, before the Imperial arms. On the 30th of April fort Orci Nuovo opened its gates. Peschiera, with a garrison of 1,500 men, capitulated with General Kray on the 5th of May; and Pizzighitone surrendered on the 10th of the same month to General Kaim. In the capitulation for the surrender of Peschiera, the French urged very strenuously that none of the inhabitants should be called to account for their political or religious opinions and principles, or for having *served in the French army;* but this condition General Kray absolutely refused to grant.

Beyond the Tesino, the northern part of Piedmont, from that river to the Doria Baltea, which descends from the Duchy of Aosta, Novara poorly fortified, Vercelli and Ivrea still worse so, the higher countries bordering on the Lake of Como and Lake Major, and the intermediate Swiss Bailiwicks, were delivered. Parties were pushed on from Ivrea to Chivazzo, to within five leagues of Turin, and to the right of the Po.

To the left, Prince *Hohenzollern* and General *Klenau* overran the Duchy of Parma and the Modenese: Reggio, whose civism was distinguished by *Bonaparte*, and which had embraced the revolution with peculiar ardour, Reggio, after the battle of *the Adda*, hastened to send its keys and deputies;

puties; and the cries of *Viva la Religione! Viva l'Imperatore!* succeeded to those of *Viva l'Egualita!*

In all these different countries, transports of joy, mingled with those of resentment against the Revolutionists, who were ironically called *Patriots*. At Pavia several of them were not able to escape the popular fury: they would all have fallen by the vengeance of the people, had they not been protected by those soldiers, whom three months before they spoke of with insolent contempt. This inevitable and natural resentment broke out particularly in the Swiss Bailliwicks: that of Sugano did not wait for the arrival of the Austrians to drive out the French, and to exercise a bloody retaliation upon them. In a word, the predictions pronounced three years past of the fate reserved by the Italians for their oppressors, their institutes, their proselytes, and their insignia of rebellion, impiety, and anarchy, were accomplished. This was the ninth time that the French thus expiated their conquests beyond the Alps.

These general insurrections, which in such cases were indeed become *the most sacred of duties*, powerfully concurred with the rapid march of the Allies to hasten the flight and disorder of the French. They had no time to save their magazines, to strip the evacuated towns, or carry off their stores of ammunition and other effects, which were abandoned to the conqueror. At Novara, by the collusion of one of the Milanese Directors and the Treasurers, General *Vukassowich* discovered the chest of the Cisalpine republic, containing seven millions of livres of the country in cash.

This happy change was owing to the wise policy no less than to the military skill and bravery of *Suvorow*, who, after having, by his arms, struck terror

terror to the hearts of the Republicans, issued the following proclamation.

" ITALIAN NATIONS!

" Arm, and unite under the banner of him who fights for God and Religion, and you will triumph over a perfidious enemy. The army of his Majesty the Emperor and King fight the French and shed their own blood in defence of our most holy Religion, and to restore to you your possessions and your ancient government. Were not the French perpetually demanding enormous sums of money? Did they not exact extraordinary requisitions of you? And, what to fathers of families is still more cruel, did they not tear your children from you at the chimerical names of Liberty and Equality, to make them fight against the troops of your legitimate Sovereign, of a father who loves you, of the most ardent protector of our holy Religion? Be comforted, Nations! There is a God who watches over you, and armies that defend you. Look at this host of soldiers: another army is sent by the Emperor of Russia, the ally of yours. See here the victorious army of your Emperor; see on all sides considerate nations full of enthusiasm co-operating to put an end to this bloody struggle. An immense number of noble warriors are come to deliver Italy. Fear nothing; the armies are fighting against the French Republic, in order to restore your laws, re-establish religion, and revive public and private tranquillity, by delivering you from the yoke under which you have groaned for three years past. The faithful servants of religion shall be reinstated in their offices and property. But, mark!—If there be found among you a being perfidious enough to bear arms against his Sovereign, or to favour the enterprises of the French Republic—such a traitor shall, without consideration of situation, birth,

birth, rank, employment or condition, be shot, and his property all confiscated from his family. Your wisdom, Italian Nations, gives every reason to hope that, knowing the justice of our cause, you will not reduce us to the necessity of putting these rigorous measures into execution, but that you will give us every possible proof of loyalty and gratitude to a Sovereign so gracious to you.

(Signed) "SUWOROW."

The writer of this address was certainly better acquainted with the genius of the Italians, than *Bonaparte's* poets and orators were. The end, the motives, the duties, the crimes and punishment, are stated unambiguously. *There is a God who watches over you, and armies that defend you!*—This is a different kind of eloquence from the impious rhodomontades by which the Generals of the Directory terrified the nations.

Among the measures of *Suworow*, there was one which was highly characteristic of a just and noble mind, and which effectually put a stop to the cruel persecution of the French refugees, the victims of their duty and attachment, shedding their blood in company with the confederate armies, while they were excluded from the laws of war, not admitted to be exchanged, and, if taken prisoners, murdered in the uniform of the powers who were at war with their oppressors. The Princes of *Lorraine*, the Princes *Charles* and *Victor* of *Rohan*, Colonels *de Carneville*, *de Gorger*, and many others were serving with glory in the Imperial army. In order to insure those rights which cannot be denied the commonest soldier, *Suworow* intimated to General *Moreau* that he would order one hundred French prisoners to be shot for every emigrant, serving under him, against whom the decrees of the republic should be put in execution.

During this general wreck of republicanism, *Moreau* was very aukwardly situated. He left Turin, whither he had been driven by his defeat of the 27th of April, and posted himself about the fifth of May, in the angle of the two rivers between Valenza and Alexandria, with a view of protecting the fortress of Tortona, which has always been regarded by the French as the key of Italy. But, from the same motive that the French wished to preserve this fortress, Suworow wished to wrest it from them. This he effected by marching out, on the ninth of May, with his whole army, and overawing Moreau, while he sent detachments forward against the fortress. The Imperial troops under General Melas and the Marquis Casteller, entered Tortona, the French garrison retiring to the citadel. The loyal inhabitants received their deliverers with every demonstration of joy. The town was illuminated the whole night, and the next day high mass and *Te Deum* were sung in those churches, within whose sacred walls the impious republicans had committed every species of abomination. The citadel, which contained a garrison of seven hundred men, was immediately besieged.

Unable to stop the progress of the Imperial arms for a single hour, even when an object so great as Tortona was at stake, it was no wonder that Moreau soon found it necessary to retreat still nearer to the Alps. Before the end of May, he abandoned his position between the Po, the Tanaro, and Bormido, and retreated to Coni. He was compelled to make this movement, not by any considerable defeat of the army immediately under his command: the step was the necessary consequence of several battles, which, though not general, always weakened the republican army. Besides, the manœuvres of the enemy threatened daily to hem him in and surround him; the Piedmontese

montese were taking up arms against him in his rear, while, in front, the indefatigable activity of Suworow, gave him not a moment's rest.

The towns and citadels, in the mean time, which remained in the hands of the French, were daily surrendering to the Imperial arms. The castle of *Milan* capitulated on the 24th of May;* the citadel of Ferrara followed on the 25th, and Ravenna on the 27th. Bologna, where there was a considerable revolutionary party with a French regiment, was attacked by General Klenau, who had before taken Ferrara. *Mantua*, therefore, was now the only fortress of great importance that the allies had left behind them in the hands of the French.

In Piedmont, Casal and Valenza surrendered without resistance, and, on the 27th of May, the right of the Imperial army entered Turin, the gates being opened by the inhabitants, and the French

* The republicans first entered Milan in the month of May, 1796, and, in May 1799, it was entirely delivered of them; but, they made dreadful havock during their stay. Besides disfiguring many valuable monuments of antiquity, and destroying others, that prince of plunderers, Bonaparte, sent off a great number of manuscripts, paintings, &c. &c. to Paris. Could the thieves of all countries be collected together into an army, Bonaparte would be a fit commander for them.

Milan is a very ancient city, and not more ancient than famed in history. It was built in the year 395 *after the building of Rome*; it has been besieged forty-five times, twenty-three times taken, and four times almost entirely destroyed. It was rased to the ground by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in 1158, for its rebellion. Notwithstanding all this devastation, it rose again out of its ruins, and was as populous in the sixteenth century, that, in the year 1524, according to report, 300,000 persons were carried off by the plague (without the assistance of "*mercurial purges*," and "*bleeding almost to death*"): at present it contains about 170,000 inhabitants. It has twenty-two gates, sixty-one churches, besides many other magnificent buildings. The city is fortified by a rampart and wall, and has a citadel, consisting of a castle surrounded with six bastions and outworks.

garrison having retired to the citadel. Thus was the capital of another Christian Prince once more rescued from the tyranny of the barbarians. The republicans did indeed, after they had retired to the citadel, begin to play upon the town; but the fatal effects of this last effort of their fiend-like malice was prevented, by a communication made to them by the order of Suworow, who assured them, that unless they immediately ceased their fire on the city, *no quarter* should be granted to themselves. They remembered the history of *Ismael*, and they had the prudence to cease.*

There remained to be reduced the citadels of Turin, Alexandria and Tortona. The first a most excellent fortress, with three thousand men, and an ample supply of ammunition and provisions. Coni, whither Moreau was retired, was capable of defence; but from Coni to the frontiers of France, there were no fortifications, except Savona and Montalban.

The despots of Paris had not, however, been idle all this time. They made great and astonishing exertions to reinforce the army of Moreau; the greater part of the body, which was stationed towards Nice, under the command of *Augereau* was sent to join him; two whole divisions were sent him from the army in Switzerland; and the *conscripts* were hastened away from the interior of France, in their wooden shoes, and the bayonet at their backs.

The remaining hope of the Directory, was, to assemble by successive reinforcements a body sufficient to command the attention of Suworow's army, (now greatly reduced by the detachments he

* It is worthy of observation, that the republicans have always been most insolent to those, who were foolish enough to treat them with gentleness. *Suworow* knew their dispositions well.

had

had made from it), till Macdonald could form a junction with Moreau, or till by the rapid marches, which Macdonald was ordered to make, Suworow should be placed between two fires.

Some supposed, that Macdonald, who was advancing through Tuscany, would proceed with all haste to Genoa, by the way of Lucca, Massa, Carrara, and Sarsana; but the plan was more bold. Macdonald, having been joined by the division of Victor, instead of attempting to join Moreau by passing through the Genoese territory, turned off from the sea-shore, and having left most of his artillery and heavy baggage in the states of the Church, pushed on with great rapidity through Modena and Parma, in order to form a junction with Moreau in the Tortonese, whence they were to cross the Po together, and march to the relief of *Mantua*.

This plan was not injudicious, its execution was committed to men of great skill and of undoubted bravery, and, had it succeeded, the Imperialists would not only have lost all their conquests in the Cisalpine republic, but would, themselves, have been placed in a very dangerous situation. But it was completely frustrated by the superior genius, the watchfulness, and the unexampled promptitude of Suworow.

Moreau's head-quarters were at Coni, between which and Genoa he preserved a communication. Suworow was at Turin, from which place, in order to aid the loyal Piedmontese, and to prevent Moreau from receiving succours across the Alps, he had pushed on his advanced posts to Suza, Assietta, and Pignerola, and had detached a party to take possessions of the valleys of Vaudois, where the French had raised the people in their cause. The advanced guard of his army extended to Cherasco and its neighbourhood. He was making prepara-

tions for the siege of the citadel of Turin, while he overlooked and protected the blockades of the citadels of Alexandria and Tortona. Numerous, however, as were the objects that demanded his attention, the motions of Macdonald did not escape his watchful eye; and, though he had little expectation of the republican's attempting what it afterwards appeared he had in view, yet the Field-Marshal took care to station Major-General Hohenzollern, with a considerable body of troops, at Modena, and Lieutenant-General Ott, with ten thousand men, at Fort Novo, between Parma and Placenza, while the body, under General Klenau, at Bologna, was ordered to come up, and act as a corps of reserve to either of these that should be attacked.

Suworow, as soon as he was apprized of the route that Macdonald had taken, went from Turin to Alexandria, where he assembled his army, on the 15th of June, in order to meet him, give him battle, and prevent any junction of his army with that of Moreau.

In the mean time, Macdonald, the celerity of whose march was astonishing, arrived at Modena, on the 12th, attacked the advanced corps under General Hohenzollern, and obliged him to recross the Po with great precipitation and considerable loss, while his superior force held General Klenau in perfect inactivity. From Modena he pushed on with incredible speed through Reggio and Parma, and, on the 17th, presented himself before Fort Novo, where he fell upon the corps under General Ott, who had received orders not to weaken his force by a hazardous battle, but rather give way, and retreat towards the main army, which was advancing to his support.

Hitherto the active and daring Macdonald had met with no obstacle. Moreau, too, had quitted Coni,

Coni, and, by rapid marches, was approaching his countrymen; so that, on the 17th, the Republican armies were but a few leagues from each other. Macdonald having proceeded with so much facility, having driven corps after corps before him, seems to have been intoxicated with his success; for, when he saw the ten-thousand men under General Ott retreat so hastily from Fort Novo, with little or no resistance, he is said to have written to Moreau in the following words: "La victoire est "encore fidèle aux armes des républicains: il ne "reste plus qu'une petite espace entre nous, et les "routes sont belles."* Moreau replied to the bearer of the letter: "C'est vrai, qu'il n'y reste "qu'une petite espace entre nous; *mais dans cette* "*espace il se trouve Suworow*, qui vaut bien une "mauvaise route.†" But Moreau had been at the battle of the Adda!

Just after Macdonald had driven in General Ott, and had crossed the Trebia, which opened to him the way to Tortona, where Moreau was already arrived, he was met by *Suworow*. There ended his career! There he found, as Moreau had foretold, "an obstacle full as formidable as a "bad road." The gulph between Lazarus and Dives was not more dangerous and terrific, than the space which now remained between the republican armies.

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* "Victory is still faithful to the arms of the Republicans; "there remains but a little space between us, and the roads are "excellent."

† "It is true, there is now but a little space between us; "*but in that space is Suworow*, an obstacle full as formidable "as a bad road."

The Field-Marshal arrived, with the vanguard, at St. Giovanni,* at the moment that Macdonald was making up to it, in pursuit of General Ott. Suworow, though his troops were greatly fatigued, immediately rushed on to the support of General Ott, with his vanguard, under Prince Porkrazion, and two regiments of Cossacks, the latter he led in person, and commenced a most furious and destructive attack, in which he was soon after supported by his infantry, on the left wing of the French, who, after an obstinate resistance, were driven across the little river Tidone, leaving one thousand men killed, a great number wounded, and four hundred prisoners. In the mean time, the right wing and flank of the republicans were attacked by the Russian General Prince Gorzakow, while General Ott advanced against the centre. The French were repulsed every where, and were all driven over the Tidone before sun-set.

Night suspended, but was very far from putting an end to the battle. Macdonald retreated to the Trebia, on the left bank of which he formed his line of battle during the night, which Suworow's army passed on the left bank of the Tidone, six or seven miles from the Trebia, with which it runs for some distance, in a line nearly parallel.

The troops, on both sides, were cruelly fatigued. Suworow, therefore, did not put his army in motion till late the next morning, knowing that the additional energy, which his troops would receive from proper refreshment, would more than overbalance any advantage of position, that the enemy could derive from a few hours delay.

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* A castle and small fortress in the Dutchy of Parma, ten miles from Placenza, or Placentia.

It was ten o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth, when the Imperial army broke up from the left bank of the Tidone, forded the river in three columns, and advanced towards the enemy; but, the country, though very flat, being intersected by numerous hedges, rows of vines, and deep ditches, it was with no small difficulty, that Prince Porkrazion, with the advanced guard, reached the French left wing by one o'clock. Suworow's army consisted of seventeen battalions of Russians, twelve battalions of Austrian dragoons, and three regiments of cossacks, besides the Austrian division under General Ott, making in all about 30,000 men; so that the two armies were equal as to numbers, and that of Macdonald was composed entirely of French troops, one Polish legion excepted. The French had, indeed, the advantage of having chosen their ground; but, as the country was perfectly level, and as there were neither redoubts nor intrenchments, this advantage was very inconsiderable.

Now, then, the long-contested question respecting the pretended *superiority of republican courage* was to be fairly and finally decided. On the one side were *Imperialists*, led by a *nobleman* not more famed for his valour than his loyalty and piety; on the other, were *Republicans*, commanded by a *sans-culotte*, bold and persevering, inured to treason, sacrilege and blood. The strength of the combatants was equal, and great was the stake; for, on the issue of the battle it depended, not only whether the laurel should grace the brow of Suworow, or of Macdonald; but, whether loyalty, or treason, should prosper, and whether Italy, the seat of the arts and the garden of the world, should, in future, consist of Christian kingdoms and principalities, or of base and impious republics.

Suworow

Suworow put his right wing under the command of the Russian General Rosenburg, his left under that of the Austrian General Melas, and the centre under that of the Russian General Foerster. The Russian Major-General Prince Porkrazion commanded the vanguard, and Prince Lichtenstein the reserve. Prince Porkrazion had the honour of beginning the attack. He marched up to Macdonald's left wing, and, amidst a shower of balls and grape-shot, rushed in at the head of his infantry with fixed bayonets, while his cossacks turned its flank. The French retreated, leaving prisoners in the hands of the Prince, their Adjutant-General, two Colonels, and six hundred men of the Polish legion, with one cannon and a pair of colours. Macdonald, seeing the situation of his left wing, dispatched to its assistance a strong reinforcement, to oppose which General Rosenberg added the whole division of Swevkowsky to the vanguard of Prince Porkrazion. The attack was renewed, and French, after a very stout resistance, and considerable loss in killed and taken, were driven across the Trebia.

In the mean time, the centre of the Imperialists, under General Foerster, with its light vanguard, fell in with the vanguard of the French, which was composed of one thousand horse and a regiment of infantry, and was stationed about half way between the Tidone and the Trebia. This vanguard was attacked and driven back in great confusion on the centre of the French line, which was then attacked by the Russians with charged bayonets, and forced across the Trebia; but, Macdonald, being resolved, if possible, to regain his position, and having speedily reinforced his centre with several battalions and a strong division of cavalry, broke through the ranks of the Austrian infantry, and, with a body of ten thousand men, reached

the

the left bank, where he was, however, met with such unshaken courage by the Russian column, who coolly waited his approach, and then threw themselves on him with fixed bayonets, that he was obliged again to take shelter on the other side of the river.

Nor was the left wing of the Imperialists less active, less brave, or less successful. General Melas, having under him the Austrian divisions of Generals Ott and Froelich, attacked the French with great intrepidity, and, though he had to overcome intrepidity equal to his own, he finally succeeded in driving the enemy from the left bank, but without following him across the river.

Thus terminated the second day of this well-fought battle, without any thing very decisive. Macdonald's whole army had, indeed, been obliged to retreat over the Trebia; but the ground he had lost was not much, and his new position was full as good as his former one. To attack him the Imperialists must cross the river, and, in so doing must expose themselves to his fire. His loss had, it is true, been considerable; but his assailants also had met with loss, and the prisoners they had taken from him required troops to guard them. Besides, Macdonald was in hourly expectation of the arrival of a legion of Ligurians, under the command of General la Poype, who were coming from the mountains of Genoa, above Bobbio, and were to fall upon the right flank of the Imperial army. He, moreover, entertained strong hopes, and not without some reason, that Moreau would, during the next day, come up and fall upon the rear of Suwo-row, while he engaged him in front.

The Field Marshal did not pass the night without anxiety. He had left the Count of Bellegarde to blockade in his absence, the citadels of Tortona and Alexandria, and to oppose as long as

as possible, the progress of Moreau should be advance; but, as the force under the Count was very inconsiderable, and, as the strength of Moreau's army was unknown, the gallant and persevering resistance of Macdonald, which had already prolonged the battle to an unexpected duration, could not fail to produce uneasy sensations in the mind of Suworow. During the night, he called his generals together, and, after having stated to them their situation, and the difficulty they must expect to encounter, he took his leave of them with these impressive words: "To-morrow, gentlemen, remember, that on our swords will hang, our own honours, the glory of our sovereigns, and the fate of "Italy."

On the morning of the 19th, the troops of both armies were so fatigued, that the battle did not begin till nine o'clock. The lines were drawn up on the two banks of the Trebia, the Imperialists on the left bank and the French on the right. The river is nearly a mile wide from bank to bank. The intermediate space is an open sand divided by several streams, which were, however, fordable in all parts. While the allies were preparing to make an attack, the French began a most tremendous fire upon the whole line, and, advancing at the same time, with great celerity, against the village of Cassaleggio, they turned the right wing of the Russians, and obliged them, for some time to fall back; but, at this instant, Prince Porkrazion fell upon their rear and flank, and made great havock amongst them. They did not, however, give up their object; they repeatedly renewed the attack upon the village, and were every time repulsed by the Russians. The whole left wing of Macdonald now made a furious attack upon the right of the Russians; the battle became uncommonly obstinate and

and bloody; General Dahlheim made the first impression upon the French, who, still undaunted, made a second attack, and though General Rosenbergh broke through their whole line, this did not prevent them from rallying, and with redoubled fury, commencing a third attack. The contest was here at last decided by the advance of Prince Porkrazion, who, at the head of his cossacs, threw himself amidst the French with irresistible impetuosity, and produced a confusion of which General Rosenbergh took advantage and completed their defeat.

To the left, the attack of the French was equally violent on General Melas. They crossed the river with two thousand horse and a strong column of infantry, detaching, at the same time, a second column along the Po, in order to turn the left flank of General Ott. But both columns were repulsed. Prince Lichtenstein, without considering his superior force, met the vanguard of the cavalry, attacked it, and driving it back upon the infantry, broke the line. The French, however, rallied again, and were again charged by the prince, while the main body of the Austrians, with General Melas at their head, came up, and finding the enemy already in confusion, drove them back with very great loss in killed, wounded and taken.

But, it was for the centre of the Imperialists, composed of Russians, and commanded by General Foerster, that Macdonald reserved his most furious assault. Opposite this part of the army he had erected some considerable batteries, from which he kept up a constant and heavy fire, while he in person advanced across the river with his centre column consisting of the flower of his army. The Russians, without firing a gun, waited his approach, with fixed bayonets, till he reached the left bank

of the river, when the whole column, led by Suworow in person with General Foerster by his side, darted forward upon his vanguard, which, immediately recoiling, threw the main body into confusion. The carnage that ensued was dreadful; but, Macdonald, whom nothing seemed to dishearten, and who still hoped to see Moreau arrive, rallied his troops and returned to the attack. He was again repulsed and thrown into confusion, and again he rallied and renewed the fight. He was repulsed again, and was again endeavouring to rally, but finding it impossible, he attempted to retreat in some order; but in this also his endeavours were useless. The French fled in the greatest disorder and were pursued till the close of evening by the victorious Suworow, who strewed the sands of the Trebia with the bodies of four thousand republicans. This blow put an end to the memorable and obstinate *battle of the Trebia*. The French were once more driven across the river, and night once more sheltered them from the pursuit of their enemies.

Macdonald, who had, at last, determined on a retreat, did not wait for the sun to light him on his way. He decamped in the night, sending off the division of Victor towards the Val de Taro to keep open his communication with Genoa, and hastening, with the rest of his army, across the duchy of Modena, towards Tuscany. Suworow did not, like General Howe after the battle of the White Plains, desist from a pursuit, saying that *there was enough done for one time*. No; he formed his army into flying columns, the Russians on the right and the Austrians on the left, and following the fleeing enemy with all possible speed as far as the river Nura, where the right column overtook their rear guard near St. Giorgio, made prisoners of half

the

the seventeenth brigade, and about one thousand men belonging to the regiment formerly the famous Auvergne.

The pursuit was continued, on the 21st, as far as Fiorenzola. General Ott reached Borgo St. Tonio the same day, and, the next, he pursued the French to Parma, where General Hohenzollern had already arrived, and found several of Macdonald's wounded men left behind. On the 22d the army rested at Fiorenzola whence, however, in consequence of intelligence received from his rear, Suworow hastened back, by forced marches, towards Tortona.

The Ligurian legion, consisting of 3,000 men, which Macdonald had, for three days, so anxiously expected, had approached near to the scene of action; but being met by General Betetzky, who had been detached by the Field-Marshal for that purpose, they immediately retreated towards Bobbio, were pursued by General Betetzky, with two regiments of cossacks, and were all dispersed except 500 killed and 103 taken prisoners. But, *Moreau* had, during the absence of Suworow, left Coni and advanced, with an army of 15,000 men, into the plains between Tortona and Alexandria. On the 20th, he attacked the Austrian corps under the Count of Bellegarde, who had been left by the Field Marshal to blockade those two citadels. The Count's force was very inconsiderable; he succeeded, however, though with the severe loss of 2,100 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, in keeping Moreau at bay for four days, at the end of which, the latter, hearing of the defeat of Macdonald, and fearing the return of Soworow, began his retreat through Novi and over the Bochetta, towards Gavi and Genoa, and had the good luck to be out of reach before the Field Marshal arrived.

In

In the mean time, the rear of Macdonald's army, was harassed by the divisions under Generals Ott, Hadetzmiller and Klenau, who sent in great numbers of prisoners. The division of Victor was compelled to abandon its position in the Val de Taro, and to take refuge in the Genoese territory; and Macdonald himself, driven from a position he had taken behind the Secchia,* pursued by the Imperialists, harassed by continual insurrections of the people in Tuscany, betrayed by the Cisalpine General La Hoz, whom he had left in that country, and menaced with the approach of a corps of Russians that had landed near Ancona, at last submitted to traverse a country disfigured by his crimes. He led off the miserable remains of his army, now reduced to about 8,000 men, first towards Leghorn, and afterwards along the states of Genoa and the county of Nice, where most of his skeleton divisions formed a junction with Moreau, while he himself, as a reward for his bravery, his perseverance, his incredible toils and sufferings, and his unshaken fidelity to his trust, was neglected, if not disgraced by his masters. Such has ever been the *gratitude* of Kings.

Suworrow was now reaping the fruits of his victories, amidst the admiration, the applauses, and benedictions of the people for whom he was combating. The loss of the Imperialists, in the battle of the Trebia, consisted of one Lieutenant-colonel, thirty-six officers of the staff and commissioned officers, and 3,250 men, *killed*; and of three Generals, three Colonels, one Lieutenant-colonel, 187 staff and commissioned officers, and 4,300 men, *wounded*; making in all 7,781 men. The French lost, in *killed*, 6,200 men, of all ranks; in *prisoners* [illegible] *on the field of battle*, 5,087; *wounded*, made

* A river on the confines of Tuscany.

prisoners,

prisoners, 7,183, amongst whom were 502 officers of the staff and commissioned officers, eight Colonels, two Generals of division *(Olivier* and *Ruska)*, and two Generals of brigade *(Salm* and *Cambrecy)*; making in the whole 18,470 men.

But, it was neither the prisoners taken, nor the numbers slain, it was neither the duration of the contest nor the valour displayed, that gave the most eclat to the action on the Trebia. Battles, which, though long and bloody, are followed by no important and durable consequences, require the assistance of books to preserve them from oblivion; while others, which, like those of *Blenheim*, *Pultuwa*, *Hastings*, and *Agincourt*, decide the fate of a campaign, or change the dynasty of an empire, are immortalized without the aid of historians or poets. This is the destiny of the *battle of Trebia*; for, it at once decided the fate of the campaign and of Italy.

The attempt of the French Generals was, indeed, an act of boldness approaching to temerity, but their plan was vast, and most admirably concerted. If Suworow had been two days later, Moreau and Macdonald would have formed a junction, and, with an army of 50,000 men, would not only have obtained a reinforcement of 10,000 more, by relieving Mantua, but they would, by the same stroke, have completely cut off all communication between the armies of *Kray* and *Suworow*, and would have had it in their power to march against, and to defeat, whichsoever they chose. Again, if Suworow had had five thousand troops less, if he had not previously received a reinforcement from General Kray contrary to the secret orders of the Aulic Council, or if Moreau or the Ligurian legion had come up during the battle, the consequence would have been still more fatal. So that,

in whatever point it be viewed, it was the battle of the Trebia that purged Italy of republicans, and restored seven princes to their dominions.

After the battle of the Trebia, the Field Marshal fixed his head quarters at Alexandria, where he covered the sieges of the citadel of that place and that of Tortona, and where, till the *battle of Novi*, he seemed to have little more to do than receive the pleasing details of the consequences of his victories and of his judicious arrangements. The first intelligence that arrived after his return, was that of the surrender of the citadel of *Turin*, which had capitulated, on condition of the garrison being sent to France to be exchanged for an equal number of Austrians, General Fiorella, the commandant of the garrison, and all his officers, being kept as hostages for the fulfilment of the articles. Thus was this noble city, the capital of Piedmont and the King of Sardinia's dominions, once more cleared of its devastators.* On the 30th of June

* It was by the most atrocious perfidy, that the French, in Dec. 1798, got possession of this city. The timid monarch of Sardinia had made sacrifice after sacrifice to the peace which he at last obtained; yet, while the Directory and councils were making to him the most solemn protestations of friendship, their Generals, who pretended to be preparing for the evacuation of his dominion, secured all the passes to his capital, and seized on it in the midst of a profound security.

To describe the devastation, the horrid crimes, that succeeded this perfidious deed, is impossible. "The wretched "SOVEREIGN," says the Anti-Jacobin, "was not merely deprived of his throne, but subjected to insults and degradation which render life itself the dearest of purchases. When the ruffian General *Joubert* entered the royal palace at Turin, he addressed the fallen monarch in language the most insolent and vulgar, and, echoing the brutal sentiments of his republican masters, told him the time was come to put an end to his perfidious machinations, his infamous treachery, and his base ingratitude to the *Grande Nation*. He ordered him, in an authoritative tone, to quit the country, with his wife, without delay; but, as for that assassin, his brother (the DUKE D'AOSTA), he should

the French garrison of *Bologna* capitulated with General Klenau, and at the same time, the few sans-culottes that remained in *Florence*, retreated to *Leghorn*, where as they could escape no further, they capitulated. The insignificant garrisons, that had been left in different parts of *Tuscany* followed the example of their brother republicans, and laid down their arms, one after another; not, however, before they, and their predecessors, under Championnet and Macdonald had left the print of their rapacious and sacrilegious hands on that beautiful and happy country, and destroyed in six months, the fruit of forty years wise and paternal administra-

should remain, and be sent as a hostage, to France. Here fraternal affection arose superior to every other feeling in the breast of this unhappy prince; he begged, intreated, and implored for permission to take his brother with him into exile. *Joubert* remained inexorable. At length the King, forgetful of his dignity, and departing from that manliness of sentiment which dignifies misfortune, and palliates disgrace itself, burst into tears, and *threw himself at the feet* of this wretched upstart, this low, base reptile, engendered in the filth of the revolution, this miserable satellite of a regicidal pentarchy, who, either from a momentary impulse of pity, foreign from his nature, or from the sudden adoption of a secret resolution to render by subsequent measures, his indulgence nugatory, deigned to signify to the supplicating monarch (but still preserving his tone of insolence and arrogance) his compliance with the request. The Royal Family, accordingly, prepared for their departure. As they entered the carriage, they were hailed with the tears and lamentations of an affectionate people:—for (will posterity believe it!) the prince thus banished from his dominions by a foreign banditti was *beloved* by his subjects." One would have thought, that this was enough to gratify even republican envy and malice; but, the savage *Joubert* (whom we shall soon see Suworow stretch dead upon the plain) was not yet content, he stripped the King and Queen of their money and jewels, and seized every thing valuable in the palace. The royal captives were conducted, through the duchies of Milan and Modena, into Tuscany. On the 24th of February they embarked on board a Ragusan ship at Leghorn, whence a part of the English squadron, which waited at a distance, conveyed them to the island of Sardinia.

tion, which all the concessions, humiliations and sacrifices of the Grand Duke had not been able to preserve from their clutches. In the *States of the Church*, where, two months before, "nothing was "to be seen but scaffolds, ruins, famished inhabi- "tants, the most horrible tyranny, all the crimes of "avarice, oppression, revenge and despair;" in the *States of the Church*, two months before ruled by an execrable republican banditti, who extorted the last crust from the peasant, and who answered the cries of hunger with the bayonet; in these oppressed *States* there now remained only a small garrison in *Rome* (whence Championnet had been recalled, and whence Macdonald had withdrawn a great part af the troops), a still smaller in *Ancona* and in *Civita Vecchia*. The republican troops in the interior were reduced to a few bands of roving thieves, who, for safety, depended upon their hiding-places rather than their arms. Lower down, in the *Neapolitan dominions*, affairs took a turn still more decided. Some remains of the royal army having assembled in Calabria, with some of the peasants, marched under the brave *Cardinal Ruffo*, to the relief of Naples, soon after it was left by Macdonald. Just as the city had opened its gates on the 27th of June, in consequence of a capitulation, which the king afterwards refused to ratify because it stipulated a pardon for the traitor *Moliterno*, Lord Nelson, with his squadron arrived in the bay, and the forts of St. Elmo, Capua, and Gaeta, being very soon recaptured, and the French sent home on parole, the king returned to his capital about the end of July, after having been exiled from it for the space of four months. The traitor *Moliterno* was swung from the yard-arm of a British frigate, and, before the end of July, the deliverance of the whole kingdom of Naples was completed by the exertions of Admiral Nelson and Captain

Captain Trowbridge, with the sailors and marines under their command, aided by a few slight detachments of Neapolitan, Russian, and British troops.

But had it not been for the glorious result of *the battle of the Trebia*, had Macdonald formed a junction with Moreau, or had the former defeated Suworow, instead of having his own army almost annihilated, the re-conquests of Naples, Tuscany, &c. would not have taken place; or, if they had, they would have been of short duration, and would only have tended to incense the tyrants of France, who would, with their usual impudence, have termed them *rebellions*, and would have made them the pretext of new confiscations and murders. It was, then, to the battle of the Trebia that this long and rapid succession of happy events was to be attributed; it was that which revived the hopes and the courage of all honest men in Italy, and plunged half a million of miscreants into despair.*

* The wretches, which the French put into power in Italy are, and very properly, become objects of ridicule with all good men. Their fall is one of those acts of justice, which we may contemplate with sensations unmixed with pain. In their crimes as well as in their punishment, they bear a strong resemblance to the *Jews*; the latter crucified the author of christianity, and the former endeavoured to destroy christianity itself. Both are wandering over the face of the wide world, without a country to own them.—On this occasion I cannot help quoting a passage from a little poem, entitled, "*The Fall of Cisalpina*," published in that excellent periodical work, *The Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine*.

The author conducts a fugitive *ex-director* of the Cisalpine republic to London, whence he looks back (as is, I believe usually the case with all *confiscators*), with tears in his eyes, to the country and time, where and when his talents, or rather *talons*, were employed in the profitable *work of confiscation and murder*.

While the Imperialists were thus gathering the well-earned fruits of their former victories, the French were meditating another attack on them, more desperate than before; in which, however, they were only preparing new disgrace for themselves, and fresh laurels for Suworow.

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" Time was, I hastened on the banks of Po
The hatchet quick, and contribution slow:
Compell'd the pamper'd Noble to retreat,
And garrison'd myself, his feudal seat:
Steel'd the young patriot's squeamish arm to kill,
And learn the luxury of doing ill:
With ardour snapp'd the matrimonial thrall,
Then rul'd, as Abbess, in a convent's wall:
Till the wild Russian join'd in Austria's cause,
To prop religion, reinstate the laws,
Restore to slavery, Lombardia's race,
And dash the new republic from her base."
" Ah! sad I hasten'd through the midnight gloom,
With Brutus head and breeches, *en costume*;
When (as good Marius, 'mid Minturnæ's bogs,
In silent anguish fraternized with hogs.)
Quick o'er Ferrara's marshy plains I hied,
No wine to cheer me, and no moon to guide.
Around me, French, Cisalpines, Piedmontese,
(Alas! we've found no classic name for these,)
Ligurians, Romans, Spaniards, Poles, and Swiss,
Conscription volunteers, both *Trans* and *Ciss*,
(Like Babel's bricklayers,) from *Suworow's* van,
O'er the communes in gay confusion ran.
Quick march'd the Russian through the track of blood,
And each *department* groan'd, and melted where he stood."
" Next, through Milan I pass, and passing grieve,
Then sighing leave her, perhaps for ever leave,
Ill-fated city! Commerce shall defile
Thy crouded streets, and joy and plenty smile;
The busy murmur through thy marts shall grow,
And English stuffs in warehouses o'erflow!
No more the keen-ey'd murder shall be seen,
To revel deftly on the guillotine.
But sober Justice on thy bench shall sit,
Thron'd by the *Russian steel* and *gold of Pitt*."
" Delays were death, while wafted from my rear,
Loud blasts of transports pall my sicken'd ear;

Proclaim

Moreau, after the battle of the Trebia, retreated in great haste from before Tortona, and having assembled the remnant of his own army, and the miserable scattered remains of Macdonald's, amounting in all to about twenty-five or thirty thousand men, formed, in the beginning of July, a line of defence in the strong position, taken by Bonaparte when he first entered Italy, and which, from Savona to Vado, extended through the Appenines, and behind the Bormida to Mellesimo. While the French General was employed in strengthening his already advantageous ground, and attending to the collecting of his army, and to the organizing and disciplining of the detachments sent to him from the interior of France, Field-Marshal Suworow, confining himself to advancing the sieges of the important fortresses of Alexandria, Tortona, and Mantua, and having his force very much divided, undertook no operation either against Genoa, still groaning under the yoke of republicanism, or against Moreau's position; so that, from the latter end of June to the middle of August, when the *battle of Novi* was fought, both armies remained in a state of seeming inactivity.

In the beginning of August, Moreau, to whose zeal, patience, courage, and military popularity, the Directory were (as M. Mallet du Pan* justly

Proclaim the victor, and confirm their choice,
By each apostate renegado's voice:
While, jilted by her votaries, *freedom* sees
Her fanes revers'd, erased her sage decrees;
Fanatic crouds their exil'd priests recall,
*Old* DUKEDOMS *rise*, and *new* REPUBLICS *fall!*"

* To this Gentleman's valuable periodical work, "*Le Mercure Britannique*," I am indebted for much of the information contained in this History. His knowledge of the state of the several revolutionized countries, appears to be superior to that of any other writer. From his remarks *on that subject*, I have profited largely, and in three or four places I have not scrupled to insert almost literal translations from his profound and elegant writings.

While the Imperialists were [illegible] in Italy well-earned fruits of their [illegible] that army French were meditating another [illegible] more desperate than before; in [illegible] Alsace. they were only preparing new [illegible]ndria, though selves, and fresh laurels for Suw[illegible] the bravest [illegible] the French [illegible] a week after

" Time was, I hasten[illegible] The hatchet quick, and contribu[illegible] Compell'd the pamper'd Nob[illegible] And garrison'd myself, his [illegible] Steel'd the young patriot's sq[illegible] And learn the luxury of doi[illegible] With ardour snapp'd the ma[illegible] Then rul'd, as Abbess, in a [illegible] Till the wild Russian join'd [illegible] To prop religion, reinstate [illegible] Restore to slavery, Lomba[illegible] And dash the new repub[illegible]

" Ah! sad I hasten'[illegible] With Brutus head and br[illegible] When (as good Marius, [illegible] In silent anguish fra[illegible] Quick o'er Ferrara's [illegible] No wine to cheer m[illegible] Around me, French[illegible] (Alas! we've found[illegible] Ligurians, Roman[illegible] Conscription volu[illegible] (Like Babel's brick[illegible] O'er the commu[illegible] Quick march'd [illegible] And each *depart*[illegible]

" Next, thro[illegible] Then sighing [illegible] Ill-fated city! [illegible] Thy crouded s[illegible] The busy murm[illegible] And English [illegible] No more th[illegible] To revel dee[illegible] But sober Jus[illegible] Thron'd by [illegible]

" Delay[illegible] Loud bla[illegible]

Imperialists, unsuccedy reduc[illegible]ate the plans o[illegible]as to gain time, ir[illegible]iscipline the new[illegible]ance, enable fresh[illegible]he advantage of a[illegible]army of the Alps[illegible]phiné and Savoy, un[illegible]n these views befor[illegible]ful intelligence of th[illegible]city and most importan[illegible]y capitulation, to G[illegible] July, after a siege [illegible]ing so much as delay[illegible] whether a delay of eve[illegible]l the additional adva[illegible] it was certain that a fe[illegible]ew a reinforcement [illegible], led by the brave *G*[illegible]eration determined Jo[illegible]but to take the offensiv[illegible]erialists before the junctio[illegible]se, if possible, the sieg[illegible]

[illegible] intentions, and made h[illegible]. General Count of Be[illegible], was stationed at Serzo[illegible]

*Genera*

. fortunately arrived with
. to remain at Alexandria,
...al himself, with 600 Rus-
. Formigolo, leaving the rest
...a.

August, *Joubert*, just after he
... motion, had the mortification to
...ch dreaded junction of Kray and
...h his movements were intended to
. already been effected! This unwel-
...expected news seems to have given
...ding of the fate which awaited him:
...s that he wrote to his wife soon after-
... the unlucky position of the armies com-
... to engage under circumstances that gave
... little room to hope for success. It was,
..., too late for him to retract; he must either
... or retreat; longer inactivity was become
...ible. His left wing, therefore, advanced
... Mellesimo, crossed the Bormida, dislodged
. 8,000 men, under General Bellegarde, from
...zo, and posted itself on the Orba, in the plains
... Alexandria. The Count of Bellegarde had re-
...ived orders to fall back, after a shew of resistance,
... the like manner that General Ott, on a former
occasion, had been ordered to act upon the ap-
proach of Macdonald. The Field-Marshal was re-
solved to render the battle general and decisive;
he, therefore, strictly forbade the engaging in any
partial action, in consequence of which order, the
advanced posts fell back, one after another, and
Joubert, who began to conceive hopes of driving
the whole army with as much facility as he had
done its detached bodies, pushed on into the vici-
nity of *Novi*, and took possession of that town.

The beautiful and extensive plain of Piedmont,
where French cruelty had so often stained the
ground with the blood of the innocent peasant, is
terminated

terminated at Novi by a long ridge of hills, which though not very lofty, are extremely steep and rugged. Upon the top of this ridge, during the 14th, the French army formed an encampment, and on the 16th, Joubert intended to make a general attack upon the allies. In this, however, he was, notwithstanding the great advantage of his position, anticipated by the Field-Marshal, who had not marched over so many heights with his Russians to be stopped, at last, by the heights of Novi. Minds like that of Suworow delight in overcoming obstacles: the road to military glory is always up hill and difficult of ascent.

On the 15th, the Imperialists marched to the attack. Joubert's army consisted of about 40,000 men; that of the Allies, of about 47,000. The superiority of the latter, as to the discipline of the troops, who were, besides, flushed with victory, was still greater than their superiority of numbers; but the superiority of position which the French possessed, more than overbalanced every advantage of the Allies. Joubert had his line already formed, and his cannon ready to play upon the first column that attempted to advance; while the Imperialists had to break up, to advance, and to form again, under a continual fire, and that too on the side of a hill, upon which they could hardly drag their cannon, much less bring it to bear upon the enemy.

The Imperial army was in motion before daylight. The Field-Marshal had given orders that the greatest silence should be observed, and so strictly were these orders obeyed by the several divisions, that the first intimation the French received of their approach was from the glistening of their bayonets in the rays of the sun, just peeping over the horizon. Instantly the beat *to arms* was heard in the French camp, followed by the *Marsellois' Hymn*, while cries of *Vive la République*, and

and of *Tortone ou la mort*, rent the air. But, the sans-culottes had now to meet an enemy, whose heart was neither to be softened by sounds, however sweet, nor appalled by noises, however loud or hideous.

The Allies advanced slowly and steadily on, in spite of the most tremendous fire from the whole line of the French, who, regularly drawn up on the edge of the heights, took their aim at leisure, without being exposed to a single shot in return. *Joubert* commanded his centre in person, *Moreau* the right wing, and *de Grouchy* the left. The right wing of the Imperialists, consisting of Bellegarde's corps of Austrians, was commanded by the gallant *Kray*, the conqueror of Schérer and of Mantua; to the left General *Melas*, with another body of Austrians, was stationed a little in the rear to protect Tortona against the enemy's right wing, whose destination was thought to be against that important fortress; the centre, composed entirely of Russians, was led by Suworow.

At five o'clock General Kray reached the top of the heights, and immediately began the attack, in which, a few minutes after, he was followed by Suworow in the centre. It continued with great violence for several hours, during which, both sides alternately gave way and advanced again, till the Austrians and Russians were obliged to retire. About two o'clock, the Imperialists made another attack; but, in spite of all their efforts, the French still maintained their ground, making dreadful slaughter amongst their enemies. Both armies now prepared for a third and more mortal conflict: the Imperialists, marching over the bodies of their slain, rushed in upon the French, with the utmost fury. The battle became uncommonly bloody, the ground was strewed with dead and dying, *Joubert*, mortally wounded, was with much difficulty carried from

from the spot; but, still victory seemed to lean towards the republicans. Most fortunately for the Allies, just at this moment, the brave old General *Melas*, who had turned the flank and beaten the right wing of the French, came up with sixteen battalions of Austrian infantry. This decided the contest. The whole French line was thrown into confusion, they abandoned Novi and its heights, and fled with the utmost precipitation. *Joubert* was now dead; four other Generals, *Perignan*, *Colli*, *Portonneau*, and *Grouchy* (who has since died of his wounds), were taken prisoners; and *Moreau*, who had come to the battle as a volunteer under *Joubert*, led off, towards Nice, the wretched ruins of his army.

The loss of the French, in *the battle of Novi*, consisted of thirty pieces of cannon, fifty-seven waggons, fourteen standards, the Commander in Chief killed, four Generals taken prisoners, and 15,000 men, in killed, wounded, and taken. Nor was the loss of the Imperialists much less, as to numbers. The Austrians had 5,600 men killed and wounded, and the killed of the Russians, owing to their obstinacy in *refusing quarter*, was proportionably greater. The lowest computation makes the killed and wounded of the Allies amount to 12,000 men. The French were said to have left five thousand men dead on the field of battle; but, such was the carnage, such the indiscriminate heaps, in which Russians, Austrians and French lay dead, and in which they were buried, that the exact number of the latter was next to impossible to be ascertained by any body but Moreau himself, whose masters thought it prudent never to publish and detail on the unpleasant subject.

The Directory did, however, confess, for once, that they had been defeated. If *Joubert* had not been killed, the ungrateful despots would most assuredly

surely have disgraced him; but as he was dead, they were resolved to turn his death to as good account as possible, by paying to his memory such funeral honours as were well calculated to excite, among their volatile slaves, an enthusiasm that might assist in replenishing their depopulated ranks. Numberless were the anecdotes, which were related in proof of his heroism; amongst other stories, the silly people were told, that even after he fell, he continued to call out to his army: "*en* "*avant! en avant!*"* But, it is much more probable, that, when the Russian bullet entered his heart, he cried out, "*Mon Dieu!*† and fainted. Not content, however, with making him a *republican hero*, they must also make him a *knight-errant*. It was said, that, as he marched up to the battle, he placed the portrait of his newly married wife in his bosom, saying to his officers: "*Il faut* "*bien que je triomphe! J'ai juré à ma femme et à* "*ma patrie, que j'arracherai le laurier de la tête* "*de ce Russe.*"‡ That Joubert should have sworn this, is not, indeed, incredible: it was only adding one more false oath to those he had taken to support his king, and two constitutions, all of which he had successively assisted to destroy; nor were his expressions at all incompatible with that mixture of frivolity and ferocity, which characterize the republicans of France; but, he forgot, or was not informed, that, if there was any valour-inspiring virtue in *portraits*, Suworow carried one at his breast as well as he.§ At any rate, neither the oath nor the por-

* "Go on! Go on!"

† "My God!"

‡ "I must surely conquer! I have sworn to my wife and to my country, that I will tear the laurel from the brow of this Russian."

§ The portrait of the empress of Russia.

trait

THE

# AMERICAN RUSH-LIGHT;

BY THE HELP OF WHICH,

WAYWARD AND DISAFFECTED BRITONS

MAY SEE

A COMPLETE SPECIMEN

OF THE

BASENESS, DISHONESTY, INGRATITUDE, AND PERFIDY

OF

*REPUBLICANS,*

AND OF THE

PROFLIGACY, INJUSTICE, AND TYRANNY

OF

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS.

"I make it my sincere and humble prayer to Almighty God, that the "People of America may never experience those evils which have "heretofore taught the Mother Country how necessary *Monarchy* is to "the enjoyment of *real* Liberty."

SPEECH OF K. GEO. III.—1782.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN I determined to discontinue the publication of *Porcupine's Gazette*, I intended to remain, for the future, if not an unconcerned, at least a silent spectator of public transactions and political events; but the unexpected and sweeping result of a law-suit, since decided against me, has induced me to abandon my lounging intention. The suit to which I allude, was an action of slander, commenced against me in the autumn of 1797, by Doctor Benjamin Rush, the noted bleeding physician of Philadelphia; it was tried on the 14th of December last, when "the uprightly enlightened, and impartial republican jury" assessed, as damages, *five thousand dollars*; a sum surpassing the aggregate amount of all the damages assessed for all the *torts* of this kind, ever sued for in these States, from their first settlement to the present day. To the five thousand dollars must be added, the costs of suit, the loss incurred by the interruption in collecting debts in Pennsylvania, and by the sacrifice of property taken in execution, and sold by the sheriff at public auction in Philadelphia, where a great number of books in sheets (among which was a part of the new edition of Porcupine's Works) were sold, or rather given away, as waste paper; so that, the total of what has been, and will be, wrested

from me by Rush, will fall little short of *eight thousand dollars*.

To say that I do not feel this stroke, and very sensibly too, would be great affectation; but, to repine at it, would be folly, and to sink under it cowardice. I knew an Englishman in the Royal province of New Brunswick, who had a very valuable house, which was, I believe, at that time, nearly his all, burnt to the ground. He was out of town when the fire broke out, and happened to come home just after it had exhausted itself. Every one, knowing how hard he had earned the property, expected to see him bitterly bewail its loss. He came very leisurely up to the spot, stood about five minutes looking steadily at the rubbish, and then, stripping off his coat, "*Here goes*," said he, "*to earn another!*" and immediately went to work, raking the spikes and bits of iron out of the ashes. This noble-spirited man I have the honour to call my friend; and if ever this page should meet his eye, he will have the satisfaction to see, that, though it may not be possible for me to follow, I, at least, remember his example.

In the future exertions of my industry, however, pecuniary emolument will be, as it always has been with me, an object of secondary consideration. Recent incidents, amongst which I reckon the unprecedented proceedings against me at Philadelphia, have imposed on me the discharge of a duty, which I owe to my own country as well as this, and the sooner I begin the sooner I shall have done.

On Monday, the 24th instant, therefore, I shall publish the first number of *A Periodical Work*, which, as it is intended to assist the public vision in the inspecting of various tenebrious objects, will be called, and not, I presume, improperly, a *Light*, and, as the appearance of this light must be attributed wholly to the Philadelphian phlebotomy, gratitude

gratitude will sanction the propriety of prefixing to it the name of *Rush*. Thus, while the great literary luminaries of this enlightened nation emit their effulgence through vehicles which they most significantly term the *Aurora*, the *Star*, the *Constellation*, the *Comet*, and the *Sun*, I am content that my glimmering efforts should steal forth under the appellation of the

*RUSH-LIGHT.*

I must, nevertheless, do myself the justice to assure the public, that, with the Rush-Light in his hand, any one (if the poor soul be not stone blind) will be able to see a good many very pretty things, which, notwithstanding the splendour of the grand luminaries above-mentioned, would, without the aid of my little taper, remain hidden from him all the days of his life.

THE

# RUSH-LIGHT.

## No. I.

15th Feb. 1800.

### RUSH AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

IF variety have all the charms which it is said to possess, I am afraid that the life I lead must excite no small degree of envy; for, of all the mortals occupied in the use of the pen, surely no one ever treated of subjects so various and so opposite in their natures! yesterday I finished the history of *the Italian Campaign*; to-day, I am beginning that of *Rush and his Supporters*. When I contemplate this transition; when I view myself descending from the glorious deeds of the princely Suworow, to record the low tricks of an ignoble herd of Philadelphians, I remind myself of Swift's indiscriminating fly, which, after sipping the nectar from the rose and the carnation, "drops down, and "finishes its meal upon an excrement."

I must, however, declare, that neither fickleness, want of discrimination, nor a propensity to dabble in filth, has produced this disagreeable change in my labours. The loathsome subject now before me, is not taken up from choice, but from a sense of duty. I am actuated by neither malice nor revenge; but, in holding up, in their true light, the *Rushes*, the *Hopkinsons*, the *Meases*, and the rest of the tribe, I look upon myself as acting in the capacity of a public executioner, who, while he per-

forms the dreadful behests of justice, secretly bewails the ignominious fate of the sufferer.

Such are the sentiments under which I have resolved to expose the conduct of Rush, and that of the witnesses, the lawyers, the judges, and the jury, concerned in the cause lately decided against me at Philadelphia. Were my design to defend my own character, or to blast for ever that of my enemies, a few pages might suffice; but my views are less selfish, and extend to objects of far greater utility. This cause, in its commencement, its progress, and its result, furnishes a series of facts, of which, justice to the *people* of America, justice to foreign nations, and particularly to the deceived and infatuated malecontents of my native country, demand an ample exposure. The undertaking is, besides, called for by the insidious attempts of Rush and his "fellow-citizens." They have published a "*Report*" of the trial, not badly calculated to justify themselves and to deceive the world. They call it an *important* trial, and I shall certainly endeavour to make it so in its effects; to which end, I shall go into as full a discussion of the several parts of the subject as the little time, which I am necessarily confined to, will admit of, arranging my matter under the following heads: 1. A sketch of Rush's birth, and his moral and literary character; 2. An account of his practice, and of my inducements to attack it; 3. A defence of the publications for which I was sued; 4. Remarks on the base insinuations of Rush's lawyers against the British government, with a narrative of the juridical proceedings, a comparison between the severity dealt to me and the lenity shown to printers who are not *British subjects*, or who profess *no allegiance to the King of Great Britain*; and an account of the *redress I have met with* from the laws of Pennsylvania.

*BIRTH*

## *BIRTH AND CHARACTER OF RUSH.*

" Can the *Rush* grow up without mire? can the flag grow " without water?

" Whilst it is yet in its greenness, and not cut down, it wi- " thereth before any other herb.

" So are the paths of all that forget God; and the *hypocrite's* " hope shall perish." JOB, c. ix. v. 11, 12, 13.

Had Rush's pleaders confined themselves to the only subject that ought to have been submitted to the deliberation of the jury; had they not, in numerous instances, gone out of their way to extol the *family* and *character* of their client, and to traduce and vilify mine; had they not held him up as an "*Hippocrates*" and a "*saving angel*," while they represented me as a "*wretch cast up from* " *the very dregs and slime of the community, that* " *ought to have rotted in obscurity;*" had they not thus insolently (and I may add foolishly) provoked an inquiry, the family and character of Rush would have remained, with me, objects of as perfect insignificance as the poverty-bred plant, the name of which he bears, and the worthlessness of which is proverbial.

No herald, reader, proclaimed the birth of the Pennsylvanian "*Hippocrates.*" The "*saving angel*" was born (and, I believe, in the usual way) in the city of Philadelphia. His father, honest John, was, I am sorry to say it, of English extraction, and was, by calling, a Blacksmith. Of his mother (who had another son, and two daughters) I have heard nothing, except that she kept a huckster's shop, or stall, and was a very kind and pious Presbyterian, who, recollecting, I suppose, the Apostle's remark respecting the salubrity of wine to the stomach, occasionally administered to the comfort of her fellow-creatures by retailing drams. The reader will, I dare say, gladly excuse me from going

ing any further back in the pedigree; but I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that the Doctor was not *quite* just to his family, when he was "ready to say, and almost *without a figure*, "to *corruption*, Thou art my *father*, and to the "*worm*, Thou art my *mother* and my *sister**."

Having long ago given, and not without some pride, an account of my own humble origin, it cannot be supposed, that I have turned Biographer to the Doctor for the sake of degrading his character. In fact, these family memoirs were furnished me by a great admirer of Rush, the late Doctor Capel of Wilmington, who produced them as clear proofs of his friend's genius and indefatigable application; and while I leave undisputed the justness of Capel's conclusion, I only beg leave to remark, that the parentage of Rush was not extremely well calculated for sending him into the world with that independence of mind, which, among persons of low birth, is certainly the best foundation whereon to raise a character conspicuous for sincerity, candour, integrity, magnanimity, and virtue.

Rush is remarkable for insinuating manners, and for that smoothness and softness of tongue, which the mock quality call *politeness*, but which the profane vulgar call *blarny*. To see and hear him, you would think he was all friendship and humanity. He shakes hands with all he meets; every one is his *dear friend*, all the people his *dear fellow-citizens*, and all the creation his *dear fellow-creatures*. The lamp of his philanthropy is constantly burning, and it burns with equal brightness, whether whites,

* These words were found in a work by Rush, entitled, A *Narrative* of the Author's *Body* and *Mind*, during the Yellow Fever of 1793; which work, if the reader has an inclination to see a specimen of the most disgusting egotism that ever soiled paper, I would recommend him to purchase.

yellows,

yellows, or blacks are the objects of his affection. He certainly is not the first moralist, who has observed, that bluntness is no recommendation with the rich; but he is (as far as I know at least) the first physician that ever thought of making a propensity to be praised, in the patient, conducive to the aid of his medicines. One of his pupils told me, that his preceptor prided himself much upon this discovery. "Give your patients," used he to say, "a good *strong dose of flattery*, to compose their minds; for, without that, you may as "well hope to succeed, as Miss Willing may hope "to get to Heaven by listening from her window "to the organs of St. Paul's church."

If making fair weather with men of all religions and all parties be a proof of merit, I know of no person so meritorious as Rush. He has, alternately, appeared to be a *Presbyterian*, a *Quaker*, an *Episcopalian*, and a *Methodist*. He is intimate with all the clergy, from *Bishop* WHITE down to the BLACK *Bishop!* I have often admired the ingenuity with which, in his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, he pays his court, at one and the same time, to people of all sects, ranks, and colours. There is one sentence, in particular, of this work, for which he deserves to be immortalized. He is speaking about the opinion that prevailed respecting the danger of congregations meeting on *Sundays*; and knowing the Quakers to have a whimsical objection to the name by which Christians in general call that day of the week, he makes a fair compromise betwixt them and the other sects, and in the very same sentence calls it *Sunday* and *First-day*.

"He distributes his liquors all palates to please;
"To some gives the wine, and to others the lees:
"And lest that his customers quarrel and box,
"Gives the wine to the *Pope*, and the lees to *George Fox*."

But

But the most striking proof of his talent at "com-" posing the mind," as he calls it, is, his prevailing on *Mr. Adams* to give him that lucrative sinecure the *treasurership of the Mint*, while it is well known that he was the intimate of *Jefferson*, and amongst the few *trusty friends* mentioned to Logan, in the memorable correspondence which Munro, from motives of prudence, carried on under the signature of a *Young Man at Paris*.

Some persons, however, notwithstanding this pleasing talent in the Doctor, have ventured to call his *sincerity* in question. *Mr. Smyth*, a British officer, who, though a prisoner of war, was most inhumanly treated in the prison of the philanthropic city of Philadelphia, tells us, that during his imprisonment he was visited by *Doctor Benjamin Rush*, who, it would seem, was then a member of Congress. He says that this Rush flattered him with the hope of an exchange or parole, and gave him *strong* "*assurances of very great regard and commiseration*;" but he tells us, in the same page, that though this Dr. Rush was eminent in *rebellion*, he was more so in "*unfulfilled professions* * !"

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* Smyth's Tour in the United States, vol. ii. p. 296. If this be a *libel*, I beg the dram-seller's son to sue the Philadelphia Library company; for it was from their collection I got the book, out of which the quotations are made.—A propos: this book, when I saw it, exhibited a complete specimen of *Philadelphian liberality and good breeding*. It may be readily supposed, that Mr. Smyth has divulged some bitter truths; these, as they have passed through the hands of the readers, have called forth all that malice, that sneaking cowardly revenge, for which the Philadelphians are so famous. Each reader seemed to me to have sitten with a *pen* in his hand: the work was disfigured from one end to the other. In some places words were effaced, in others sentences, and in others whole paragraphs. Where the offensive matter was not obliterated, it was commented on, in the margin, in language the most abusive and obscene, and expressive of sentiments the most detestable. Whenever the name of the King was made use of, the word *King* was effaced, and *tyrant*

As to the Doctor's *mildness* and *candour*, so boldly insisted on by his pleaders, and so *complaisantly* assented to by my good counsel *Mr. Harper*, a few facts, fresh in the memory of every Philadelphian, will afford a most satisfactory illustration.

Rush called *Doctor Wistar* an *assassin*, because Wistar denied the virtue of his grand specific, the *mercurial purges*. I have this fact from *Doctor Glentworth*, who, though a native Philadelphian, and a staunch republican, is a very candid, honest, and brave man. Doctor Glentworth also told me (and he will tell the same to any one), that Rush attended him in the yellow fever of 1793; that he bled him till he was extremely weak, and ordered *several other bleedings*, which Glentworth's know-

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*tyrant* written over it. The names of his Majesty's faithful subjects were made to give place to *traitor*, *rebel*, *miscreant*, &c. &c. The author was frequently called a *scoundrel* and a *liar*, and, sometimes, a "*damned liar*," at full length; and, when mention was made of the barbarous treatment of a royalist, the comment generally was, "*It is pity they had not used him worse.*" Nay, the description of sufferings enough to soften the heart of a tiger, even the very pangs of the dying, drew forth from the philanthropic Philadelphian readers, the comments of, "*Bravo!*" or of, "*Ah! a, a, a, a, a, a, a!*"

Talk of the *French* indeed! I defy any one to produce me, even from the annals of the *grande république*, a proof of blackness of heart equal to that which I have here pourtrayed. The patriots of Republican France have waded in blood; but they have, at the same time, shown that they can venture their own lives; whereas the Philadelphian commentators discover that sort of cowardly cruelty which would lead to the cutting of the throat of an infant sleeping in its cradle.

To judge of the disposition and manners of the "*well-born*" (for it should be observed, that the poor sovereign people seldom sets his eye on any book belonging to the library) amongst the Philadelphians, there cannot, I think, be found a surer standard than the comments on Smyth; and, if what I have stated be false, or incorrect, the Librarian has it in his power to contradict me. Till he does it, and circumstantially too, the philanthropic city may depend on it I shall be believed.

ledge

ledge made him omit, without, however, telling Rush of the omission; that he came one day, and finding his patient sitting up in the bed, ran to him, squeezed him by the hand, called him his "*dear* Glentworth," and congratulated him on the salutary effects of his bleeding system; "But," said he, "my *dear* friend, you must lose a little MORE BLOOD."—"Lose *more blood!*" replied Glentworth, "when I am so faint I can hardly support myself."—Upon this, Rush started from the bedside, caught up his hat, called his "*dear* friend" an *assassin*, told him he was leagued with Wistar to ruin his reputation, and ran down stairs bawling out, "You're a dead man! you're a dead man! "you'll be buried before to-morrow night."

There was an instance of *mildness*, *candour* and *humanity!* Doctor Glentworth did, however, disappoint him. He recovered his health, without losing more blood, and lived to laugh very heartily at the charitable predictions of the *Pennsylvanian* "*Hippocrates**."

Rush, in his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, accuses *Doctors Khun*, *Stevens*, and others, of having "*slain more than the sword*," merely because they rejected his practice. Nor does he, when speaking of his opponents, confine his charges to their *practice*; but, in the excess of his *mildness* and *candour*, attacks their *motives*. He says, that "it requires an uncommon portion of charity, to "ascribe their conduct to *humane and benevolent* "*motives*;" which is, to say the least of it, a very broad insinuation, that they were actuated by mo-

* I have made use of Doctor Glentworth's *name*, because I know that he fears not the whole tribe of the Rushes together; and because I know also, that, however he may dislike my Royalist politics, he is a friend to *truth* and *justice*, and will not, therefore, be offended at being called forth in their cause.

tives

tives both *selfish* and *cruel*. This is the *inoffensive*, candid gentleman, who Ingersol told the jury treated his brethren with *respect* and *tenderness!*

So intolerant was he, and yet is, towards those who would not, or will not, acknowledge the infallibility of his system of bleeding and mercurial purges, that he has, since 1793, refused to consult with any physician who has not been weak enough to adopt his practice. Mr. Chancellor having called him in to consult with Doctor Hodge, he told Chancellor that he had better dismiss Hodge, for that he was a bark and wine doctor, and would do his patient more harm than good; and yet this same fellow had afterwards the impudence to threaten to prosecute Doctor Hodge for telling Doctor *Way* (while Rush attended him), that he thought he might recover *without more bleeding!* Rush, in his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793 attempts to justify his conduct in refusing to consult with any physician, except those of his own school, on the ground of the *disagreement in opinion;* but, what a senseless excuse! If the opinions of all physicians were settled, and were all the same, there could be no use in calling a consultation. In fact, this was no more than a miserable apology for the most insolent pretension to superiority ever set up by mortal man*.

* Rush had attended a gentleman for some time, when the patient finding himself grow worse under the infallible remedies proposed the calling in of another physician. "With all my "heart, my *dear friend*," said Rush; upon which the gentleman named Doctor Khun. "No," replied the modest son of Mercury, "I will never consult with Khun!"—"If you will not attend with Doctor Khun," said the gentleman, "*he must attend without you*; that is all." A few days afterwards, Rush, seeing Khun going to his old patient, called out to him: "He is out of danger already; I defy you to kill him! I defy "you to kill him!"—"Why," replied Khun, "after his passing "through *your hands*, he may, indeed, safely set death at "defiance."

In

In the face, however, of these notorious facts, the counsel of Rush kept up an incessant bawling about the *mildness* and *amiableness* of the Doctor's disposition. " From my soul," said Hopkinson, " I believe him to be amongst the most *unoffending* " and *benevolent* of mankind." Ingersol called him a " saving *Angel*;" and to all this fulsome, this beastly hyperbole, my counsel, Mr. Harper, cried *Amen!* Hopkinson, towards the close of a dozen pages of lies, nonsense, and bombast, gave the tender-hearted Jury a most piteous picture of the distress produced in Rush's family by my publications against the " *immaculate* father." He throws the wife into hysterics, makes " a deep wound in " her heart, and tears, with remorseless rage, all " the *fine fibres* and *delicate sympathies* of *conjugal* " *love*." From the mother, whom I never mentioned in my life till now, he comes to the children, " of *nice feelings* and *generous sensibility*." The daughters he, of course, sets to weeping; " but " manlier passions swell, agitate and inflame the " breasts of HIS SONS. They burn, they burst " with indignation; rage, revenge, drive them " headlong to desperate deeds, accumulating woe " on woe. With difficulty the prudential advice, " the parental command of the father, restrain " their fury—with difficulty they are prevented " from taking immediate vengeance on their cruel " oppressor.—*Be patient, my children,* said he; *I* " *am deeply injured; but the laws of my country offer* " *me justice, and point out the road to redress. It is* " *tardy, but it is certain and ample. Delay may be* " *painful to you, but the duties of a good citizen require* " *it.* This suit, then, Gentlemen, and the hope of the " justice that *you* will administer, may have been the " guardian angel of the defendant."

No Philadelphian could be duped by this miserable rant; but it would certainly lead a stranger to

to suppose, that Rush was the most gentle of human beings, and that he actually restrained those young lions, *his sons*, from avenging his wrongs by chastising me. But unfortunately for the reputation of the Rushes, their affair with *Doctor Ross*, which happened a few days after the actions against Mr. Fenno and me were commenced, will clearly mark the character of this "*immaculate* father," and of these "*manly*," these "*generous*," these "*nice-feeling*" sons, and will effectually preclude the necessity of any future eulogiums by Hopkinson and Harper*.

An article appeared in Mr. Fenno's paper, signed "*A Member of the College of Physicians*," giving an account of Rush's pretty tricks during the Yellow Fever of 1793. This article produced a great deal of fun amongst the people, and a great deal of anger amongst the Rushites. It was written by Doctor Currie; but Rush suspected as the author, Doctor Ross, a Scotch physician of great learning, and considerable eminence in his profession. Vengeance! vengeance! therefore, resounded against Ross, who was immediately attacked in print, with unparalleled brutality, by a subaltern Rushite, named Caldwell. The vile newspaper of Rush's friend Bradford was the vehicle of this attack. *Here*, indeed, was a LIBEL! Not only the professional practice and opinions; not only the political sentiments, the national partialities; not only the private character, the manners, and the dress, but the domestic oddities, and even the *pecuniary circumstances* of Doctor Ross, were, successively, the theme of this shameless slanderer: nay, the base Rushite did not stop

* Some future Number shall contain an account of the dastardly conduct of this man, in whom I put such implicit confidence.

there; Ross's *old age*, and even his *bodily infirmities*, were made a subject of *ridicule!*

The article in Fenno's paper, for the writing of which this infamous libel was intended as a punishment, contained not a single falsehood, nothing that could be called personal, nothing abusive, indecent, or uncandid. Besides, Ross was totally innocent of the matter; he knew nothing of the origin of the publication; and even if he had, if he had been *known*, instead of being merely *suspected*, to be the author, and if the matter of the publication had been false and abusive, instead of being, as it was, both true and decent, most assuredly the attack on him in Bradford's paper would have been a retaliation more than satisfactory. But that attack, false, malignant, brutal, and inhuman as it was, did not satisfy the "*unoffending*," the "*benevolent*," the "*immaculate*," the "*angelic*" Rush, and his "*generous and nice-feeling*" sons.

One of these "*generous*" gentleman, *John Rush*, wrote Doctor Ross the following very impertinent note:

"Sir, *Oct.* 16, 1797.

"As you are universally *believed* to be the author "of the publication against my father, Dr. Rush, "in Mr. Fenno's paper of the 6th inst. I take this "method of *demanding*, whether you are or are not "the author of the said publication. Your silence "on the subject will be considered as an acknowledgement of your *guilt*.

"I am, &c.

"JOHN RUSH."

Ross returned the note by the bearer, telling him "*that he knew nothing of Mr. Rush or of his father.*" When we consider the insolence of the note, the *demand* of an answer, and the broad imputation

putation of " *guilt*," and take into view the vast difference in the age and character of the parties, this conduct on the part of Doctor Ross must be deemed a mark of great *moderation*, not to say *tameness*. But an indication of this sort was so far from assuaging the wrath, or cooling the courage of the boiling, " *nice-feeling*" youth, that it added to his anger and his resolution: he accordingly wrote Ross another note in the following words:

" Sir, *Oct.* 17, 1797.

" I once more *demand* an *unequivocal answer* " whether you are, or not, the author of the publi- " cation against my father, alluded to in my note " of yesterday. My friend Dr. Bullus will wait for " a decisive answer.

" I am, &c. &c.

" JOHN RUSH,"

After having read tne contents of this second scrap of insolence, for which the author merited a horsewhip, Ross asked the bearer why the " *im-* " *pertinent puppy*" kept teasing him. He could not help, however, giving a fresh proof of his timidity, by sending the " *impertinent puppy*" a written answer, as follows:

" Sir, *Oct.* 17, 1797.

" I don't understand why you take the liberty to " call on me for any newspaper abuse you or your " father may have to complain of. *I surely never* " *did, nor do I ever intend to, write any observations* " *on any physician's conduct or practice*, and sin- " cerely regret the unworthy conduct of both " parties."

" ANDREW ROSS."

One would have thought that this was humble enough to have satisfied a Bashaw; but the " ge-

" nerous" John Rush waxed, it seems, still more wroth. He knew before that Ross was an *old man*, and that, from the effects of a stroke of the sun received in the East Indies, *he was hardly capable of wielding a sword, or even drawing a trigger;* yet the boiling, raging, fiery youth avoided any thing like a challenge; but, the moment he received the last note, the moment he was, as he thought, quite sure that Ross was *fearful* as well as aged and infirm, he became absolutely outrageous and ungovernable, and dared the tottering old man to mortal fray. The note of Ross contained an answer so complete, it so implicitly complied with the " *de-*" *mand*" of Rush, and pleaded Not " *guilty*," my Lord, in accents so tame and submissive, that the " generous" young man found great difficulty in framing an excuse for challenging him. The opportunity of *giving proof of his courage* was, however, too favourable and *too safe* to be let slip; he therefore sent Ross the following note:

" Sir, *Oct.* 17, 1797.

" The unpolite manner in which you treated my " note of this morning, and the epithet of an '*im-*" *pertinent puppy*' which you have applied to me, " demand satisfaction. If you refuse to give it to " me, I shall consider you as a scoundrel, and " treat you accordingly.

" JOHN RUSH."

This note was put into the hands of Bullus, one of Rush's young doctors, as they are called. Bullus and the challenger watched the opportunity when Ross came along the street, went out and stopped him, and presented the challenge. Ross read it, and repeated, as well he might, the appellation of " impertinent puppy;" upon which, the courageous Rush first struck him with his fist, and

and then beat him with a thick bludgeon cane, knocked off his hat, cut his face and head, and otherwise maimed him in a most shameful manner.

Ross concluded (with what reason the reader will judge) that this most inhuman assault had been perpetrated at the instigation of old Rush, who was, however, ten years younger than himself; and, in the first moments of his rage, sent the "*unoffending*" and "*benevolent*" Doctor the following challenge:

"*October* 17, 1797.

"Doctor Ross requests Doctor Rush to meet "him to-morrow morning in the Jersies with a "friend.—Mr. Walker will let him know time "and place."

This note reached Rush in the evening. He well knew the sort of treat of which he was invited to partake, and the cause of the invitation; for the savage assault on Doctor Ross took place only a few yards from his own door. But the meek and benevolent Benjamin knew also, that Ross's note did not amount *quite to a challenge*, and, therefore, instead of going to the injured and enraged old man, and clearing himself of the charge of being the instigator of his son; instead of condemning the vile conduct of that son, or attempting to make him apologize for the outrage, he set himself very coolly and deliberately to work *to draw from Ross such expressions as would be good grounds for a prosecution.* Were Theopstratus and La Bruyere to rise from the dead, and to club their talents in drawing the character of Rush, they could not produce it half so complete as it is exhibited in the following correspondence.

*Rush.*—" Doctor Rush wishes to know for *what* " *purpose* he is to meet Doctor Ross to-morrow " morning in the Jersies."

*Ross.*—" Doctor Ross will let Doctor Rush " know when they meet."

*Rush.*—" Doctor Rush's time being much en- " gaged at present, he cannot consent to leave " town, without knowing *the business* he is to go " upon."

*Ross.*—" The sole purpose of meeting is to have " *personal satisfaction* of Doctor Rush for the ruf- " fian assault of his son this morning, of which he " considers the Doctor as the sole instigator."

This was precisely what was wanted by Rush; it was an unequivocal challenge, and subjected the writer to a certain fine of *five hundred pounds*, one half of which would go into the pocket of the plaintiff. Having obtained his end, the *benevolent* Rush thus put an end to the correspondence.

*Rush.*—" Sir, I do not fear death, but I dare " not offend God, by exposing myself, or a *fellow-* " *creature*, to the chance of committing murder; " I have not injured you, and I freely forgive you " all the injuries you have attempted to do me.

" The treatment you received this morning from " my son was not instigated directly or indirectly " by me; *it was occasioned by your calling him an* " *' impertinent puppy.'* Your note, without that " insulting language, would haye satisfied him.

*Dr. Ross.* " B. RUSH."

There you see him, reader! That is he! That's Rush in every lineament! This note, of three short sentences only, gives you a fair sample of his *bravery*, his *piety*, his *humanity*, his *Christian meekness and*

*and charity*. Were I to quit the narrative here, however, you might suppose, that he took no further notice of the challenge; but, to leave such an impression on your mind, would be doing great injustice to the character of my hero; and, therefore, however hypocritical, however base and malignant his conduct may appear, I must tell you, that this "*patient* "*Martyr*," this "most *unoffending* and *benevolent* of "mankind," who, on the evening of the 17th, wrote to Ross that he *freely forgave him every thing*, commenced, the next morning, a criminal prosecution against him, procured a warrant, had him seized, and actually took every measure *for sending him to jail*.

Doctor Ross did not associate with republicans, and, *therefore*, he was not deserted by his friends in the hour of trouble. Several gentlemen, into whose company Rush would, on no account, have been admitted, immediately came forward to give bail for Doctor Ross, and thus the last effort of the *meek* Rush's "benevolence" was defeated; but though his philanthropy was yet unsatisfied, it must be confessed that his triumph was much too complete. Ross was a man of learning and of wit; of the frivolous talents and opinions of the shallow Rush, he had frequently expressed his contempt: this the "benevolent" man knew, for this he hated him, and that Ross was attacked by the son for this, is very clear, because the assault took place after it was known that he was not the author of the publication in Fenno's paper, which was the *pretext* of the quarrel; and because the reason grounded on the *pretended insult* given by Ross to young Rush was too palpably absurd to impose on the most ignorant person in the city.

In whatever point of view we contemplate this affair, to whichever motive we ascribe the conduct of Rush and his son, and their assistants, the treat-

ment of Doctor Ross, from the beginning to the end, was the most vindictive, the most base, the most foul and dastardly act, that ever was committed in the face of day; but in considering separately, the parts acted by this group of *philanthropists* and *heroes*, we must certainly award the palm to Rush. The rude and brutal libeller might, for aught we know, have blushed, after he was informed, that the object of his infamous calumny was innocent of the offence for which he had assailed him*; the "*nice-feeling, generous*" son, might, *possibly*, have felt some thing like remorse, when he saw the blood running down the forehead of a defenceless old man, approaching to threescore; but be this as it may, the "benevolent "Rush," the "*Hippocrates of* Pennsylvania," the "*patient Martyr*," the "*saving Angel*," remained unmoved, unsatisfied by the vengeance inflicted by the libeller and the ruffian. His piety, his Christian meekness, did, indeed, prevent him from exposing his "fellow-creature" to the chance of death in a duel, but it did not restrain him from sending a filthy wretch to drag him through the streets as a prisoner; it did not restrain him from exulting at the indignities heaped upon Ross; it

* I observed before, that this most wicked publication appeared in the newspaper of Rush's intimate friend *Bradford*; but, to give the *foreign* reader some idea of this intimate friend, I must add a word or two here. *Bradford* is the identical printer and bookseller, of whom honourable mention is made in my life and adventures; but, in what regarded the libel against Doctor Ross, I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he had a *partner* worthy of sharing with him. This partner was one *Lloyd*, a man just arrived in America, after a three years confinement in *Newgate*. Let it be remembered also, that the person whom Lloyd and Bradford employed as editor to their paper, tenanted, but a few months before, the *jail of Calcutta*. Such were the proprietors and conductors of the press, which constantly extolled the character and practice of Rush, and as contantsly poured forth libels on his opponents.

did

did not restrain him from appearing at the Mayor's office to enjoy the pleasure of seeing this old and reputable gentleman compelled to appear as a criminal, to bare his head before a doughty magistrate, and expose his grey locks, yet clotted with the blood drawn by the bludgeon of the Rushite; from these indulgences he was restrained neither by his *benevolence*, his *Christian charity*, nor his *philanthropic tenderness!*

"*But*," says the *English* reader, "did not the "people of Philadelphia hoot this fellow from their "city? or, at least, did not his conduct excite "universal indignation and abhorrence?"—Oh, dear, no! Quite the contrary, John Bull! The Americans have a sort of morality which you do not yet understand, and which I pray God you never may. A full account of this vile transaction, of this excess of beggarly insolence and dastardly cruelty, was published in *my paper*, and in that of *Mr. Fenno;* but Doctor Ross was well known to be a Briton by birth, and a *Royalist* in politics, and, therefore, had young Rush chopped off his head, and presented it to his father in a charger, I do verily believe, that, amongst all the hundreds and hundreds of American newspapers, not a *third* would have been found to express the least disapprobation of the deed*.

Few readers will, I trust, wish for any further information relative to the character of Rush and his son; but it seems to be no more than just to compare the preceding facts with the eulogium of Pleader Hopkinson. "I do believe from my soul,"

* In fact, this attack on poor old Ross seems to have drawn the merit of the Rushes from obscurity; for the President, very soon afterwards, appointed the father *Treasurer of the Mint*, and the son *a Surgeon in the Navy! Vivat Respublica!!!* as our republican play-actors say at the bottom of their bills.

said

said the bombastical ballad-monger, "that Doctor "Rush is amongst the most *unoffending* and *bene-* "*volent* of mankind."—Again: "He has sons of "*nice feeling* and *generous* sensibility."—And again: "Manlier passions swell, agitate, and inflame the "breasts of his sons. They *burn*, they *burst with* "*indignation*, rage, and woe. *With difficulty* the "prudential advice, the parental command of the "father restrain their fury: with difficulty they "are prevented from taking immediate vengeance "on their cruel oppressor. '*Be patient, my chil-* "*dren*,' said he, '*I am deeply injured, but the laws* "*of my country offer me justice, and point out the* "*road to redress. It is tardy, but it is certain and* "*ample. Delay may be painful to you, but the du-* "*ties of a good citizen require it.*' This suit then, "gentlemen, and the hope of the justice that *you* "will administer, may have been the guardian an- "gels of the defendant."

Thus, as I before observed, Hopkinson not only extolled the lamb-like gentleness of Doctor Rush, but insisted that it was his "*prudential advice*," his "*parental command*," that restrained his *manly* sons "from taking immediate vengeance" on me "their cruel oppressor." But, my dear little Hail, Columbia*, do pray tell me, if Rush's prudential advice and parental command restrained his burning, bursting, raging, revenging, driving, desperate sons from attacking me, how came it to pass, that the same advice and command could not restrain them from attacking Doctor Ross? That Ross had offended them more than I had, you will not, certainly, pretend; for, let it be remembered, that the attack on Ross was made after the suit was commenced against me. Besides, I repub-

* Hopkinson wrote a wretched song, beginning "Hail, "Columbia."

lished

lished the very article for which the Rushes quarrelled with Ross; they were *sure*, therefore, that I was "guilty," as they called it, while, with respect to the author, they proceeded merely upon *suspicion*. Tell me, then, I say, thou "*nice*-feeling" husband of a *nice*-begotten spouse*, why these burning, bursting, desperate sons did not come to attack me? Tell me how it happened, that they came to be so very obedient to the parental command in one instance, and so totally regardless of it in another? Tell me how the arm of the "generous" John Rush was withheld from *a stout man of thirty years of age*, while nothing could withhold it from *a tottering old man of threescore?* Do you say that the father's authority was not exerted in the latter instance? then, I ask, *why* was it not? Do you say that old Rush was not acquainted with the intended assault of his son? then, I tell you to read his last letter to Doctor Ross, where you will see, that, if he denies being the *instigator* of his son, he does not deny a knowledge of his intention; and you will also see, that he, in no very unequivocal terms, *justifies* his son's brutal and dastardly conduct. But, will you say, after all, that the parental command was not exerted, or was ineffectual, because Ross had called the son an "*impertinent puppy*," which I had not done? This would be very bad ground for you to take; it would place your little skeleton in a very aukward position; for, if the pious father was, as he pretended to be, "*principled* against "duelling," he ought, in one case as well as another, to have prevented his son from exposing himself to "the chance of committing murder;" on the other hand, if he exerted his authority without

* This man had the baseness to marry a bastard of the profligate Mifflin, and, as a reward, accepted the office of Clerk to the *Orphans'* Court.

effect,

effect, what becomes of the "*nice-feeling* and *gene-* "*rous sensibility*" of the affectionate and dutiful son, who could be prevented from chastising a person that called his father *a quack*, an *empiric*, and a *puffer*, while not even the powerful "pa- "rental command" could restrain him from challenging and assaulting another, who had only called him an "*impertinent puppy*."

Still, amidst all this hypothesis, there may remain some little doubt; and, therefore, I shall close the subject with the relation of a fact which will admit of none. On the day that Doctor Ross was assaulted, I published a short account of the matter. Owing to the hasty manner in which I received my information, this account was not perfectly correct, but it did not deviate from the truth in any essential point. John Rush, however, in a statement which he published the next day, thought proper to give the word a specimen of his *high breeding*, "*nice feeling*, and *generous sensibility*," by concluding an address to me in the following words: "I must stigmatize you a *liar* and a per- "verting rascal. You call yourself an English- "man. Englishmen are brave, but you are a "*coward*." This language, the reader, will allow, was rather harsh, considering that it came from the son of the meek Doctor Rush, and considering too, that he had made use of it *after* his father had, as Hopkinson told the jury, desired him, and commanded him to be *patient*, and wait quietly, like a good citizen, for the due operation of the law. People said that *Jack*, though a vessel of the third generation, still smelt strongly of the old *dram-shop* in Second-street.

Unwilling to be thought inferior to the "nice- "feeling" youth, in politeness, and still more unwilling to be thought afraid of his bludgeon, I repaid him in his own coin, and with interest, by publi shing

publishing his address, and subjoining to it the following remark—" N. B. I affirm this John Rush to " be an *impertinent puppy*, a *way-laying coward*, a " *liar*, and a *rascal*."—The inapposite, far fetched, hypocritical, cringing compliment to *Englishmen* I did not return; probably because I had, just at that time, *no sister upon the point of being married to an American**.

Now, it will most assuredly be allowed, that *way-laying coward*, *liar*, and *rascal* are appellations full as provoking as that of *impertinent puppy*; but in order to put to the test the sincerity of the plea for attacking Ross, I inserted the very appellation, for which it was pretended he was attacked; yet *I* was never assaulted; no Doctor Bullus came to pester *me* with demands and challenges! Young Rush, in justification of his ruffian-like assault on Doctor Ross, told the public, that though his fa-

* The wise Doctor Rush, in his eulogium on Rittenhouse, very sagaciously observes, that " *Man* is made for a Republic, " and a Republic is made for *Man*." Whether the Doctor meant this as a *dogma* or a *conundrum* is not quite certain; but, however necessary he may think republicanism to the existence of *Man*, it is pretty clear he does not believe in any such necessity with respect to *Woman*; for he has married one of his daughters to a very loyal subject of His Majesty, an inhabitant of the Royal Province of Canada. Of the same sentiment appears to be that clamorous republican, *M'Kean*, who, though continually bawling against *Monarchy* and *Aristocracy*, has married his eldest daughter to the Spanish Ambassador, who is, of course, a subject to a King, and bears, besides, the title of a *Noblèman*.—The truth is, reader, all these men's abhorrence of Royalty and its appendages is sheer dissimulation. Whimsical, perverse, and foolish as they may be in other respects, in their professions on this subject they have too much sense to be sincere. Their edging in " *Honourable*" and " *Esquire*," with their ignoble names, wherever they think it will be tolerated, proves to you, that men are now what they were in the days of ÆSOP, and admonishes you, that whenever you hear a *Citizen* expressing his *contempt for titles*, you should look upon him as only speaking a parody on the poor Fox's farewell address to the grapes.

ther

ther was inclined to wait, with patience, the decision of a jury, *he*, for his part, was not. "I have "*not*," said the burning, bursting blade, "been "able to reduce *my* feelings to the same degree of "composure."—Wonderfully strange feelings! They were one day roused to brutal violence, at the appellation of *impertinent puppy*, and the next, they remained totally unaffected by *the very same appellation*, with the aggravating addition of *coward*, *liar*, and *rascal!* With men of *common* feelings, however irascible their tempers, age and infirmity are always looked upon as a protection from personal vengeance: to men of *common* sensibility, for injuries received from the old and infirm, the law offers the only means of obtaining redress. But the Rushes proceed upon maxims diametrically the opposite of these. Their "*nice* feeling and *generous* "sensibility" teach them to go to war with the old, and to law with the young; to attack weakness with a bludgeon, and strength with a writ!

After detailing these well-established facts, it would be superfluous to add the scores of others of nearly the same sort, which might be produced. No man of integrity and common sense can want further proofs; and as I write for the satisfaction of neither knaves nor fools, I shall now take my leave of the Doctor as a *moralist*, and consider him under the character of a *politician*, a *philosopher*, and a *physician*.

"And why will you," exclaims the reader, "tease me with so frivolous and despicable a sub-"ject?"—I acknowledge the justice of the reproof; but I beg leave to observe, that the undertaking is not a voluntary act. It has, like Rush's *birth and moral character*, been forced on me by the printed report of the trial; and, therefore, whatever honour he may derive from the examination, must be attributed to the superabundant zeal of his own

own advocates; or rather, perhaps, to his discretion, in having engaged them on a *conditional fee**.

These impassioned pleaders, who seem to have thought that they heard the sweet chinking of the English guineas at the close of every period, not content with representing their client as "*immaculate*," as the most "*tender*, the most *meek*, the most *unoffending*, and the most *benevolent* of mankind," could not refrain from adding to their vocabulary of superlatives, the most "*patriotic*" and most "*learned*." They desired the enlightened jury to observe well, that Doctor Rush was a "*saving angel*," and a "*republican*;" while the defendant was a "*demon*," a "*royalist*," and (still rising in the climax) a "*British subject*."—"My client," said Hopkinson, "*has often drawn his pen in the service of his country.* His fame has spread as extensively as our commerce. *He has added a fresh and blooming laurel to the head of American genius.* He has *done much to rescue the American name from that obloquy and contempt*, which some of the proud philosophers of Europe would cast upon us, ranking us as inferior to themselves in the order of beings."

This was rare sport, as far as it went; but I marvel much, that the zealous Hopkinson, who is himself an author both in prose and verse, did not enlarge, did not go into some detail, on so charming a subject. I am surprised that he did not tell the jury *what* services Rush's pen had rendered their country; that he did not explain to them *how* this great man had rescued the American name from obloquy and contempt; that he did not delight their eyes as well as their ears, by *showing them some of*

*Their bargain was to have one half of whatever they could get out of me!!!

*the*

*the sprigs* of the fresh and blooming laurel. So industrious an advocate ought, methinks, to have recollected the instantaneous effect which Mark Antony produced on the sovereign people of Rome by the judicious display of a piece of blotted parchment; and though poor Pennsylvania bears none but *bastard* laurel*, the "*nice-feeling*" Hopkinson might easily have come into court with a bunch of THAT *under his arm.* It might not, indeed, have been very *fresh* or very *blooming*: but, I dare, say, the group would have ogled it with singular delight.

This omission on the part of Hopkinson astonishes me the more, when I consider that he might have entered into particulars with so little trouble to himself, and so much advantage to his ingenious and learned client. He had nothing to do but to open the Doctor's works, and go on from subject to subject, comparing his theory with his practice, and expatiating, at every close, on his profundity and consistency. Beginning with the *Politician*, he might have shown, from Rush's eulogium on the President of the Democratic Society, that he insisted on a republic's being the only government fit for a human being to live under; and he might then have observed, as a proof of the eulogist's sincerity, that he, in a year or two after, married his daughter to a *subject*, and sent her to live under the government of a king. Further, he might have shown, from the same work, that his client professed the most ardent love for personal independence, and might have given another striking proof of his sincerity, by remarking, that he, immediately

* The *laurus nobilis* will not grow in Pennsylvania. The sort found there is that which botanists call the *kalmia*, or *dwarf laurel*; and, because it *comes by chance*, and is never cultivated and regularly planted, the vulgar call it the *bastard* laurel. The buds and berries that it bears are poisonous.

after-

afterwards, solicited and obtained a fat post for himself, and another for his son, the "generous" bludgeonist. From Rush's Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793 (written before he got into place), Hopkinson might have exhibited to the jury a great number of proofs, that the Doctor was not an admirer of revolutions in medicine only, and that, so full was he of the politics of Tom Paine, he could not resist the temptation to hail the approach of the auspicious day, when "the *general use* of *calomel*, "*jalap*, and the *lancet*" (merciful God!) "shall be "considered among the most essential articles of "the knowledge and *rights of Man!!!*"—If the jury had felt (of which, however, there was little fear) any qualms of conscience at the tremendous prediction, the sagacious pleader might, like Timotheus of old, have changed both his subject and his tone, and returning to the Doctor's mazy dance of politics, have followed him from the Blue-stocking and Yellow-wigs to the Constitutionalists, from them to the Republicans, from the Republicans to the Jacobins, and from the Jacobins to the Federalists, amongst whom Mr. Adams has discovered the art of keeping him steady, by giving him, his family, and relations, an ample share of the loaves and fishes*.

* *John Rush*, the "nice-feeling, generous" gentleman, who committed the base assault on poor old Doctor Ross, was appointed a *Surgeon* in the frigate UNITED STATES; but, behold! before he had been many months a *surgeon*, he was appointed a *Lieutenant* of the said frigate!!! Like his father, he appears to be a man of universal genius. He first studied *medicine*, then the *law*, then medicine again; then become a *surgeon*, and taking a fancy to the uniform of a lieutenant, he became a lieutenant. It is a mercy he did not fall in love with the post of Commodore!—As it is, however, a few lucky shots from the enemy might put the best vessel and the most numerous crew belonging to this country under his command! "*Vivat Respublica.*"—What an outcry would be raised in England, if a promotion like this were to take place!

Proceeding to the *Philosopher*, it was peculiarly incumbent upon Hopkinson to show *how* the Doctor had "added a fresh and blooming laurel to the "head of American genius," and *what* he had done "to rescue the American name from the "obloquy and contempt cast upon it by the proud "philosophers of Europe." A very few leaves of this laurel would have sufficed; but he *certainly* might have shown some of it. He might have reminded the wise jury, that Doctor Rush once read Chemical Lectures to young ladies in the Philadelphia *Female Academy**. These pretty girls

* This Academy was, a few years ago, in great vogue, but is now, alas! *no more*—It was founded on principles somewhat similar to those of *Mary Wolstoncraft* and *John Walker*, and was intended as a seminary where the republican fair might obtain the rudiments, at least, of the *Rights of Woman*. That all might be of a piece, the principal master was an old Irish soldier, who "left" his Majesty's 47th regiment at the battle of Lexington and Concord. His name was *Brown*. He afterwards published a paper, by the assistance of Rush, and, as a grateful return for that assistance, his miserable sheet was always at the Doctor's command. To say that this fellow *deserted* would be "too *harsh*," as Mr. Harper says. He felt a call to quit the ranks of a "*tyrant*" (as the King is called in the *Declaration of Independence*), in order to join the standard of *Liberty*; and, though there was an *oath* in his way, he nobly surmounted the obstacle.

Having had occasion to mention this man, it would be a culpable neglect in me not to say something more of his history, which certainly furnishes one of the most awful lessons ever held out to mankind.—*Brown* was a private soldier at the time of his "*leaving*" the 47th regiment; he rose rapidly in the American army, and was, at the time when Gen. Burgoyne was captured (see ANBURY, vol. ii. p. 205), a Major and Commissary of Provisions. After the war was over, he kept the Female Academy of Philadelphia; he next established a newspaper, which, for profit, was thought to be the first in the United States. He used to boast of clearing *sixteen thousand dollars* a year; and though this was a shameful exaggeration, it is certain that he lived in great splendour, kept his chariot and pair and his country seat. His prosperity seemed not only to be complete, but to have received the stamp of duration; when, lo!

were told by the learned philosopher, that the longevity of the antediluvians was entirely owing to their breathing dephlogisticated air; for that, before the deluge, there were none of those noxious vapours, which, in this our day, arise from stagnate waters!

In Rush's Treatise on education, Hopkinson might have found two fundamental principles: 1st, *That true learning depends upon a total ignorance of the learned languages*, the study of which not only wastes the time at a precious period of life, but, by giving ancient notions, precludes the possibility of instilling modern ideas into youthful minds*: 2d, That children should have sharp knives, chissels, hatchets, shears, and every sort of edge tool, to play with; because clipping a nose, or chopping off a finger, is a trifling accident in comparison with the advantage to be derived from an early knowledge of the use of these instruments. If the Doctor had written his Treatise at a later period, he certainly would not have omitted the *Guillotine*, of which useful revolutionary instrument there is an excellent model kept, for the instruction of the citizens, in the Philadelphian Museum!!!

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lo! in one fatal hour, a *fire* kindled by a spark in his office, bereft him of the wife he had married, and of all the children that had been born to him, after his leaving the service of his king. He himself, who had not many hours before returned from a joyous concert, was not, indeed, burnt instantly to death; but he expired at the end of two days, during which time his excruciating torments suffered him to retain just enough of his senses to learn, that of all his children, the only one left to inherit his wealth, was *a son* whom he had by a former wife, in Ireland, and *whom he had disowned and driven from his door!*

Who can view the progress and the lamentable catastrophe of Brown, without thinking on the words of Holy Writ!—"I have "seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a "green bay-tree. Yet he passed away! and, lo! he was not: "yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

* Rush despises a knowledge of the learned languages for much about the same reason that an ugly old hag despises beauty.

There was one leaf of the Doctor's philosophical laurel, which his eulogist should on no account have forgotten: I allude to his learned Treatise on the colours of the skin. In this Treatise, which is to be found in the fourth and last volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society (of which Rush is a very worthy member), he endeavours to, and thinks he does, prove, that the colour of the Negroes proceeds solely from the *leprosy*, and that, when the race shall be *purged* of that disease, they will all turn white!!!

After having produced these specimens of the fresh and blooming laurel, these convincing proofs of Rush's successful efforts, as a philosopher, *to rescue the American name from* CONTEMPT, Hopkinson might have given the Jury a sketch of his patriotic endeavours in the character of a *Physician*. He might have quoted a book, written by Doctor Rush, long ago, in answer to Cadogan's Treatise on the Gout, wherein the Pennsylvanian "*Hippocrates*" recommends *hot suppers and good living at night*, for this wise reason; that nature has a deal of business during the day, in supplying muscular motion and the operations of the mind, and, of course, cannot attend to digestion, which is best performed in sleep, when she has nothing else to do!

He might have produced the Doctor's Essay on Consumptions, where he says, that going to sea was good for that disease, only when the patient should be obliged to live as sailors before the mast do, and be *frequently exposed to cold*, to *wet*, to *hard labour*, to *coarse diet*, and *rough usage*: that going into the country for the salubrity of the air, was, in such complaints, absurd, unless the patient were made to *work at the plough*, to *be out in all weather*, and to *return home after night*; and that, when a man is so weak that he cannot sit upon a horse,

horse, it is a strong indication that *he ought to ride!!!*

He might have had the evidence of several medical gentlemen in Philadelphia, that Doctor Rush recommends bleeding in the *dropsy* and in the *ague*, because in these there are inflammatory symptoms!!!—And, if any one of the Jury had had the audacity to observe, that this was like brandy being a predominant ingredient in pure water, or fire being concealed in ice, Rush might have sued him for damages.

Hopkinson might have appealed to the Managers of the Pennsylvanian Hospital (one of whom, the *sleek-headed Coats*, was, indeed, all the time at his elbow), and these gentlemen could have told the Jury, that Doctor Rush, the modern "Hippocrates," caused a thing like a gallows, with a rope suspended from it, to be erected in their yard, for the purpose of curing insanity by *swinging*; that the poor patients, on viewing this well-known engine, with its ominous pendant, thought they were brought out to be hanged, and that, after the first operation, they imagined they had a temporary reprieve, but were, the next time, to be tucked up in earnest!!!!

But, of all the sins of omission of which mortal man was ever guilty, Hopkinson's neglecting to detail, and expatiate on, the Doctor's system of *depletion*, was certainly the most heinous and unpardonable. What makes this conduct the more preposterous is, that Rush's lawyers, and the Judge, made it a great crime in me, *not to have examined the system!* Please Heaven, they shall not have to charge me with the like omission this time; for if I leave unexposed any one of its absurdities; if I leave unrelated one anecdote in the history of blood, it shall be for want of knowledge or of memory, and not for want of inclination.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REPUBLICAN FRANKNESS AND GRATITUDE EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF DOCTOR MEASE, THE PUPIL, THE FRIEND, AND ONE OF THE WITNESSES OF RUSH.

" Read this, my young blade, and then to dinner
" With what appetite you may."

THIS *Doctor Mease* was one of those men, who volunteered in the glorious service of retailing to a Court and Jury certain words, which in a *tête-à-tête* conversation he heard me utter, respecting my resolution to punish Rush for his insolent appeal to the law against Mr. Fenno and me. My counsel, Mr. *Harper*, who seemed anxious to find something to commend in every one who gave satisfactory proofs of being my enemy, was kind enough to observe, that the three witnesses (Mease among the rest) were " *gentlemen of great respectability* " FOR THEIR AGE." What he meant by tacking on the phrase " *for their age*," I cannot think. Did he mean, that they were rendered respectable by their *grey locks*, or that, considering their *beardless chins*, they were very respectable fellows? Either meaning was equally nonsensical, for they were all three about *thirty* years of age; so that " *for their age*," was an unmeaning expletive, clapped in to ward off the charge of having bestowed on these volunteer heroes his *unqualified* approbation.

But, however respectable Mease might be for his *age*, I am persuaded, that, after the relation of the following anecdote, he will be more respectable for his *frankness* and *gratitude*.

Mease

Mease was, during the Yellow Fever of 1797, Physician of the port of Philadelphia; it was his business to inspect all entering vessels, and if they had sick on board, or came from certain places, it was his duty to make them perform a quarantine opposite the fort. That he was extremely fit for this post every one must allow, who considers that he believed, with his famed preceptor, that the Yellow Fever was generated in the *air*, and that it could not, in any case whatever, be *imported*. And who can enough admire the submissiveness of the poor sovereign people, who, without daring to remonstrate, suffered their health and lives to remain at the mercy of such a man?

The "respectable" Mease, to whom the Governor, Mifflin, had given the post as so much of the public money which he was obliged to bestow on some one else than himself, acted as might be expected. Very few vessels were stopped; and the Board of Health having forced Mifflin to issue a proclamation forbidding the entrance of certain vessels into the ports of Pennsylvania, Mease suffered them to go by the fort, by which they were enabled to get up to Burlington in New Jersey. The Mayor of Burlington complained of it to Mifflin, who answered his letter with expressions of regret at the conduct of Mease, which he called "*highly irregular*." That this epithet was far too mild to be applied to an act of disobedience, so audacious in itself, and so dangerous in its consequences, every one must perceive. Indeed, the poor sovereign people of Philadelphia, though they dared not speak out, did, in this instance, grumble most bitterly; and some of them had even the courage to declare (in a *whisper*), that the insolent Rushite ought to be turned out of his place; in which opinion the reader will, I think, perfectly agree with them.

So thought not, however, the pupil of Rush. A man who had learned to bleed and purge under the Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates," was not, though in terms the most gentle, to be censured with impunity. But the young man was for some time at a loss for a *mode* in which to obtain vengeance. Mifflin, though sunk to the lowest ebb, had yet spirit enough left to beat forty Rushites together; and he had, besides, the power of reducing Mease's revenue from about 900 dollars a year to *nothing*. Duly impressed with these circumstances, and wisely resolving still to go to bed with a full belly and whole bones, this "gentleman, respectable *for* "*his age*," fell upon a way of giving poor Mifflin a stab, without letting him see the base and perfidious hand by which it was given: in pursuance of this his intention, he sent me the following note, and paragraph, which I now copy from his own handwriting:

"Dear Sir,

"If you do not think *the enclosed paragraph* "proper to come out in *your name* (in which I "have taken the liberty to write it, and which I "hope you will excuse), *do not insert it*, but other-"wise I would thank you to publish it.

"Your friend,

"Mr. Wm. Cobbett." "JAMES MEASE.

"*Sept.* 20."

*Paragraph.*—"PETER PORCUPINE has this day "published Doctor Mease's letter to the Mayor of "Burlington*, explaining the principles upon "which he acted, in permitting certain vessels "*bound to* Burlington" [a wretched lie!] "to pass "his station without performing quarantine; and,

* This letter, a very humble though a very shuffling excuse for his conduct, appeared in all the papers.

"in

'in *Porcupine's opinion*," [oh! you impudent, lying dog!] "is fully satisfactory. As an officer of "Pennsylvania, Doctor Mease would have acted "in a very arbitrary manner, had he done other-"wise." [What a cat's paw, what a quibbling, what a villainous miscreant this fellow wished to make of me!] "The Governor says Doctor "Mease's conduct was *highly irregular*, and that "he will sanction no act that may injure the feel-"ings of the citizens of Burlington; but this *we* "*all know* is mere stuff, for that he" [the very man who had given him his place] "does not care a "cent for their feelings, *provided his own depraved* "*sensations are gratified by the brandy bottle!*—The "more the Governor's principles are developed, "the more it is discovered that he is a rank Aris-"tocrat, under the cloak of a Democrat. Hence "he wishes to make his 'Proclamations' extend to "Jersey; though the law" [a subterfuge worthy of a Rushite], "it appears, which authorizes him "to issue this proclamation, says it shall not. "When in the drunken frolics with the *rabble*" [this fellow was a declared Democrat!] "in 1794, "in which the Governor presided," [and where Mease was one of the '*rabble!*'] "to celebrate "*the murders and assassinations of the cut-throat* "*French*, he drank, 'Laws and no proclama-"tions:' but here we see he wishes proclamations "to go beyond laws."

If any thing more than this be wanted, I am ready to prove, upon the oaths of myself and my clerk, that Mr. Harper's "gentleman of respecta-"bility for his age," came afterwards to me in person, requested me to publish the above paragraph, and told me that he wished to keep his own name out of sight, *because people knew he was under great obligations to Mifflin!!!*

"Never

" Never pray more, abandon all remorse,
" For nothing can'st thou to damnation add
" Greater than this!"

Such reader, is the *pupil* of Rush; such is the man whose *principles* Rush extols, of whose *friendship* he boasts, and of whose perfidious aid he avails himself, in order to oppress his opponents, and awe them into silence! It is not, I trust, necessary for me to say, that I refused to publish the paragraph, and become the instrument of the mean and assassin-like vengeance of this ungrateful wretch; neither is it necessary for me to say how much he hated me for the refusal, nor what were his motives for volunteering in that act of abominable baseness, which has conjured up this blasting tale from oblivion.

Were not Mease a thorough-paced republican, he would, upon the sight of this pamphlet, go out and hang himself; but he knows that he is still as good as his neighbours; he knows that there will not be a man less to take him by the hand, that he shall still be embraced by Rush, and, if occasion serve, still eulogized by Harper.

END OF NO. I. OF THE RUSH-LIGHT.

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# RUSH-LIGHT.

## No. II.

28th Feb. 1800.

### RUSH AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

[Continued from No. I. page 245.]

### *The Rushite System of Depletion, with a Statement of Porcupine's Reasons for opposing it.*

" The Fever began to ravage the city and suburbs; so that " we had abundance of work, and it may easily be conceived " what a quantity of *innocent blood was spilt.* But, I know " not how it happened, *all our sick died.*"

GIL BLAS.

THE novel system, adopted by Rush, is most aptly denominated, the system of *Depletion;* for the merit of it entirely consists in *emptying* the veins and the intestines with an expedition heretofore unknown and unheard of. Of the effects of this system, the people of America have heard and *felt* enough, but of its origin many of them are totally ignorant. For most of the great discoveries, especially those which have contributed to the depopulation of the earth, we are indebted to what appears to have been mere accident; which was also, in some sort, the mother of the System of Depletion.

" As yet snuffling was not," when a puritanical king-killing saint happened to be led by the spirit to

to visit a holy sister, who gave him a present that broke down the bridge of his nose. And, as yet MERCURIAL PURGES, and "bleeding *almost* to "DEATH," were not counted amongst the means of preserving life, when the Pennsylvanian "Hip-"pocrates" happened to stumble on a smoky old manuscript present received from Doctor Franklin. But, before I enter on the particulars of this fortunate accident, I must state certain circumstances by which it was preceded.

RUSH had constantly endeavoured to place himself *at the head* of something or other; and, as is common with persons possessed of vanity too great to suffer them to remain quiet in obscurity, and of talents too contemptible, or tempers too fickle to enable them to attain superiority by the ordinary course of advancement, he had ever been upon the search for some discovery, some captivating novelty, to which he might prefix his *name*, and thus reach, at a single leap, the goal at which men seldom arrive but by slow, cautious, and painful approaches. To a determination to become a great man, in defiance of niggardly Nature, might be fairly attributed all the solemn fooleries of this versatile Doctor, who, in his impatient pursuit after fame, had chopped and changed from science to science, till at last, like the straggling hound, he had the mortification to see himself outstripped in the chase by the slow-motioned companions whom he formerly despised*.

* Just such another being is that *pestilential* writer, Noah Webster, jun. "*Esq.*" This poor creature, who, had he been content to move in that sphere for which alone Nature intended him, would, by this time, have been a very tolerable teacher, and would have gained an honest and reputable livelihood, has, by his vanity and presumption, rendered himself, successively, an object of indignation and contempt, ridicule and pity. From the collision of two such bodies as Rush and Webster, one might naturally expect something strongly expressive

Various were the tricks that he tried; Religion, Morals, Jurisprudence, Literature, Economy, Politics, and Philosophy, all became, at times, the subject of his plans and his projects. Still, however, fame fled from his grasp. His "*Original* "Essays," though aided by puffs in abundance, excited a laugh, and that was all. The learned languages were still taught in the schools; little girls still played with dolls, and parents still kept sharp knives and pointed scissars from the hands of their children; men still used tobacco, and women continued to sweeten their tea with West India sugar. Thus baffled, thus first despised, and then forgotten, as an author, the Doctor saw no hope of rendering himself distinguished but as a *physician*. On this, therefore, he appears to have resolved, much about the time that the Yellow Fever of 1793 offered an opportunity favourable to the enterprise. He had, by those arts which men of his stamp never fail to employ, obtained some trifling marks of respect amongst certain philosophical bodies in Europe*; he had thrust himself into many of the

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pressive of emptiness; and accordingly a farcical anecdote of their first meeting in Philadelphia, where Webster had just been appointed a teacher in the Episcopal Academy, is worth relating.

SCENE THE STREET.

*Enter Rush and Webster.*

*Rush.*—How do you do, my dear friend? I congratulate you on your arrival in Philadelphia.

*Webster.*—You may, if you please, Sir, congratulate Philadelphia on the occasion!!!——(*They embrace.*)

* Rush's pleader, Hopkinson, observed that his learned client had received honours and compliments from the *East Indies*, and from the *West Indies*. I should like to know whether these honours and compliments came from the Moors or the Gentoos, from the Negroes or Mulattoes. Probably King Toussaint, hearing that our famous phlebotomist is Treasurer of the Mint, may have conceived him to be a personage worthy of his "high con-"sideration." I wonder Hopkinson had not produced some proof

public institutions in America; he read chemical lectures to the young "Ladies" in the Philadelphia Academy, and clinical lectures to the young "Doctors" in the University of Pennsylvania; but all this did not make him a first-rate medical man. His practice was still confined to that class of people who are not the best qualified to judge of, or the most able to reward, scientific merit.

To recover his lost ground, to relieve himself from this humiliating situation, and to tower over the heads of his envied brethren, he seized, with uncommon alacrity and address, the occasion pre-

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proof of his client being held in great esteem by their Majesties, Kings Bull-Dog and Hanging-Maw, at whose court he himself had the *honour* of a public audience.

But another of the pleaders, Ingersol, went further. He told the jury, that his client was an *honorary* member of *almost* every Society in *Europe*, or in the *world*. When I was a boy, we used to say, that *almost* and *hard-by* saved many a *lie*; but, I can hardly allow Master Ingersol to take shelter under this salvo. Amongst the learned societies that ought to be supposed capable of judging of Rush's merits, are, certainly, those of Great Britain; and I can assure the reader, that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Doctor, his name has never met with any thing worthy of being called *honour* from those societies. He has, indeed, been noticed by two or three little knots of visionaries in France and Germany, amongst whom any man may purchase an *honorary* membership with the price of a pair of shoes a-piece for the President and Vice-President.—Ingersol descended to particulars, and in this he was singularly fortunate. He mentioned *Dr. Trotter* as having borne testimony to the merits of Rush; but, without knowing, perhaps, that Dr. Trotter had also borne testimony, and in a more decided and public manner, to the merits of *Perkins's metallic points!!!* It is pity the pleader had not been apprised of this fact. What a fine opportunity for exulting at the triumph of American genius over the "obloquy and contempt cast upon it by the proud philosophers "of Europe!" And let it be remembered too, that these two great men have arisen *since the revolution*; since these states have been a *Republic*. Had such lights begun to blaze forth under the Monarchy, I doubt not that some one would have been found tyrannical enough to put the extinguisher on them.

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sented by the Yellow Fever, the fearful ravages of which were peculiarly calculated to dispose the minds of the panic-struck people to the tolerance, and even to the admiration of experiments, which, at any other time, they would have rejected with disdain. Besides this debilitated state of the public mind, Rush had several other circumstances in his favour; the only newspaper (that of Brown), which continued to circulate in the city, was almost entirely under his control; his clamorous professions of republicanism had gained him numerous partisans amongst the class of citizens who could not flee to the country; and the physicians, whose opinions he had to encounter, though highly respected by all classes, were men of too peaceable a turn to enter the field with a person, who scrupled not, at the very opening of the campaign, to carry the war into the public prints; and though many of them were by no means deficient in point of spirit, they probably thought it beneath the dignity of their characters to engage in a contest, of any sort, with a *Discoverer of Nostrums*. The reflecting on these circumstances, which would have damped the spirit of a man of real science, acted as a stimulus with the enterprising Rush, who, so that he gained a *name* amongst the multitude, seemed totally regardless as to its being purchased by the contempt of his skilful contemporaries*.

* Many are the anecdotes which the Philadelphians relate of the disgusting vanity of this man; but I do not, at present, recollect one so perfectly in character as the following. Rush had advanced, in one of his lectures or essays, some wild and ridiculous position, for which he was reproved by a gentleman who knew him. "Well, well," replied he, "never mind it; "only say, it is *à la mode de Rush*."—Paltry, despicable vanity! if, however, *notoriety* be still his only wish, that wish is *now* in a fair way of being gratified even to satiety.—By the aid of a Philadelphia court and jury, he has procured an ample provision of *money* and of *fame*.

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He did not, however, according to his own account of the matter, go incautiously to work; but took all those preliminary steps, which serve to give the air of plausibility to an unjustifiable procedure. He first consulted, as usual, with the College of Physicians; he learnt the particulars, and tried, or pretended to try, the effects of the practice of every individual physician of note: then, and not before, he broached his *grand discovery*. The manner in which this discovery was made, with the pranks that he played before and after it, if we could forget the melancholy circumstances that accompanied them, furnish an admiral subject for the pencil of a Moliere.

At the first breaking out of the Yellow Fever, he made use of "*gentle purges**;" these he laid aside, and had recourse to "*a gentle vomit of ipecacuanha;*" next he "*gave bark in all its usual forms, of in-*"*fusion, powder, and tincture, and joined wine,* "*brandy, and aromatics, with it;*" this was followed by "*the application of blisters to the limbs,* "*neck, and head;*" these torments were succeeded by "*an attempt to rouse the system by wrapping the* "*whole body in blankets dipped in warm vinegar;*" he next "*rubbed the right side with mercurial oint-*"*ment, with a view of exciting the action of the* "*vessels through the medium of the liver;*" after this he again returned to bark, which he gave "*in large* "*quantities, and, in one case, ordered it to be injected* "*into the bowels once in four hours;*" and, at last, having found, that wrapping his patient in *blankets dipped in warm vinegar* did no good, he "*directed* "*buckets full of cold water to be thrown frequently* "*upon them!!!*"

* See his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, page 193 and the following.

Sur-

Surprising as it may seem, his patients *died!* Thus baffled, as he tells us, in every attempt to stop the ravages of the fever, he anticipated all the numerous and complicated distresses attendant on pestilential diseases. "Heaven alone," says he, "bore "witness to the anguish of *my* soul! But," proceeds he in the same strain of disgusting egotism, "I did not abandon a hope that the disease "might yet be cured. I *had* long believed that "good *was* commensurate with evil, and that there "*does* not exist a disease for which the good-"ness of Providence *has** not provided a remedy." And modestly presuming, that he was (as he afterwards boasted in print) the instrument chosen by Providence for discovering the remedy which it had in this case provided, he tells us, that he applied himself with fresh ardour to the investigation of the Yellow Fever, and for a long time in vain. "But," says he, "before I desisted I *re-*"*collected* that I had, *among some old papers*, a ma-"nuscript account of the Yellow Fever, as it pre-"vailed in Virginia, in the year 1741, which had "been put into my hands by Doctor Franklin, a "short time before his death."—This present, which was not the only one Franklin bestowed on Philadelphia, proved to be, in its qualities, something like that which poor Hercules received from Dejanira.

Rush tells us (A. of Yellow F. of 1793, p. 197), that he was much struck with certain passages of

* Reader, I beg you to pay attention to the *grammar* of this sentence, and to recollect that the writer of it has published what he calls "*Literary Essays*;" that he has had the assurance to decry the mode of teaching followed in the schools and universities, and the intolerable impudence to propose its abolition, to make way for *a plan of his own!* It is astonishing that amongst the hundreds of men of learning and genius who have been reviled by this illiterate pretender to universal knowledge, no one has ever undertaken to expose him.

this old manuscript, but particularly with one, in which the writer observed, that "an ill-timed *scru-* "*pulousness about the weakness of the body* was of "bad consequence," and he declared that he had "given a purge, *when the pulse was so low that it* "*could hardly be felt**."—Reading on, Rush says he came to the following words:—"This evacu- "ation must be procured by *lenitive chologoque* "*purges*."

"Here," says he, "I paused.—A new train of "ideas *suddenly* broke in upon my mind."—He then mentions his former *scruples*; "but," adds he, "Dr. Mitchill" [the man of the old manuscript] "*in a moment* dissipated my ignorance and my "*fears*. I adopted his theory, and practice," and [without any trial] "*resolved* to follow them!!"

Having, "in a moment," formed this resolution, he very soon proceeded to put it in practice. The "*chologoque purge*" that he fixed upon was composed of ten grains of calomel and fifteen of jalap. To this purge, which the inventor sometimes called the *Sampson* of Medicine, was added *copious blood-letting*; a most powerful co-operator!

With these *remedies* the Pennsylvanian "Hippo- "crates" set to work in the beginning of September. This practice gained no partisans, except amongst the ignorant beings who were about his person, or who had recently been his pupils. But, what with the public rage for wonder-working medicines, the noisy boasting of the Rushites, and the delicacy which imposed silence on such men as Drs. Khun and Wistar, the mercurial purges became popular, and the discoverer, so elated, that

* I wonder whether this intrepid fellow was a progenitor of the *modest* Dr. Mitchill of New-York? The latter is the founder of the "*Mitchillanian*" something or other, I have forgotten what.

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he thought it no longer necessary to suppress the suggestions of his vanity: accordingly, on the 12th of September, he actually came out in the newspapers with an exulting recommendation of the use of *his* specifics, as the only means of saving the lives of the sick.

Various were the publications that he now sent through the papers, in the form of paragraphs, cards, letters, &c. in one of which he asserted, that, in consequence of his discovery, there was no occasion for fleeing to the country, for that the Yellow Fever was no longer a dangerous disease, but was *now* perfectly under the power of medicine. He concluded this card to the people, which was published on the 12th of September, by saying, that, with *his* remedies, "there was no more "danger to be apprehended from the Yellow "Fever, than from the *measles* or the *influenza*." On the 17th of the same month he concluded a letter to the College of Physicians (who entirely disapproved of his practice) by positively declaring, that, could *he* visit all the sick, and be assisted with proper nurses, the disease would soon be reduced, in point of danger and mortality, to a level with a *common cold!* Still rising in audacity, he wrote to Dr. Rodgers of New-York, on the 3d of October, a letter, which was immediately published, and in which, after speaking of the practice of the other physicians in terms the most contemptuous, he asserted, that *he* recovered *ninety-nine* patients in a *hundred!*

On the impudence and insolence of these publications the reader will ask for no comment, and their *falsehood* (if, indeed, that will admit of a doubt) shall be amply proved, after I have given some account of the Doctor's practice of *emptying*, and of his coadjutors in carrying on the noble work.

The practice was, as he said, very simple and very efficacious; for it consisted merely of bleeding upon bleeding, sometimes to one hundred and fifty ounces, and of purge upon purge, sometimes to sixty grains of mercury and to ninety grains of jalap! It would be highly presumptuous in me to pretend to give *my own* objections to this, or to any other mode of treating a disease: and, therefore, though such unmerciful bleeding and purging seem to be synonymous with death itself, I shall state the objections which were made by those gentlemen, who were, who are, and who will remain, at the head of the medical profession in America.

These gentlemen insisted that *the purges* were of too drastic a nature; they compared them to *arsenic*, and said it was a dose for a horse.—They said that the mercury excited salivation, even to loosening the teeth*.—They said that it inflamed and lacerated the stomach and the bowels; and, in proof, they cited a dissection made at Bush-hill, wherein were exhibited the horrid effects of the mercurial purges.—They further said, and, as far as I was able to learn, with great truth, that this violent and dangerous purge, though it must inevitably be destructive in weak habits, was prescribed indiscriminately in all cases, to persons of both sexes, and of all ages.—Finally, when the calls of humanity compelled them, after long forbearance, publicly to protest against these dreadful doses, they reprobated the use of them in the strongest terms. Doctor Currie, who was one of the College of Phy-

* Rush replied to this objection by saying, that he "met "with but two cases in which there was a *loss* of teeth from "this medicine."—But, my dear "Hippocrates," there is some little difference between *loosening* and *losing* one's teeth. You think it is nothing, I suppose, unless your patients' teeth drop into his porridge?

sicians,

sicians, earnestly besought the poor deluded Philadelphians to open their eyes, to beware of the new remedies; for, said he, "*the mode of treatment advised by Dr. Rush cannot, in the Yellow Fever, fail of being CERTAIN DEATH.*"

As to the *bleeding* part of the practice, the same learned and experienced gentleman said, and I believe, most truly, that it was *dangerously copious*, and that many persons had been destroyed by it*.—They said, that if the patient happened to survive such copious discharges of the vital fluid, they produced weakness, and that their consequences often terminated in the total ruin of the constitution.—Here also they justly complained of the want of discrimination, and asserted that blood-letting was prescribed in all cases, without any regard to the habit, the age, or the force of the diseased.

To each of these objections Rush replied by producing patients *who had survived* the treatment objected to! That is to say, by proving to the satisfaction of the most incredulous, that *every one* he touched did not die! Nobody ever contradicted him; for it was never doubted, that there were constitutions capable of resisting even his prescriptions. For instance, he mentions Mr. Mierken as being able to *work* in the sugar-house, in nine days after his last bleeding; but, he takes good care not

* Rush, in replying to this objection, has these words: "As "a *proof* that I did not draw one ounce of blood too much, it "will be only necessary to add, hæmorrhages *frequently* occurred "*after* a third, a fourth, and in one instance, *after* a sixth "bleeding had been used."——Now, reader, of whatever nation, kindred, or tongue, you may be, if you live in an American seaport, and have a life that you think worth preserving, do not proceed an inch further till you have carefully, and candidly, perused a short article towards the close of this pamphlet, entitled, "*The Ignorance of the Pennsylvanian Hippocrates exposed.*"—Turn to it immediately, I conjure you, and do not quit it, till you have read it three times over.

to say how much, or rather how little blood Mr. Mierken lost, and, in the language of one of his opponents, he remembers to forget to say that Mr. Mierken is the Hercules of Philadelphia; that his amazing strength is proverbial, and that, as to his *working* in his sugar-house, it is as ridiculous as it would be to talk of an Admiral's *working* on board his ship.—But, I know of no man who surpasses Rush in what is vulgarly called, cheating the devil of a lie. This statement respecting Mr. Mierken is no unfair specimen of his candour.

His co-operators in the practice above described, were his former pupils, *Leib*, *Porter*, *Annan*, *Woodhouse*, and *Mease*, men, who, as *physicians*, were scarcely known. Leib, to the celebrity of whose morality I shall dedicate some future Number of this work, has, since the Fever of 1793, found it prudent to quit the healing art, and become (God save the while!) a *legislator*. Of Dr. Porter I never heard, till he resigned his *no salary* post in the Dispensary, because his colleague Dr. Reynolds (the United Irishman) had been turned out by the managers of that institution. Dr. Annan died of the Yellow Fever. I never knew him; nor did I ever hear his name mentioned three times in my life. Mease, the *grateful* Mease, the reader saw enough of, in the first Number of the Rush-Light; but, if any criterion be wanted respecting his professional character, and the extent of his practice as a Physician, let it only be remembered, that in 1797, four years after the period of which we are now speaking, he thought himself happy in the office of Physician of the port, which confined him to an island several miles from the city, upon a salary of about nine hundred dollars a year, an income little exceeding that of a journeyman mechanic in Philadelphia. As to poor Woodhouse, or, as Rush calls him, Dr. Woodhouse, I refer the reader to an article in the next Number, entitled

entitled the "RAVING RUSHITE." To the above-named practitioners are to be added, of course, five pupils, who yet remained under the tuition of Rush.

Such were the medical characters, of whose concurrence and whose aid the Doctor had to boast. I shall now speak of the irregular brethren and sisterhood, who were called in to assist in administering the potent mysteries, and whom the High Priest very properly calls the "undisciplined sect of prac-"titioners." Of this sect, which was tolerably numerous, Rush records the exploits of a few of the most eminent; these were, a *Popish Priest*, a *German Apothecary*, an *Auctioneer*, two *Old Women*, and a brace of *Negro Parsons*, the REVEREND ABSALOM JONES, and the REVEREND RICHARD ALLEN*!!!

Of this motley squad the two Reverend Negroes seem to have been his favourites; for, says he,

* Amongst the numerous evils, which the spirit of equality has produced in the United States, the degradation of the *clerical character* is not the least; and, amongst the causes, which have produced this evil, the admission of Negroes to the ministry has not been the least efficient. Philanthropic dreamers may say what they please; they may tell us, that we are all men, and all made by the same Almighty hand; but we see that this same Almighty hand has made some *white*, and others *black*, and till these two colours shall appear the same to our sight, we never shall believe that whites and negroes were intended to live upon an equality with each other. But, as if the degradation of the clergy were not completed by the admission of members of the African race, the above-mentioned aid-de-camp of Rush, the Rev. Mr. Allen, joins to his profession of clergyman, that of *chimney-sweep*; thus exhibiting an impious resemblance between the most vile, and most sacred functions; for he is still dressed in *black*, whether in his clerical or his lay character, and he still obeys the injunction to *cry aloud and spare not*, whether he peeps from the pulpit or from the chimney, and whether his vociferations are directed against sin or against soot.

" they spent all the intervals in which they were not " employed in burying the dead, in visiting the " poor who were sick, *and in bleeding and purging* " *them*, agreeably to the directions" [his directions] " which had been published in all the news- " papers." He has the impudence to add, that the success of these fellows " was unparalleled by what " is called *regular practice*." But, ask any man, who had the mortification to be a spectator of their operations, and he will tell you what bloody and dirty work they made amongst the infatuated creatures who submitted to their treatment.

When the reader casts his eye on the wretched city; when he sees Rush's *sister*, his pupils, and, perhaps, twenty apothecaries' apprentices besides, all making packets of mercury; and when he sees the swift poison (for such mercury is, when improperly used) committed to the hands of old women and negroes, he will not be surprised at the fatal consequences: instead of astonishment at the vast increase of the bills of mortality, he will find ample occasion for thanksgiving that a single man was left alive.

But Rush, on the contrary, blessed God for the discovery he had made, and for the success of his practice. In his above-mentioned letter to Dr. Rodgers of New York, he modestly observed that he had been " the unworthy instrument in the hands of " a kind Providence of recovering *more* than *ninety-* " *nine out of a hundred* of his patients;" and he had before, with not less modesty, publicly proclaimed in Philadelphia, that, with the aid of *his* remedies, the Fever was, " in point of danger and mortality, " reduced to a level with the *measles*, the *influenza*, " or a *common cold*." In his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, a work written after he had time to reflect, and to retract these assertions, he repeats

repeats them with additional effrontery, and thus deprives himself of all claim to an exemption from the charge of *intentional falsehood*. He gives no *list* of his patients; an omission not to be accounted for otherwise than by his assurance that such a list would give the lie to his assertions, and, of course, withdraw the only prop by which the virtue of his famous discovery was supported. The evasion, by which he attempts to account for this omission, is the most pitiful that ever suggested itself. "I regret," says he, "that it is not in my "power to furnish a list of them, for a *majority* of "them were poor people, whose names are still "*unkn*[redacted]o me."—Can you believe this, reader? Can you imagine that this man, who was labouring with might and main to establish his reputation on the success of a discovery, to which he had prefixed his name, would omit to note down the names of those he cured? Recollect, too, that his system was opposed by other physicians; that the public had been cautioned against his practice, as against "*certain death*." Under such circumstances, had he cured *more* than *ninety-nine out of a hundred*; nay, had he cured but ninety-nine out of a *thousand*, can you believe that he would have omitted to note down the *survivors?* He says a *majority* of his patients were poor people. But this did not prevent him from recording the names of the *minority:* and, besides, poverty does not deprive men of their *names*; nor are the names of the poor any longer, or more difficult to write down, than those of the rich. The Grand Discoverer had several underlings in his house, and though they did, indeed, die off pretty fast, in spite of the specific powders, there was one, at least, I believe, left alive to take down the names of the patients. When I was in the army I frequently wrote from eight to ten regimental mus-

ter-

ter-rolls in one day, amounting, in all, to about four thousand names: Rush must have had fearful trade, if his register would have had more work than this. Moreover, suppose that, contrary to the dictates of common prudence as well as to the laudable example of Dr. Perkins and all other great discoverers, the registering of the names had actually been neglected, till the very hour when the Doctor *regretted* that he could not furnish a list: how easily might he have repaired the loss by an advertisement in the newspapers, calling on all those who had been cured by him, to send their names to his house? He was not very delicate, God knows, in thrusting his remedies into vogue; and why he should be more delicate in obtaining proofs of their wonderful effects, is, I think, hard to be satisfactorily accounted for. No doubt can be entertained, that his patients (I mean the *live* ones) would have rejoiced in an opportunity of bearing testimony to the virtue of those means by which they had been rescued from the jaws of death. Never did a healing discovery fail of success for want of certificates of its efficacy; on the contrary, wonder-working nostrums are always indebted for a great portion of celebrity, to the importance which each lucky patient attaches to its existence, and to the vanity which almost every one has, of appearing in print. I repeat, therefore, that a notification in the papers would have received immediate attention; and that the patients, whom the discovery had left alive, would have vied with each other in a speedy communication of their names; unless, indeed, they were *all* in the state of the unfortunate woman, who was described to Rush by Dr. Woodhouse, and, "who "*after* her recovery, *could not recollect her name!!*" —Poor souls! If the Doctor had advertised, few then

them would, I am afraid, have recollected their names!*

Fortunately, however, for Philadelphia, and unfortunately for Rush and his discovery, a bill of *mortality* was kept by the officers of the city. This bill of mortality, compared with the vaunts of the Doctor, will enable any one to form a tolerably accurate judgment, not only of the truth of his statements, but of the saving effects of his remedies, as applied by himself and his numerous assistants.

The Yellow Fever of 1793 broke out on the first of August, and from that day to the eighth of September the number of deaths had been various, once as low as three and once as high as forty-two. Now it was, that mercury and the lancet began to be put in motion, and I beseech you, reader, to mark their progress. "List! list! O list!"

On September the twelfth Rush began to recommend his powders by public advertisement. He, at the same time, told the people not to leave the city; that there was no longer any danger, for that his discovery had put the Fever upon a level with the *measles*, the *influenza*, or a *common cold*. For some days previous to this, the ravages of the Fever had become less alarming, the bill of mortality had fallen from forty-two to twenty-three per day; and, as Rush had reduced the disease, in point of danger, to a level with a *common cold*, the poor Philadelphians, who were carried away by his noisy impudence, began to hail him as their deliverer from a calamity which they now looked upon as nearly at an end. But, *Death*, who seems always to have had an implacable grudge against the

* See Rush's Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, page 64.—But when the reader has taken a view of this Dr. Woodhouse, in the article entitled the "*Raving Rushite*," in the next number, he will be able to judge pretty correctly of the degree of credit due to the statement of this subaltern reporter.

Penn-

Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates," persecuted him, in the present instance, with more severity than ever; for, from the day on which Rush declared that his discovery had reduced the Fever to a level with a *common cold*; from the day on which he promulgated the infallibility of his nostrum; from that day did the bill of mortality begin to increase in a fearful degree, as will be seen by the following extract.

| | Days. | Deaths. |
|---|---|---|
| September | 11th | 23 |
| | 12th | 33 |
| | 13th | 37 |
| | 14th | 48 |
| | 15th | 56 |
| | 16th | 67 |
| | 17th | 81 |
| | 18th | 69 |
| | 19th | 61 |
| | 20th | 67 |
| | 21st | 57 |
| | 22nd | 76 |
| | 23d | 68 |
| | 24th | 96 |
| | 25th | 87 |
| | 26th | 52 |
| | 27th | 60 |
| | 28th | 51 |
| | 29th | 57 |
| | 30th | 63 |
| October | 1st | 74 |
| | 2nd | 66 |
| | 3d | 78 |
| | 4th | 58 |
| | 5th | 71 |
| | 6th | 76 |
| | 7th | 82 |

Oct to-

| | Days. | Deaths. |
|---|---|---|
| October | 8th | 90 |
| | 9th | 102 |
| | 10th | 93 |
| | 11th | 119 |

Thus, you see, that though the Fever was, on the 12th of September, reduced to a level with a common cold; though the lancet was continually unsheathed; though Rush and his subalterns were ready at every call, the deaths did actually increase; and, incredible as it may seem, this increase grew with that of the very practice which saved more than ninety-nine patients out of a hundred! Astonishing obstinacy! Perverse Philadelphians! Notwithstanding there was a man in your city, who could have healed you at a touch, you continued to die! Notwithstanding the precious purges were advertised at every corner, and were brought even to your doors and bedsides by Old Women and Negroes; notwithstanding life was offered you on terms the most reasonable and accommodating, still you persisted in dying! Nor did barely dying content you. It was not enough for you to reject the means of prolonging your existence, but you must begin to drop off the faster from the moment that those means were presented so you; and this, for no earthly purpose, that I can see, but the malicious one of injuring the reputation of the "saving Angel," whom "a kind Providence had sent to your assistance!"

But, it was not only amongst the people in general that the Doctor met with this mortifying perverseness, even the members of his own household, those who dipped in the same dish with him, and who were to share in his honours, seem, in like manner, to have conspired against the fame of his discovery; for, of his sister and five pupils, all of whom

whom were attacked with the Fever, *four* had the ingratitude to seal, with their death, the condemnation of his practice.

This fact, which the discoverer would doubtless have concealed, if he could, gave a mortal blow to the Rushite system. When the Doctor was called on, as he repeatedly was, for a *list* of his patients, he pretended he had kept none; when the dreadful increase of the bill of mortality was shown to have begun with the use of his remedies, he replied, that this increase was occasioned by the want of *timely* application, by that timidity which prevented patients from losing blood, or swallowing mercury, enough, and by a want of proper nurses. These reasons, though they could not possibly account for the *increase* of the bill of mortality, might, in some sort, account for its not *decreasing*, and might also, as far as they applied to the city in general, be opposed, with some plausibility, to the charges brought against the *inefficacy* of the new discovery; but they could, in no way whatever, be applicable to the brethren and sisterhood, who were not only fully persuaded of the virtue of, but were employed in preparing and administering the infallible remedies, more especially to the happy few, who resided under the same roof with the "saving Angel" himself. These fortunate beings were, undoubtedly, kept in that state of preparation recommended in the Doctor's bills! they lived in a fine airy house, and wanted for no menial assistance; they could not suffer for want of a *timely* application of the remedies, for, besides that the great "Hippocrates" himself was always within call, each patient, the sister excepted, was himself a bleeder, and they had all the life-preserving purges continually under their fingers: yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, they died no less than *four* out of the *six*; and, as this

this is the only authentic record, from which a judgment can be formed of the Doctor's success, we have an undoubted right to proceed, in our calculation, from the known to the unknown, and to conclude, accordingly, that, instead of *saving* more than ninety-nine, he lost at least sixty-six, out of every hundred of his patients; and, to close the melancholy account, it does not appear, from a list which came out early in the Fever of 1797, under the signature of one of the *pupils* who had the good fortune to survive, that this triumphant practice, when carried to its full extent, saved, or rather *spared*, more than twenty-two out of the hundreds and hundreds who were said to have submitted to it*! Well might Doctor Currie call upon his fellow citizens "to *open their eyes!* Well might he assure them that Rush's Yellow Fever remedies were "*certain death!*"†

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* This list was published in all the Philadelphia papers on the 14th September 1797. It was signed by John Redman Coxe, and was intended to *remove the fears* entertained of copious bleeding; but, while the list itself proved, that the Rushites sometimes bled to 100 or 150 ounces, it could produce but 22 persons who had been able to resist a bleeding of upwards of 50 ounces! Coxe did not perceive that he was establishing, in place of removing, the fears entertained of the practice. But, in mistakes of this kind, he only followed the example of his too sanguine preceptor.

† If this be a libel, let Rush prosecute Dr. Currie. Nay, let him prosecute himself; for, though Dr. Currie wrote and published the condemnation, the great "Hippocrates" re-published it; and, according to the decisions of the Courts of Pennsylvania, the *re-publisher* is the *greatest offender*. When Rush wrote his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, he was, as the saying is, upon his high horse. He had been so flattered by a set of mean parasites, of various professions, that he really began to think there was no other physician in the world worthy of the least attention. Hence he had the audacity to despise, or to affect to despise, the opinion of Doctor Currie, and was thus led to introduce into his own work, and to assist in giving circulation to the

Such, reader, was the origin, and such were the first blessed fruits, of the far-famed *system of Depletion*. It remains for me to give my reasons for endeavouring to explode it, and to justify the means I made use of for that purpose.

In the dispute of 1793 Rush was fairly defeated, notwithstanding he wrote more in the several newspapers than all the other physicians put together, and notwithstanding he plyed his "dear Philadel-"phians," his "dear fellow citizens," with more than *quantum sufficit* of that oily lingo, for which he has long been renowned. His "dear fellow "citizens" loved coaxing well enough, but they loved life better. Still resolved, however, not to acknowledge himself in an error, but to support his practice, if possible, he stopped until the Fever was over, and then, like the famous physician of Valladolid, he *wrote a book*; that book to which this pamphlet is so largely indebted, and which produced an effect precisely the contrary of the one intended. Men could not be persuaded, even by the smooth tongue of Rush, that bleeding *almost to death* was likely to save life.

When, therefore, the Yellow Fever again broke out in 1797, "Hippocrates" and his pupils (who were the only persons that followed the practice) found very little to do. The "saving Angel" recommenced writing in the newspapers, but with somewhat less confidence and more caution than

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the severest sentence that ever was passed on his discovery. He seemed not to recollect that Doctor Currie was a member of the College of Physicians, and that his opinion might have far more weight than his own. He verified, however (but certainly without intending it), the maxim laid down in his book; for, as if to prove to his readers that for every *evil* Providence had provided a counteracting *good*, he sent out his own *poison* accompanied with the *antidote* of Currie.—Poor Rush has overshot himself oftener, perhaps, than any other man in existence.

formerly.

formerly. He did not (except in a few instances) address himself *directly* to his "dear fellow citi- "zens," but published letters, sent to him by his brethren of the lancet practice, giving accounts of the great cures wrought by bleeding and mercurial purges.—Sometimes a letter from Rush to some other of the learned tribe would appear, preceded by a letter requesting information respecting his mode of practice. On these occasions the Discoverer seldom failed to expatiate largely on the virtues of his remedies, and on the success of their application, always taking care to throw in a due portion of compliment to the skill of his correspondent, and of tender solicitude for the welfare of his "dear countrymen" and "dear fellow citizens." These systematic endeavours for reviving the practice were carried to such a shameless length, that there sometimes appeared in print letters written to, and answers received from, physicians dwelling in the same city of Philadelphia, men with whom Rush was most intimate, and with whom he conversed, probably, ten times a day. What necessity was there for such men to *write* to each other? What could they write for, but the express purpose of publishing their letters in the papers? And what object could they have in view, in these indirect addresses to the public, but that of extolling their own practice, of advancing their own fame, and increasing their own profits?

These tricks did not, however, pass unperceived. Many gentlemen of Philadelphia (not physicians) expressed to me their dread of the practice, and their indignation at the arts that were made use of to render it prevalent. They thought, and not without reason, that it was lawful, just, and fair, to employ a newspaper in decrying what other newspapers had been employed to extol. In fact, I wanted very little persuasion to induce me to en-

deavour to prevent a revival of that which I had always looked upon as the scourge to the city, in 1793, and which now, I was fully persuaded, menaced the lives of my friends, my neighbours, my workmen, my customers, and, in short, of the people in general amongst whom I dwelt. Every thing seemed to threaten a return of the former consternation and calamity. The chariot* of the mighty "Hippocrates" began again to rattle along the lanes and alleys; the sect of "undisciplined "practitioners" were again taking the field; the Rev. Negroes had tucked up the sleeves of their gaberdine, were preparing to draw the lancet and throw away the scabbard. Purge and bleed! purge and bleed! resounded through the half-deserted city, while the responsive howlings of the dogs "gave dreadful note of preparation."

Frigid indeed must have been my feelings, or cowardly must have been my heart, if, with a public print, such as I held in my hand, I had, in a scene like this, remained a silent spectator. Far was it from me to think of a course so dishonourable. I thought I saw approaching all the horrors of 1793, and both my interest and my duty commanded me to endeavour to avert them†.

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* Lest the English, or any other reader, should attach the *English* signification to this word, and imagine that Rush really keeps a *chariot*, I must observe, that the thing I allude to is a queer looking hutch, big enough to hold only one man. It has glass doors and windows, it is drawn by one horse, and has an elevated box, from which a negro fellow lashes his poor four-legged fellow citizens. Just after the 5000 dollar decision, the Rushites published a triumphal caricature, representing Rush with the above equipage, driving over a Porcupine, and squeezing out of its throat great quantities of *blood* and dollars. A New-Yorker, seeing this picture, unaccompanied with any explanation, mistook it for a representation of *the chariot of death, driven by the devil!*

† Moses Levi, one of Rush's lawyers, had the charity to suggest, that I, being a *Royalist*, might possibly have hoped, by discrediting

For writing *medical* essays; for controverting *scientifically* the wild positions of Rush and his adherents, I acknowledged myself then, as I do now, totally unqualified. To the charges of ignorance in medicine, brought against me by the great "Hippocrates," I might, indeed, have found a triumphant reply in his own book on the Yellow Fever; I might have produced himself as a witness against himself; I might have quoted the passages, where he asserts, that the success of the two Negroes, in curing the Yellow Fever, was "unparalleled by "what was called regular practice;" that a hundred things are taught in the common schools, less useful, "and many things more difficult than the "knowledge that would be necessary to cure a "Yellow Fever, or the Plague;" and that "all "the knowledge necessary to discover when blood-"letting is proper, *might be taught to a boy or a* "*girl of twelve years old in a few hours!* I taught "it," adds he, "*in less time* to several persons "during our late epidemic!"—"It is time," exclaims he in another place, "to take the cure of "pestilential fevers *out of the hands of physicians*, "and to place it *in the hands of the people!*"—I might have shown that he very highly applauded the conduct of the Popish Priest, who exhorted the *other* physicians "to renounce the pride of science, "and *adopt the new remedies**."—I might, in short,

discrediting the Doctor's practice, to increase the mortality amongst the *Republicans*! Such a diabolical thought never could have been engendered but in the mind of a Jew! But honest Mosey seemed to have forgotten that I could not possibly want to kill *myself*. I cannot for my life, however, muster up any thing like anger against a poor devil like Moses; he did not believe a word that he said; he vash vorking for de monish, dat vash all.

* Rush says, however, that this infatuated quackish divine *died* in this same Yellow Fever.—Fielding, in order to give us an adequate idea of the extreme confusion experienced by one of

have proved most satisfactorily, that, according to the written assertions of this impudent innovator, I was duly and amply qualified to approve of, or to condemn, any mode of treating the Yellow Fever; and, indeed, had I been fool or knave enough to join his troop of Mock-Doctors, I could probably have talked very learnedly about "*bleeding as white* "*as Jersey veal*," about "*washing the guts*," and "*shaking the gall-bladder*;" nay, it is possible, that I could have equalled even the Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates" in that butcher-like dialect, which is so admirably calculated to vulgarize the medical profession, and to brutalize the human frame; but I felt no inclination to imitate, in any way whatever, the "undisciplined sect of practitioners," and, therefore, while I admitted the sober refutations of those medical gentlemen, who thought Rush worth their notice, I confined myself to squibs, puns, epigrams, and quotations from Gil Blas*. In this *petite guerre* I had an excellent auxiliary in Mr. Fenno, jun. or rather, Fenno was the principal

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his characters, says it was as great "as that of a quack must be, "if in the midst of a declamation on the great virtues of his "powders, the corpse of one of his martyrs should be brought "forth, and deposited before the stage as a testimony of his "skill;" but, even Fielding never supposed a case, wherein the corpse of a quack himself should be brought forth, in the like way, and for a similar purpose!

* The pleaders of Rush asserted, that my attacks were confined to the *man*, and not to his *practice*; this, though the Jury affected to believe it, was *notoriously* false. It was *always* the practice, and *never* the man, that I assailed. They asserted besides, that I never attempted a refutation of the *errors* of the practice; this was also notoriously false; for if the puns and squibs were to be ascribed to *me*, so were all those excellent medical essays which appeared in my paper, and for a specimen of which I refer the reader to the article in the present number, entitled, "The Ignorance of the Pennsylvanian Hippocrates "exposed."

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and I the auxiliary, Never was a paper war carried on with greater activity and perseverance, or crowned with more complete success. It began about the middle of September, and before October was nearly ended, the system of depletion was the standing jest of the town. Rush suppressed his mortification for a good while; he seemed to say that it was beneath a great physician, and a member of the *learned* philosophical society of Philadelphia, to be ruffled at what a couple of low newsmongers could say; but, at last, having been coupled, in a ludicrous way, with his dear friend Samuel Coats, a quaker philanthropist, brother Broadbrim and he, after a *secret attempt* (which I shall mention by and by) had been made to silence our presses*, laid their heads together, and "sent "for a sinful man in the flesh, called an Attorney, "to prepare a parchment, and carry us unto judg-"ment†."

(*To be continued.*)

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A BITTER PILL FOR THE RUSHITES.

In the last Number of Porcupine's Gazette, I observed that it was somewhat singular and it really

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* This *attempt* should be mentioned here, but as it forms the first link of the chain of facts, which ends in the famous 5000 dollar verdict, I shall reserve it for the next Number; requesting the reader, in the mean time, to suspend his curiosity, for that any thing his imagination can conceive will fall greatly short of what I have to relate.

† The defence of my publications, (a little better one than Mr. Harper made) cannot come into this Number for want of room; certain anecdotes, lately received, respecting Dewees and Co. having made a considerable addition to it.

was so) that, on the 14th of December, on the same day, and in the very *same hour*, that a ruinous fine was imposed on me for endeavouring to put a stop to the practice of Rush, General Washington was expiring under the operation of *that very practice*.] 'While a fowler,' says the fable, "was 'shooting at a ring-dove, an adder stung him in 'the leg. The poison immediately infected his 'blood, and his whole body began to mortify; 'which, when he perceived, he could not help 'owning it to be just.—"Fate," says he, "has "brought destruction upon me, while I was "contriving the death of another." Whether the Philadelphians look upon the loss of General Washington as a mortal blow to America, and, if they do, whether they will have the candour to make an acknowledgment similar to that of the fowler, are points that I pretend not to determine. Indeed, I doubt not, that, in order to keep themselves in countenance, they will deny that any other treatment would have saved the General. I dare say they will deny that he was not treated according to the practice of their "Hippocrates." But, whatever the silly Philadelphians may believe, or pretend to believe, on this subject, I beg that other people will observe, and remember it well, that General Washington was not only treated precisely according to the famous *System of Depletion*, but that *Doctor Dick*, one of the physicians, was *a pupil of Rush*. Thus much by way of preface to the opinion of one of the most skilful physicians in America, the learned and experienced *Doctor Brickell*, of Savannah.

*Observations*

## *Observations on the medical Treatment of* General Washington, *in his last illness; addressed to his Physicians, Messrs.* Craik *and* Dick.

The life of this illustrious personage has been so eminently beneficial and ornamental to the world, that every man who has a just value for virtue, talents, or an attachment to civil liberty, must lament his death.

The loss to his country, at this critical period, is incalculable; it is irreparable: we shall never look upon his like again!

I have perused the account published by his physicians, of their medical treatment, and differ from them so entirely in my opinion of its propriety, that, with all due respect for their good intentions, I think it my duty to point out what appears to me a most fatal error in their plan: and although it is not in the power of science to restore his precious life, yet a discussion of this case may be productive of benefit to mankind.

I suppose myself addressing men of science, whose minds are so highly cultivated, as to comprehend my reasoning on this subject; which I shall make as short and clear as possible.

When we examine the human blood by optical glasses, by chemistry, and by experimental philosophy, we find it full of nourishment in young people; but effete and poor in the aged.

When we examine by anatomical injections, the state of the vascular system, we find innumerable ramifications in the arteries through which the blood flows freely in young people; while many of their anastomoses are obliterated in the aged.

The blood of old people, therefore, being poorer, and the channel for conveying its nourishment fewer, is the reason that old people cannot bear bleeding so well as the young, and it likewise explains (what every man of science and experience must know) why a small bleeding has the same effect on an aged person, that a large bleeding has upon the young and robust.

These observations, founded on well-established facts, demonstrate how guarded and circumspect we ought to be in the use of the lancet, when our patient is far advanced in life; and how actively we ought to employ our thoughts in devising other methods than profuse blood-letting in such a case.

From what the physicians have published, and other documents, we have data sufficient to ascertain how far the maxims derivable from science, experience, and judgment, have governed in the present instance.

The duration of this illness was 20 hours; from 3. A. M. till after 10. P. M.

A bleeder being sent for at the unusual hour of 3. A. M. we may suppose the operation was not performed until four o'clock; before eleven hours elapsed, he was bled again twice profusely, which must have been about eighteen ounces each time; and soon afterwards he was bled again to the amount of thirty-two ounces.

Thus we see, by their own statement, that they drew from a man in the sixty-ninth year of his age, the enormous quantity of eighty two ounces, or above two quarts and an half of blood in about thirteen hours.

Very few of the most robust young men in the world could survive such a loss of blood; but the body of an aged person must be so exhausted, and all his powers so weakened by it, as to make his death speedy and inevitable.

Here the effect followed the cause precisely: the physicians soon observed the powers of life yielding; a loss of speech; and that he expired without a struggle! The excessive bleeding *had left him no strength to struggle!!*

After what has been said, it may be expected that I should point out my plan:—I will speak generally, without descending to criticise on the minor parts of the treatment, which, however, I do not admire.

They ought to have attacked the disease as near its seat as possible: the vein under the tongue might have been opened; the tonsils might have been scarified; the scarificator and cup might have been applied on or near the thyroid cartilege. One ounce of blood drawn in this way would relieve more than a quart drawn from the arm, and would not exhaust and enfeeble the body; in the same manner that an ounce of blood drawn at the temple, relieves an inflamed eye more than a quart drawn from the arm.

The neck might have been rubbed with warm laudanum and camphor, and a bag of warm fine salt laid on; but the unseasonable application of a blister would prevent this.

He ought to have been put into one, two, or three flannels; and instead of calomel, it would have been better to give him small draughts of hot whey, with a little laudanum, camphor, spirituous volatilis aromaticus, or spiritus nitri dulcis, occasionally, to remove the spasm which caused the dyspnea, and produce perspiration, which would relieve the lungs by turning the course of the fluids towards the skin.

JOHN BRICKELL.

*Savannah, 23d Jan.* 1800.

A NOTE

## A NOTE TO DOCTOR DICK.

Doctor,

I HAVE lately seen an account of the delivery of an eulogium on General Washington, at Alexandria, and I could not help applauding the discernment of those who chose *you* for the eulogist; no man could be so fit to describe the life, as he who had so ably described the death of that great man. The art of making eulogiums, as well as that of producing subjects for them, you learnt, I suppose, from your preceptor, the Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates?" But, were you not humming us, Doctor, when you endeavoured to persuade us, that *Fate* had some hand in the *fatal* work at Mount Vernon? You say, in your report, that the General was "*fully impressed at the beginning of his com-*" *plaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of* "*it, that its conclusion would be mortal*; submitting "to the several exertions made for his recovery "rather as a duty, than from any expectation of "their efficacy. *He considered the operation of* "*death upon his system as coeval with the disease*; "and several hours before his decease, after re-"peated efforts to be understood, succeeded in ex-"pressing a desire, that he might be permitted to "die without interruption." Would not this have sounded better from the mouth of a believer in the second sight, than from a disciple of "Hippocrates?"—Pray, Sir, read the letter of Dr. Brickell, and I believe you will suspect that poor *Fate* had much less to do in the business than *you and your colleagues.*

P. PORCUPINE.

P. S. Dont't you think it would be a good thing, Doctor, if the names and places of abode of all *Rush's*

*Rush's pupils* were published ?. If you don't, I do; and I hereby request those who are possessed of information on the subject to communicate it to me, *post-paid.*

## THE IGNORANCE OF THE PENNSYLVANIAN HIPPOCRATES EXPOSED.

IN the former part of this number of the Rush-Light, where mention is made of the opinion of Rush, respecting the cause of the *spontaneous hæmorrhage*, the reader will find himself referred to the present article.

RUSH says, in his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, page 275, "As a proof that I *did not* "*draw one ounce of blood too much*, it will only be "necessary to add, that hæmorrhages *frequently* oc- "curred *after* a third, a fourth, and, in one in- "stance, *after* a sixth bleeding had been used."— During the Yellow Fever of 1797, and just about the time, that the 5000 dollar action was commenced against me, an underling of Rush, named Caldwell, published a letter to me, wherein he repeats the opinion of his preceptor, and uses the same argument in favour of copious bleeding. To this publication a Scotch physician, who was travelling through the United States, and who happened to be then at Philadelphia, made the following reply, by which the reader will be fully convinced, that the spontaneous hæmorrhage, in place of being *prevented*, is *produced*, by copious bleeding, and that Rush's proof of the *efficacy* of his remedy, is, on the contrary, a proof of its *mortal effects*.

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

Sir,

In the list of misfortunes brought upon the city of Philadelphia by the prevailing epidemic, must be included the degradation of its medical character. Previous to the appearance of this formidable disease, the physicians of Philadelphia were esteemed the most eminent on the continent of America; they have since sunk from that state of exaltation to a condition bordering on contempt, in consequence of the rash practice and absurd publications of some of their body, and the injudicious silence of others. I do not mean to say, that every silly paper should have received a regular answer: arguments evidently contemptible refute themselves. But it sometimes happens, that arguments sufficiently specious to impose upon readers of sound understanding, who are unacquainted with the nature of the animal economy, are brought forward for the purpose of supporting a very dangerous practice. In such a case, it is the duty of professional men, who are better informed, to expose the fallacy of such reasoning, that the dangerous tendency of the doctrines attempted to be established by it may be distinctly perceived.

These observations are meant to apply particularly to an argument which has been triumphantly employed by the Phlebotomists, both in writing and conversation, and very ostentatiously displayed by Dr. Caldwell, in his letter addressed to you, dated the 10th of October.

It is confidently asserted, that the spontaneous hæmorrhages, which frequently occur in malignant fevers, are solely occasioned by the omission of copious blood-letting; and as these excessive hæmorrhages appear in many cases to be the immediate cause of the death of the patient, we are told this fatal termination would have been prevented, if blood had been freely drawn at any preceeding period of the disease.

This reasoning is so specious, that, in the minds of all those readers who are unacquainted with the anatomy and pathology of the human blood, it must be decisive. They will be fully convinced that large and repeated bleedings must be the most effectual method of cure, in diseases where the blood is so superabundant as to burst spontaneously from the vessels; and the shafts of your ridicule will be directed in vain against a practice, apparently founded upon so firm a basis.

To detect the fallacy of this reasoning, it will be necessary critically to examine the facts upon which it is founded, and then to make a few observations upon the conclusions that have been

been drawn by the Phlebotomists, from those facts, in support of a practice replete with danger.

If those who employ this reasoning mean, that, provided the vessels be completely drained of their blood, there will be no risk of spontaneous hæmorrhage, we admit the truth of the observation. For conjurors tell us, where nothing is, nothing can come out; and it hardly requires a man to be a conjuror to give us that information. But, if they mean to say, such a quantity of blood as may be drawn without producing a dangerous degree of debility in the patient, being taken away in the early part of the disease, or at any time preceding the spontaneous hæmorrhage, will prevent that hæmorrhage from taking place, it follows, that it is caused by the vascular system being overloaded, insomuch that the increased action of the vessels bursts a passage for the superabundant blood, and nature does too late what ought to have been earlier performed by the doctor. Hence it follows, that spontaneous hæmorrhages, in malignant diseases, must be most likely to occur when the vessels are fullest, and the vascular action most violent.

But is this really the case? Does spontaneous hæmorrhage most frequently occur at the commencement of malignant diseases, when the vessels are fullest, and the action most violent; or, at their close, when the vessels are comparatively empty, and the vigour of the system exhausted?

Let us inquire what happens in a very formidable disease, the Causus of Hippocrates, better known at Philadelphia by a much-dreaded name, the Yellow Fever of the West Indies. This complaint commences with a febrile state of excessive ardour and violence, which continues generally from sixty to eighty hours, when the symptoms of violent action rather suddenly cease, and extreme debility marks the remainder of the disease.

I will ask Dr. Caldwell, and those who think as he does, whether, agreeably to their system, spontaneous hæmorrhages ought not more frequently to occur at the commencement, during the ardent state of this disease, when the vessels are fullest, than during the quiescent state, when the vigour of the system is exhausted, and the mere abstraction of food and waste by natural evacuations (supposing artificial ones to have been refrained from), must have reduced the vessels to a state of comparative emptiness? As men of candour, they must answer in the affirmative.

I will then ask them whether spontaneous hæmorrhage really happens oftener in the commencement than the close of the Yellow Fever? As men of veracity, they must answer in the negative; nay, as men solicitous for the detection of error and the establishment of truth, they will go farther in their answer than is required by my question. They will admit, that, in error

every case of Yellow Fever, they have seen, heard, or read of, in which this symptom has occurred, it has never appeared but in the last stage, or quiescent state. We must therefore cease to look for its explanation in the superabundance of blood, and fix our attention upon what appears to be its proximate cause, the extreme debility prevails at the time of its occurrence.

That excessive weakness alone is sufficient to account for spontaneous hæmorrhage, will be completely proved by observing the frequency of its occurrence in a disease of pure debility, where there is no febrile action, and where, from the situation of those subject to the disorder at and preceding the commencement of it, there can be no reason to suspect fulness of the vascular system.—I allude to the sea scurvy. This complaint afflicts not only seamen in long voyages, who are obliged to subsist on aliment, the nutritive quality of which has been diminished by time and the mode of preservation, but it also aggravates the miseries of winter to the poorer inhabitants of northern climates.

Among the symptoms of this shocking disease, none are so formidable as spontaneous hæmorrhages: they are apt to occur upon the slightest motion: sometimes the bleeding is external, sometimes internal, and frequently fatal. So slowly does death advance, from any other cause, in this disease, that should the wretched patient be so fortunate as to escape hæmorrhage, he may linger out a miserable existence, till the conclusion of the voyage, or the approach of summer enables him to procure sustenance more nutricious; and the danger of spontaneous hæmorrhage is removed by his returning strength, though accompanied by increased fulness of the blood-vessels.

The blood does not escape, in these diseases, in consequence of violent action in the moving powers, or from any distension of the vascular system by the quantity contained, but from inability in the extreme vessels to resist the slightest impulse.

As I have shewn the cause of the symptom, on which the strong argument of the Phlebotomists is founded, to have been misunderstood, it can hardly be necessary to say the conclusion they have drawn must be erroneous. Dr. Caldwell says, "In "the occurrence of this spontaneous hæmorrhage nature un- "doubtedly gives an obvious hint which all physicians should "have discernment and sagacity sufficient to improve. She "would seem to tell them in the language of facts, that, if they "either through ignorance or inattention neglect the evacua- "tion of blood-letting entirely, or use the lancet in a manner "not sufficiently bold, she must and will, by means of this "discharge, make a final effort for the safety of the patient "herself; it is, however, to be greatly lamented that she "makes this effort in vain." Adopting the idea of Dr. Caldwell, that nature is the physician's kind directress, her hint

may

may be explained more consistently with facts, by saying she intends by her conduct to caution the physician against bleeding in this disease, particularly at a late period, by shewing that it is always prejudicial, often fatal. But this idea of *Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*, a power existing in the animal body capable of reflecting upon the nature of diseases, and adopting the most rational method of cure, in which she kindly instructs attentive physicians, is too ridiculous for serious argument, and can only be intended *ad captandum vulgus*. Sound philosophy rejects with contempt such visionary notions.

Before I conclude this paper, Mr. Editor, it may be necessary (to prevent mistakes respecting the author) to say a little of what I am, and something of what I am not. I am a stranger, unacquainted with the physicians of Philadelphia, and no ways interested in the success of parties or individuals. I am not a Phlebotomist of the school of Sangrado, nor am I an Anti-Phlebotomist; for, though I think it improper to bleed my patients in Yellow Fever without measure and without mercy, yet I have met with many cases in which, from the constitution of the patient and degree of the fever, I have thought it right to draw blood in moderation at an early stage. I must, therefore, be considered an impartial observer, whatever may be thought of the soundness of my opinions; and, if my sentiments appear to be inimical to the practice of the Phlebotomists, it cannot fairly be imputed to personal prejudice or partiality towards any of the individuals of either party, but must be attributed to a full conviction, in my own mind, that the extreme to which the Phlebotomists recommend their favourite remedy to be employed, is dangerous to their patients and discreditable to themselves.

# REPUBLICAN LOAVES AND FISHES.

LETTER DEDICATORY.

*To his Excellency Thomas M'Kean, Esq. Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Doctor of Laws, &c. &c. &c.*

Dear Doctor,

THOUGH I thought it prudent to remove to New-York, before you began to purge the State, which is now become your patient, I have not been an unconcerned spectator of your operations: having left under your power many friends whom I loved most sincerely, it was as natural for me to turn now and then towards Pennsylvania, as it was for the affectionate Orpheus to look back towards Hell. I have seen, in your conduct many things to censure, and many to applaud. Of the former, because I know it would be disagreeable to you, I shall, at present, say nothing; and, of the latter, want of time will prevent my saying much. I cannot, however, delay, even for a moment, to congratulate you on your *removals* and *appointments*, which, whether we consider them as to the *persons*, the *number*, the *time*, or the *mode*, reflect great credit on your discernment and your prudence. Your appointment of Shippen to the post of Chief Justice, the *time* of that appointment*, and your retaining his son-in-law, Burd, in a lucrative office

* Shippen was kept in suspense, *till after he had confirmed the infamous verdict against me*, and then he was immediately appointed! So much for *elective* Kings; but I have pretty tales to tell about them in future numbers.

*held*

*held at your pleasure**, are so many proofs of your deep penetration, and they clearly evince, that, though you cannot be, at one and the same time, Governor and Chief Judge, you are not entirely unmindful of what may come to pass in the administration of justice! Your enemies do, indeed, accuse you of having driven from office a great many fine old revolutionary Whigs, who were serving in the field while you were living snugly in Philadelphia; but, these people do not, as you say, seem to recollect, that, if you did not use a sword or a musket, you were *far from being idle;* they do not consider, that, while they were, probably, only driving off or killing the cattle of Tories, you were laying the iron hands of the law on the estates and the lives of the Tories themselves! For *these services* you were applauded by the very men, who *now* accuse you of *oppression*, because you have turned them out of place! When any one of them shall, in future, complain of your injustice, and shall dispute your pretensions on the score of revolutionary services, step from your chair of state, and thunder in his ear, with a voice as loud and terrific as the last trumpet, "Remember ROBERTS and "CARLISLE†!!!"

But, your enemies, not content with the censure above-mentioned, have drawn an invidious

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* By keeping Bard in his office of Prothonatory of the Supreme Court (an office much more lucrative than that of Judge in Pennsylvania), the tyrant M'Kean not only keeps the Chief Justice in subjection, but commands such jury-lists as suit himself on all important occasions.

† Two loyal Quakers whom this M'Kean condemned to death, during that revolution, of which he was the bloody Fouquier Tinville. He was, by the Whigs, applauded for that deed; and now he is punishing those very Whigs. The justice of Heaven does not sleep for ever!

comparison

comparison between your conduct and that of your "*patriotic predecessor*," as they are pleased to call him. Mifflin might be *patriotic* enough for aught I know; but people seem to have forgotten that he had his friends to serve, and that he served them too, as will appear from the following paper. You have, I believe, Dr. M'Kean, frequently blamed *me* for handling the character of Mifflin so roughly; you called it *slander;* what then will you think of the article I am now going to lay before you? This article is of republican origin; it was handed me for publication (though I never published it) by Tom Bradford, who, to the best of my recollection, told me it was written by one of the *Rushes*. This article will be valuable to you on many accounts, but particularly as a proof of your only having trodden in the steps of your predecessor with respect to removals from office; it will be valuable to the people of other countries, as a proof of the superexcellence of republican chiefs and republican governments; and it will serve to reconcile the malecontents to your measures, by convincing them, that from the "glorious 1796" to this day, from the quarrel between *you* and *Old Hopkinson*, about a post in his Majesty's custom-house to the present squabbles amongst the county clerks and recorders, the great object of patriotic contention ever has been, THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

*Reasons why the People of Pennsylvania ought not to re-elect Thomas Mifflin to the Office of Governor.*

1st Reason.—His Excellency is openly abandoned to *lewdness and debauchery*.

2d. He is addicted to the low and illiberal vice of *swearing*; and upon a very noted occasion, outraged the feelings of decency and religion, by publicly profaning the name of the Deity in the most shocking manner.

3d. His public conversation at his own table, surrounded by company, is frequently so *vulgar, obscene, and scandalous*, as to exceed description and almost belief.

4th. He makes a practice of breaking the *sabbath*, by giving entertainments upon that day, at the Falls of Schuylkill, and permitting fishermen to ply with their nets in the river, directly in his view, contrary to the laws of God and man, and to the great injury of the morals of the people.

5th. He insults the religion and laws of his country by his entire neglect of the public worship of the Deity, and by his example induces others to do so.

6th. During his administration of near five years, two as President of the State, and almost three as Governor, he hath never instituted a day of thanksgiving for the innumerable blessings bestowed by the bounty of Heaven, nor a day of fasting on account of the sins of the people, and the alarming growth of luxury, infidelity, and vice of every kind.

N. B. This has been usually done by all good Governors, as by the late Governor Patterson, of New-Jersey, and others.

7th. He has in repeated instances broke his *word*, and violated the most solemn *promises and engagements.—The following facts are sufficient to shew that this seventh reason is well founded.*

1st. He actually *swore*, or solemnly *declared*, he would never commission *Mr. Daniel Montgomery*, of Northumberland, a Justice of the Peace; notwithstanding this, a few weeks ago, he sent him a commission to act in that capacity.

2d. In like manner he *swore*, or solemnly *declared*, he would not commission *Mr. Matthias Richards*, of Bucks county, but he has since made him a Justice of the Peace.

3d. Upon application to the Governor by John Hoge, Esq. of Washington county (now a member of the Senate), to request he would not supersede *Mr. Scott*, the Prothonotary of that county, he informed Mr. Hoge, he would consider the matter; when at the very time of his saying so he knew that he had signed a commission for Mr. Reddick, as the successor of Mr. Scott, and that this commission had been sent forward a few days before.

4th. *Previous* to his being elected Governor, he frequently declared he would not displace any person, without specific charges and proof against him, and soon *after* his election, upon application to supersede James Hanna, Esq. the Register of Wills for Bucks county, he not only refused, but expressed a fixed resolution of not turning any person out of office, unless charges were made and properly supported. Notwithstanding these declarations and solemn engagements, he did, soon after his election, remove from their offices the following persons, viz. *Mr. Scott, Charles Biddle, Esq. Judge Atlee, Judge Rush, Caleb*

*Caleb Davis, Esq.* the Prothonotary of Chester county, *John Chrest. Esq.* the Register and Recorder of Berks county, and *James Jecks, Esq.* the Register of Lancaster county; against any of whom it is believed not a single charge was ever made, or proof given in support of it. Certain it is, they were never heard in their defence, nor had an opportunity of refuting the charges, if any were really made: after such public and notorious professions were repeatedly made, the news of their being displaced must have astonished them like a violent clap of thunder when not a cloud could be seen.

N. B. There is reason to assert that at the very *time* of his making the above declaration respecting James Hanna, Esq. he had gone so far as to give *assurances* to several persons that he would displace both Judge Atlee and Judge Rush.

5th. He solemnly promised Collenson Read, Esq. of Reading, that if a vacancy should happen in the county of Berks, he would appoint his *father*; a respectable old gentleman, who had once held the office of Prothonotary in that county, and has relinquished it only to serve his country in a more important station—I say, he not only made the promise above-mentioned, but upon Mr. Read's observing, that it would be proper for his father (who then lived in that city) to remove to Berks county, that he might qualify himself to hold an office by a year's residence; he replied, there was no necessity for it; he would appoint him without his residing a year in the *county*. Notwithstanding all this, upon the *death* of the late *Prothonotary*, he refused to appoint *Mr. Read's father*, and assigned as the reason his *not having resided* a year in the county. Other instances under this 7th general reason can be brought forward—but let these suffice.

8th. He commissioned *David Harris, Esq.* one of the associate Judges of Dauphine county, though he had not been "a citizen and inhabitant of the county *one* year before his appointment," which he knew was required by the *constitution* he hath sworn to execute.

9th. He kept *Jacob Bower* and *John Chrest, Esq.* of Berks county, dancing attendance upon him in this city, about two weeks, giving to each of them alternate expectation and assurance, that he should have the office of *Register* and *Recorder* of Berks; and finally told them they must go together and settle the matter themselves. This irresolution, and these expressions, produced a sale of the office, from *Mr. Chrest*, the former owner, to Mr. Bower, the present possessor; for the sum of 200l. payable in four years at 50l. a year.

10th. So much intoxicated was he by the success of his election, and so eager to display his power, that he forgot all regard to public decency, and to the memory of the late *Judge*

*Bryan*, by nominating (though not actually commissionating) a successor in the office, not only before the body was interred, but immediately after his *death* was announced by *Doctor Hutcheson*.

Such indecency in transacting public business, such disrespectful treatment of the *remains* of an old and faithful servant of his country, would be only aggravated by,

11th. The character of the person who was thus hastily appointed in his stead, viz. *Judge Shippen*. This gentleman, disaffected to his country during the late struggle for liberty, had remained in this city with the British army, is the father-in-law of *General Arnold*, and paid his respects to *General Howe* to congratulate him on his arrival in this city.

The cause of freedom and virtue had surely been enough insulted, when he was made President of the Court of Common Pleas of the city and county of Philadelphia. But our Governor thought otherwise; and therefore raised him to the highest seat of judicial authority in the state.

12th. He hath not only promoted the disaffected, but in the instance of *Judge Rush* he displaced a staunch friend and supporter of the *Revolution*, to make way for a character of a very different description, viz. *Mr. Yates*, of Lancaster. There is nothing like this to be found in the conduct of the President of the United States. It is one thing to bring forward persons unfriendly to the principles of the *Revolution*, and quite a different thing to dismiss the well-affected to make way for them. *General Washington* never removed a Whig from office, and advanced a Tory in his room. It is therefore ridiculous to compare the conduct of the Governor of this state with that of the President. Happy would it be for Pennsylvania if their characters were more alike. Darkness and light are not more at variance.

13th *Reason*.—In an *arbitrary* and *tyrannical* manner he superseded Judges *Atlee* and *Rush* as judges of the supreme court, and still more cruelly and tyrannically compelled them into inferior stations; making thereby a wanton and merciless attack upon their feelings, their reputation, and their fortunes. In the histories even of Russia and Turkey, it would be impracticable to find an instance of power exerted in a manner so perfectly savage and despotic, accompanied at the same time with circumstances of such peculiar *treachery*. See this perfidy in the 5th *reason* under the 7th general head.—He who commits a single deliberate act of *tyranny*, is as completely a *tyrant* as the *man* who commits a single deliberate act of *stealing* is a *thief*. It is the disposition that is seen in both cases.

14th reason.—The wrathful and vindictive passions of the *man* influence his conduct as a *public officer*. Under this head I shall

shall mention two or three facts that are well known to be true.

1. Soon after his election a recommendation in behalf of *Joseph Magoffin, Esq.* as a justice of the peace in the Southern Liberties, being presented to him, he instantly declared, with the utmost *violence* of *language*, he never would appoint him; *for he had opposed him at his election.* N. B. We have never yet heard of the *Governor*'s breaking *this promise*; probably because the offence of exercising the *right* vested in *Mr. Magoffin* by the constitution, of voting for and supporting his antagonist, is an unpardonable one in his opinion.

2. *Dr. John Otto*, of Reading, was a justice of the peace *previous* to the *election* of the *Governor*, and very highly esteemed for the spirited execution of his office. It so happened, some years ago, that a collector of taxes lodged a list of delinquents in the hands of the Doctor to be collected agreeably to law. In this list was the name of *Thomas Mifflin, Esq.* who was accordingly notified of it by a polite message from the justice, and upon whom he waited soon after, with every appearance of being much *disturbed* and *agitated.*

*Dr. Otto* was never commissioned as a justice of the peace *after* the *election* of the present *Governor.*

3. Mr. *Scott*, of Washington, having made use of some expressions that were supposed to be offensive, the power of the *Governor* was employed as the means to execute the last resentment of the private individual.

The judge who from the bench pronounces an unjust judgment, and perverts the law to gratify the malice of his heart, violates his duty and oath. Nor can that Governor be deemed guilty of a less crime, who, availing himself of the power his station gives him, wickedly prostitutes it to the ruin of a worthy officer, for no other reason than because the officer may have affronted him or injured his feelings as a man.

15th. The appointment of a person who signs his name *A. J. Dallas*, to the important post of secretary of the commonwealth; the indecency of which is too glaring to need comment, especially as his behaviour has always justified any sentiment originally entertained respecting the measure. That there were other persons equally qualified for this office nobody can doubt; but it was naturally supposed, with manners more congenial, an exotic secretary would be more devoted. Accordingly we now see him desperately engaged, under the signature of *Atticus*, in an attempt to defend what no other person in his senses can possibly think defensible. Were it not that *this Man* is secretary, I flatter myself there would not be found one solitary writer in Pennsylvania abandoned enough to take up his

pen, to vindicate the still more abandoned character and conduct of its present chief magistrate *.

Here ended the paper; but to all these reasons, why Mifflin ought not to be re-elected Governor, Bradford might himself have added one, and a very weighty one too, to wit—*because his brother wanted the post!*—Loaves and fishes again!

We see, too, that the displacing of *Rush's brother*, the Judge, forms the principal article of accusation against Mifflin. If Judge Rush had been promoted to the bench of the Supreme Court, if Tom Bradford had not been deprived of a lucrative branch of printing business by the Governor, and if, at the same time, William Bradford (brother of Tom, and a relation of Rush) had not felt a call to supply the place of Mifflin, this poor fellow would have been a "saving angel," instead of a devil incarnate.

Those who have been constant readers of my writings, will recollect that I never inserted the above republican communication either in my pamphlets or my paper. As to the *facts* against Mifflin, they were all true, but the *motives* from which they were communicated to me, were such as prevented my making use of them, though frequently urged to do it. Tom Bradford owed great obligations to both Mifflin and Dallas, and much as I disliked these men, my mind revolted at the idea

* English Republicans, what do you think of the *representative system* now? Compare this Mifflin to the *Penns* who ruled this state in the days of the *Monarchy*.

Notwithstanding the above fifteen reasons, and fifteen hundred others that might have been added, the profligate Mifflin *was re-elected* by the sovereign people. Does this prove the good effects of what is called *equal representation*? Could *Old Sarum*, or even *Old Nick*, have chosen a worse man than this? —Answer me these questions, you who clamour for parliamentary reform.

of

of becoming the cat's-paw of his mean underhand revenge.

After Bradford had settled with me for the *one shilling and seven-pence halfpenny*, the neat proceeds of one of my pamphlets, he sent his son Samuel, the present Editor of the paper called the "*True* "*American*," to wheedle me out of the above communication; but whatever other faults I may have, that of *letting go my hold* is not one. I told the "*True American*," that it would be of no use to his father, that more of the same grist might easily be gotten at the same mill, and that this little sample might serve me, should a surfeit of liberty send me back to the "insular Bastile," as a triumphant proof of the excellence of republican governments and republican morals. Thus I should, probably, never have used it otherwise than to amuse my children, when in my old age I should have been describing to them the storm I encountered while they were in the cradle; but as the Philadelphians have charged *me* with calumniating their great men, as they have laid on me the monstrous, the ruinous fine of 5000 dollars, and as this very "*True* "*American*" Bradford has published their charge against me, and even *justified their verdict*; as this is the case, I trust I shall be excused for troubling the world with what would, otherwise, have been confined to my own chimney-corner.

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A HINT TO SAMUEL COATS.

COATS, you are one of my bitterest persecutors; you were one of the advisers of the prosecution against me; you shook me by the hand and smiled in my face at Bustleton, while you were daily backbiting me at Abingdon. Your nephew

was one of the 5000 dollar jury; you applaud the attempt to ruin me, and the reason you give is, tha I am a *calumniator*, and that it is time *to put a stop to calumny*.—Now, Coats, hear me. I will show, in another Number of this work, what *Saint Coats* can do in the *calumniating way*; and, if you will take my advice, you will, in the mean time, prepare yourself a lodging in the famous mansion of which you are the manager*.

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THE PHILADELPHIAN HORNET'S NEST.

MY first taper gave light into the nest, and, when the last advices came away, the *Hornets* were pouring out upon the spectators. The sovereign people of Philadelphia (whom, by the by, I begin to forgive) have, it seems, had rare sport. They have found the Rush-Light as productive of strange sights as a magic-lantern, and have, of course, run after it in crowds.

Very different, however, have been the speculations of the Rushites: they have been plotting vengeance, and, as it generally happens to them, they have failed.

On Friday last one of them published, in the paper of those two base wretches, *Brown* and *Relf*, the following most infamous libel against me.

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* To obviate any misconstruction of the expressions I may make use of in speaking of this Quaker, I now declare, once for all, that I highly respect the Quakers *in general*. I believe that this sect has, in Pennsylvania, a greater proportion of truly honest and benevolent men than any other sect, and I know, that though it contains some malicious hypocrites, it also contains some of the kindest and most sincere of human beings.

" COMMU-

"*COMMUNICATION.*

"Mr. Cobbett has asserted, both in his farewell Gazette, and "in a late advertisement, that all his property in this city has "been taken in execution and sacrificed at public vendue, at "the suit of Dr. Rush: *this is not so*; not an article belonging "to him has been sold at this suit; but, it is a fact, notwith- "standing his many boasts of punctuality in the discharge of "his debts, that *all his goods* found in this city *were seized by the "executors of his landlord for house-rent disgracefully left unpaid by "him*; and it is also a fact, that the whole amount of the "sales arising therefrom, has not been sufficient to satisfy that "claim.

"Any one questioning the truth of this statement, is referred "to the Sheriff's Office, where it will be seen, that all the mo- "nies raised by execution, does not exceed the sum of *three hun- "dred and thirty dollars*."

The reader will remember, perhaps, that I stated in my last newspaper, that they had seized, belonging to me, and sold for *about four hundred* dollars, what should have brought, at least, about a thousand. He will now please to read a statement made to the above communication, by Mr. John Morgan, of Philadelphia, and, when he has read it, let him say if the hottest hell be not too cool for the author and publishers of the article to which it is a reply.

"Messrs. BROWN and RELF,

"You will please to insert the following statement of facts "in answer to a *communication*, which appeared in your paper of "Friday last, and oblige

"Your humble servant,

"*Monday Evening, March* 3." "JOHN MORGAN."

When Mr. Cobbett was about leaving this city for New-York, I undertook to receive the monies which were to be collected for him by Mr. Douglas; and to sell at public auction some goods that were left at his house. On or about December the 14th, the articles were advertised for sale by Mr. Conolly, the auctioneer. The morning intended for the sale, Douglas attended, and having placed some of the goods before the door, was waiting for the auctioneer, when the Under-sheriff made his appearance, and seized the goods, by virtue of an execution,

on, *for the benefit of Dr. Benjamin Rush.* While the officers were taking an inventory of them, I was sent for; as soon as I saw what was going forward, I thought proper to wait on Messrs. Elmslie and Bacon, executors of the estate of John Oldden, deceased, and *requested them to attach the goods*, as they had an undoubted right, as a security in part for the rent that was due. *This they declined doing, unless I would write to Mr. Cobbett, and inform him that they did it at my particular request.* I consented to write as they desired, when they brought a constable, and took an inventory of what was on the premises. What arrangement took place between them and the Sheriff I am not clear in; but it is certain that the goods were afterwards sold by the Sheriff, by *virtue of Rush's execution*, although the proceeds were paid to the executors, after deducting the costs of suit, the commission, and other incidental expenses; which would have been improper, had they not been sold by virtue of the aboveaid execution.

When Mr. Elmslie waited on the Sheriff for the proceeds of the sale, the latter refused to pay for more than the arrears of three months, although there was more than five months rent due, until he had taken the advice of Mr. Lewis, *attorney for Dr. Rush.* The attorney advised to pay the balance of the proceeds after deducting the costs of execution, &c. The monies which Mr. Elmslie received were first two hundred and fifty dollars; then sixty-four dollars; those two sums added to costs of suit, commission, advertising, and other incidental expenses, *amount to the sum Mr. Cobbet mentioned in his advertisement* as the total of the sales.

By this brief statement the candid reader will see that the goods were sold *by virtue* of *Rush's execution*; that the executors of John Oldden *declined having any thing to do with the business, until I had satisfied them that any censure which might arise from it should attach to me*; and that they were *not uneasy about the payment of the rent.*

JOHN MORGAN.

This statement, which is as clear as the head, and as true as the heart of the man who signs it, leaves me very little to say as to the falsehood or the malice of my enemies. I must, however, observe, for the information of those who may not have seen my farewell Gazette, that, when I came from Philadelphia, I left about 2500 dollars to collect, and about 800 dollars to pay; that my house-rent, which would have been paid long enough before if we could have ascertained the day of giving up the house

house, was to be paid the moment that day arrived. Before it did arrive, however, Rush obtained his famous judgment, and made a seizure, as Mr. Morgan has related. That Mr. Elmslie was under no apprehensions the reader will clearly perceive; for, *after* he had heard of the ruinous 5000 dollar verdict; *after* he knew that the judgment against me was sent on to New-York; nay, *after* he saw the sheriff in the house, such was his confidence in my honesty, and such was his delicacy towards me, that he would not even *then* have exercised the right of a landlord, had he not been pressed to do it *for my sake*. Not only did he require to be solicited, by Mr. Morgan, to put in his prior claim, but he, at last, consented to do it, only upon condition that Mr. Morgan would write to *me, and inform me that he (Elmslie) did it at Mr. Morgan's particular request.* Would Mr. Elmslie have had these scruples if he had suspected my honesty? Would he have been thus delicate, thus fearful of hurting my feelings, if I had left my "*house-rent* "DISGRACEFULLY *unpaid?*"

But, says the reader, who is the infamous slanderer? Tell me who he is, that I may hate him! And, can you be at a loss to know him? After what you have read in these two Numbers, can you imagine that such base revenge could ever be conceived by any one but a RUSH? It was *Richard Rush*, the self-same *lawyer*, who, in order to support the honour of his profession and his dram-shop family, came on express to New-York with the 5000 dollar judgment; it was one of the "*nice-feeling generous sons*" of the "most *unoffending* and most *benevolent*" Dr. Rush.

The malignant slanderers were astonished when they saw Mr. Morgan's statement. They thought that

that Mr. Elmslie, seeing the vile work that was going forward, had, like a prudent man, stepped in and laid claim to my goods. Sure, in their own minds, that this was the case, they thought that the falsehood they had hatched could never be completely refuted. Little did they imagine, that Mr. Elmslie had made the seizure at my agent's request, and *to oblige me;* when, therefore, they saw this, they were alarmed, they were confounded, and blasted. Ever as mean as malicious, they now retracted, and the poor cat's-paw, Richard Rush, went to Mr. Morgan, and *read a recantation,* which he published in Brown and Relf's paper of the next evening, and which I would here insert, were it not beneath me to offer, in defence of my character, any thing from the vile hand of a *Rush.*

Thus, you see, reader, that my enemies have fallen into their own pit, and that, at every struggle, they plunge themselves deeper and deeper in disgrace.—When I saw my friend Morgan's defence of my reputation, and particularly when the next newspaper brought me the proofs of his triumph, I could not help exulting, in the words of King David: "Let them be ashamed and brought "to confusion together, that rejoice at mine hurt; "and let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause!"

POSTSCRIPT.

Rush's lawyers told the philanthropic jury, that, if they assessed but moderate damages, the decision would tend to discourage men from appealing to the law again, and that the city would be *disturbed and disgraced* by *quarrels and fighting*; but that, if they made me "*a blighted picture*" "*ruin,*" they would *prevent personal violence.* The philan—

philanthropic jury listened to the advice, and certainly did their best to make me "a blighted picture of ruin;" but their verdict, so far from having had a tendency to promote peace and good neighbourhood, has set all Philadelphia in an uproar. The first Number of the Rush-Light has produced several quarrels, two assaults, and two or three fresh prosecutions! "That's true," says the philanthropic jury, "but it is your Rush-Light, Peter, and "not our verdict, that has made the mischief. It "is not *our* fault that you write." No, ye precious dozen, it assuredly is not! It is not your fault that I am not in gaol, and that my wife and children are not begging their bread from door to door! No, no, it is not your fault that I have either the spirit or the means to write and to publish; but it is your fault that I have the blood-stirring *subject* to write upon. Thus much by way of hint to you*.

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* I intend to accompany the Number in which I close the account of the prosecution with lists of this philanthropic jury, printed on large cards, that they may be nailed up over chimney-pieces, and in other conspicuous places. But, lest he who reads this Number, should never read another, I shall just insert the names here, to wit:

*John Paxton*, hardwareman, No. 10, South Third Street; *Wm. Jolly*, ironmonger, No. 11, Arch Street; *Joseph S. Lewis* (nephew of Samuel Coats), merchant, No. 25, Dock Street; *Isaac Austin*, watchmaker, No. 7, Arch Street; *Tho. W. Armat*, shopkeeper, No. 21, North Second Street; *George Thompson*, shopkeeper, No. 129, North Third Street; *Jacob Sperry, jun.*, looking-glass-man, No. 195, Market Street; *John Taggart*, merchant, No. 5, and 11, North Water Street; *Wm. Roberts*, house carpenter, No. 136, Chesnut Street; *Archibald Bingham*, shopkeeper, No. 32, North Second Street; *Jacob Rees*, shopkeeper, No. 151, North Third Street; *Benjamin F. Garrigues*, grocer, No. 118, South Second Street.

TO

## JAMES M'HENRY,

SECRETARY AT WAR.

Sir,

ON Saturday, the 8th instant, a man, calling himself *Capt. Still*, belonging to the Artillery, stationed at Fort Jay, came to my house, to call me to account, on the part of Lieut. Rush, about a passage in the first Number of the Rush-Light. He was armed "*à la mode de Rush*," to wit, with a *bludgeon cane*, which, as it had an *iron poker* to encounter, remained quiet in his hand; and so the noble Captain marched off without beat of drum. I do not address this to you, Sir, by way of *complaint;* for I am prepared for *defence* against unlawful violence of any and of every sort. But, Sir, notwithstanding all the ingratitude and injustice I have met with, I am still a friend to America; I still feel a sincere attachment to the Federal Government; and it is from my anxious desire to see the measures of that Government prevented from becoming odious in the eyes of all descriptions of people, that I take the liberty to give you the above information. Be assured, Sir, that men will not long be content to pay taxes for the support of bullies to come and interfere with their business, insult them in their houses, and terrify their wives and their children.

Far be it from me to insinuate that conduct, in the military, such as I have described, ever was ap-

approved of by the Government, and I feel a confidence, Sir, that, for the honour of the army itself, it will, in the present instance, meet with marked disapprobation.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. COBBETT.

*New-York,*
*March* 10, 1800.

END OF NO. II. OF THE RUSH-LIGHT.

THE

THE

# RUSH-LIGHT.

## No. III.

15th March, 1800.

*A Defence of the Publications on which the Action of Rush was grounded.*

"Hear ye my defence, which I now make unto you."

Acts. c. xxii. v. 1.

THAT a low-bred fellow, like *Rush*, whom the troubled motions of rebellion* had brought bubbling up from the mud of society; that a fellow, who had extolled his drugs in newspapers, pamphlets, and books, without number, and who had, in these various publications, not only ridiculed, decried, and abused both the practice and the persons of the first medical gentlemen in the country, but had contemptuously placed them beneath his herd of "undisciplined practitioners," his auctioneers, his negroes, and his old women; that such a mushroom being, such a notorious despoiler of the medical character, should have the assurance to appeal to the law, the moment his own practice was assailed, would have excited universal indignation amongst any people but the poor, tame,

* He was a member of the old *Rump* Congress.

trodden-down citizens of Philadelphia, and must appear totally unaccountable to every foreign reader, till I have, by and by, explained the circumstances under which the action was commenced, and under which it was foreseen it would, first or last, be decided*.

The commencing of the action proves, however, that the practice of the impudent innovator had re-

* Rush was advised by *Ingersol*, one of his lawyers, to drop this suit; but the meek, the kind, the unoffending, the benevolent Rush, knew better things: and this is a proper place to give a striking instance or two of the dissimulation of this man. As to *war*, he always pretended to be a Quaker, till he had a son big enough to ask a commission for! See his silly plan of what he calls a *Peace-Officer* of the United States. But an instance of insincerity, more to my present purpose, is to be found in his canting address to the clergy, where he says, "*Law-suits* should be discouraged as much as possible. It is "with inexpressible pleasure that I have lately seen an account "of a recommendation from the Presbyterian synod to the "churches under their care, to settle all disputes after the "manner of the primitive Christians and the *Friends*," [a slobber for the Quakers,] "by arbitration. Blessed event in "the history of mankind! May their practice spread amongst "all sects of Christians, and may it prove a prelude of that "happy time foretold in Scripture, when *war* and murder "shall be no more." There he is again! That's the canting Rush! But, when his professions are brought to the test, when he is urged to put them in practice, he laughs at those who were foolish enough to think him sincere. He could not find words to express his pleasure at hearing that the synod had protested against law-suits, but he could not be persuaded, even by his confidential lawyer, to forbear going to law himself. The truth is, Rush is notorious for the litigiousness of his disposition; and there are few men, even amongst the spiteful and wrangling crew that he is connected with, who have brought so many actions, who have been so often in the court, as himself. Observe, too, that this meek-minded moralist, who, in conjunction with his Quaker friends, has been constantly hatching some *peace-making* project; observe, I say, that this love-seeking saint, who feels such yearnings, such gripings and bowel-hankerings for "the *blessed time* when *war* "and *law-suits* shall be *no more*," has, out of two sons, made shift to fabricate a *lieutenant* and a *lawyer*!!

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ceived a mortal blow; it proves that the publications, for which I was sued, were *efficacious;* and, that they were not *unlawful,* I trust, notwithstanding the decision of a Philadelphian court and jury, I shall find but little difficulty in making appear to the satisfaction of every man who is not an idiot or a prostituted knave.

In making this defence, I shall suppose myself in court, and having heard the evidence and the pleadings, replying to the whole that was urged against me. As I shall use the words, "*Gentlemen* "*of the Jury,*" I beg leave to premise, that the word *gentlemen* will be admitted, on this occasion, for form's sake only.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

I rise to defend a man, remarkable for his frankness, against the underhand machinations of hypocrisy; I rise to defend, against a charge of slander, a man who has been slandered without measure and without mercy; I rise to defend an honest, loyal, and public-spirited Briton against the false and calumnious suggestions of private malice, political prejudice, and national antipathy.

I should degrade the character of the defendant by comparing it with that of *Dr. Rush,* or by submitting it to *your* investigation. To the malignant aspersions of Hopkinson, Levi, and Ingersol, I shall, therefore, make no reply; but shall confine myself to the subject with which alone you have, on this occasion, any thing to do.

Mr. Cobbett stands charged with having, during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever of 1797, published certain false and malicious slanders against Dr. Rush. The *printing* and *publishing* the defendant would rather cut his hand off than disown, but the *falsehood* and *malice* imputed to him he utterly denies.

Much might be said as to the extent of the words cited in the declaration. It would, I believe, be very difficult to make out such an application as would, according to the strict letter of the law, establish any one of the charges preferred by the plaintiff; but the defendant scorns to take shelter under a subterfuge: it is for his enemies to have recourse to the perversion of the law. He is proud to acknowledge, that all the censorious expressions, which he is, on this occasion, accused of having published, were not only published by him, but were pointed at Doctor Benjamin Rush; and, moreover, that they were not only pointed at Rush, but were so pointed for the express purpose of destroying his practice, so far as that practice corresponded with the well-known and justly-abhorred System of Depletion.

Neither will I distract your minds (which, God knows, are by nature sufficiently confused) by controverting the unfair constructions of the opposite counsel. I shall admit most of the meanings which they have attributed to the words of the defendant, and those which I do not admit, I shall clearly prove not to exist.

The defendant stands charged,

1. With calling Doctor Rush a *vain boaster*.
2. With calling him a *quack*.
3. With calling him *Sangrado*.
4. With saying that he *slew his patients*.

By the lawyers, on both sides, the *Constitutions of America*, and the rights and advantages thereby conferred and insured, have been much harped upon, as if the liberty of the press were become the greater in consequence of the revolution; but all these rights and advantages, however valuable they may be in the eyes of a sovereign people, the defendant in this action most cheerfully foregoes. He asks

asks for no other privilege, no other security for his person and his property, than that which will arise from a fair interpretation and a due execution of the *Common Law;* that law under the shielding branches of which he was born and nursed up to manhood; which was planted here by the benignant hand of his Sovereign, and which, though buffeted by many a storm, and bearing the mark of many an axe at its roots, still stands its ground, and still shelters the inhabitants of these States from the uplifted stroke of republican despotism. This is the law to which Mr. Cobbett appeals in his defence; and, happily for the country, this law is yet the only code to which, in this case, either party can appeal.

Not to hamper you with a string of definitions and nice distinctions, I shall observe, generally, that to justify a jury in awarding damages, on any charge of slander, they must be clearly convinced of four things; to wit: 1. that the defendant uttered or published the words laid to his charge; 2. that those words were meant to apply to the plaintiff; 3. that the words are false; and, 4. that they were uttered or published with a malicious or criminal intent.

The publishing of the words laid in the declaration, and their application to the plaintiff, the defendant most readily avows; but, if I can prove to you (or if you *already know of yourselves*), that the words are *true*, and that the defendant did no more than fulfil his *duty* in publishing them, you ought well to remember your oaths before you give damages to the plaintiff.

I shall examine the charges in the order in which they stand. 1. *The Defendant has called Doctor Rush* A VAIN BOASTER. I aver this to be *true*, and prove it by Rush's own publications, respecting his practice in 1793. On the 12th of September he

published in all the papers, that, *with his new-discovered remedies*, there was no more danger to be apprehended from the Yellow Fever, than from the measles or influenza. On the 17th of the same month, he wrote to the College of Physicians, that *his discovery*, as far as it went, reduced the Yellow Fever, in point of danger and mortality, to a level with a common cold. On the 3d of October he wrote to Doctor Rodgers at New-York (publishing his letter, as well as that to the College, in the newspapers), declaring, that *he had been made the instrument in the hands of a kind Providence of curing* MORE *than ninety-nine patients out of a hundred.* This was certainly *boasting*, and that it was *vain* boasting is notorious; for, at the very time that he wrote and published these boastings, his remedies were making dreadful havock; from the date of the first, the 12th of September, to that of the 3d, wherein he brags of curing *more* than ninety-nine out of a hundred, the daily bills of mortality rose from 23 to 78! And, just after the last-mentioned most impudent boast was made, *four* patients out of *six* died in his own house!

Upon your oaths now I ask you, is this fellow a *vain boaster*, or is he not?

2. The defendant called Doctor Rush *a quack.*— And here, in order to make out the justification, it would be my duty to examine the meaning of the term; but the good-natured advocates of the bleeding Doctor have kindly saved me that trouble: they have most unfortunately taken the definition of Addison, and have stated a quack to be, "*a boastful pretender to physic; one who proclaims his own medical abilities and nostrums in public places.*"

Now, then, let us see, whether or not the Doctor's conduct brings him up to this definition.

During the whole of the Fever of 1793, and from that time to the Fever of 1797, he made no scruple to

to declare, that none of the physicians, who did not follow his practice, ought to be trusted with the life of a patient. His lectures abound with his insolent pretensions to superiority in medicine. Notorious is it that he has, all his life, been a proclaimer of his own medical abilities; but to come to something more specific: on the 12th of September 1793, he published the following advertisement:

"*DOCTOR RUSH,*

"Regretting that he is unable to comply with all the calls "of his fellow-citizens indisposed with the prevailing fever, "recommends to them to take *his mercurial purges*, which "may now be had with suitable directions at most of the "apothecaries, and to lose ten or twelve ounces of blood as "soon as convenient after taking the purges, if the headache "and fever continue —When the purges do not operate speedily, bleeding may now be used before they are taken. *The almost "universal success with which it has pleased God to bless the remedies of "strong mercurial purges and bleeding in this disorder*, enables Doctor "Rush to assure his fellow-citizens that there is no more danger "to be apprehended from it *when these remedies* have been "used in its early stage, than there is from the measles or influenza.—Doctor Rush assures his fellow-citizens farther, "that the risk from visiting and attending the sick *at present*, "is not greater than from walking the streets. While the "disease was so generally mortal, or *the successful mode of treating "it only partially adopted*, he advised his friends to leave the "city; *at present* he conceives this advice unnecessary, not only "because the disease is under the power of medicine, but because the citizens who now wish to fly into the country cannot avoid carrying the infection with them; they had better "remain near to *medical aid*, and avoid exciting the infection "into action."

"Near to *medical aid;*" that is, near to *him.*— It was safer to remain near him, though in the midst of pestilence, than be near any other physician, though in the sweet air of the country! This advertisement is assuredly the most impudent that ever was published; no Leicester-square quack ever equalled it. At the very time that Rush had the impudence thus to tell the people, that there

was no longer any danger, *if they used his remedies*; at the very time that he was thus advising them not to leave the city, but *to remain near to medical aid*; at the very time that he was *blessing God for the almost universal success of his remedies*; the bills of mortality were daily increasing in a dreadful degree. On the day before the above advertisement appeared, the number of deaths was *twenty-three*; and from that day they began to increase, and they went on increasing, until, at the end of one month after the infallible remedies had been in vogue, they had arisen from *twenty-three to one hundred and nineteen*.

But it is the *quackish language* of the advertisement which is at present the object of our examination. It is absolutely impossible to read the Doctor's puff without observing the strict resemblance that it bears to what the Cockneys call the "Doctor's Bills." The defendant has compared Rush's puffs to the puff of *Spilsbury*; and this has been made a charge against him. But hear Doctor Spilsbury, and then say, if you can, that the comparison is not just.

"We *congratulate our fellow-creatures*, in having it in their "power to get relieved from the most unpleasant complaints in- "cident to human nature, such as the scurvy, gout, rheumatism, "evil, ulcers, and other disorders arising from *impurities of the* "*blood*, indigestion, &c. by taking Spilsbury's Antiscorbutic "Drops, a medicine well known upwards of twenty-six years "for having performed more extraordinary cures than any "other ever invented, and whose repute has reached the remotest "corners of the universe, every nation bearing grateful testi- "mony of its eminent virtues: how happy therefore is it for "the inhabitants of this island, that they can supply themselves "with a medicine which, should they travel to any part of the "globe, will secure them from the fatal consequences that too "often attend the above complaints."

The defendant has called this a puff *equal* to Dr. Rush's, and if there be any *untruth* in his words, it is because Spilsbury's puff is *inferior* to that of Rush; for surpass it, it certainly does not.

Still,

Still, however, clearly to establish the *quackery*, the man must not only boast about his medical abilities and the virtue of his nostrums, but he must do this in *public places*. That Rush's boastings were heard in all the streets of Philadelphia is notorious, and it is also notorious, that the above boasting Advertisement, as well as several others of a like nature, were published in all the *newspapers*. It is notorious that they were besides printed on hand-bills, given away in the apothecaries' shops, handed about the streets, and stuck upon the walls, houses, and public pumps!

Is not this man "a boastful pretender to physic, "one who proclaims his own medical abilities and "nostrums in *public places?*" And, if this be quackery, I ask you upon your consciences, if you have any, whether Rush is or is not a *quack* *?

3. Mr. Cobbett is charged with calling Dr. Rush *Sangrado*.—To call a man Sangrado is nothing; but, Gentlemen, you have been told by the *learned* Harper and the more *learned* Ingersol, who, it would seem, have both studied Gil Blas, "that "this Sangrado was a *quack* damned to everlasting "fame," and that, therefore, to call Dr. Rush *San-*

* The Advertisements of the *retailers* of his nostrum must not be forgotten.

"Dr. Rush's *celebrated* mercurial purging and sweating pow-"ders for preventing and curing the prevailing putrid fever, "may be had carefully prepared, *with proper directions*, at Betton "and Harrisons, No. 10, South Second-street."

"Dr. Rush's mercurial sweating purge for the yellow fever, "may be had carefully prepared, *with the Doctor's directions*, and "sold by William Delany, druggist and chemist, &c."

"Dr. Rush's mercurial sweating powder for the yellow fever, "with *printed directions*, prepared and sold *by permission*, by Gold-"thwait and Baldwin, chemists and druggists, &c."

Now, reader, if you had met with these advertisements in a newspaper, without having any previous knowledge of the parties concerned, should you not have set this Rush down for a potent quack? I am sure you would.

*grado*,

*grado*, is to call him a *quack*. Were this correct, the charge would be already answered, but it is not so. Poor Sangrado was, accordingly to the definition of Rush's advocates, no quack; for he did not "proclaim his own medical abilities and nostrums "in public places;" and, therefore, the word Sangrado, as applied to Rush, was no slander.

But, Gentlemen of the Jury, the defendant is a candid satirist; he will, in no case, seek for safety under the leeward side of the law. Whether the word Sangrado be slanderous or not, he will allow you to assess damages against him for the application of it, if he cannot prove to you that that application was *just*.

Eminent men are frequently called by the names of other eminent men, who have lived in former times, or in other nations. It is a figure of rhetoric, which every one is at liberty to make use of. Thus, *Tom Paine* is called the *Wat Tyler* of the present age; *Franklin* is called the *Zanga* of Boston; and *Dr. Rush* is called the *American Sangrado*. All that a writer has to do, to justify, either in a court of criticism or a court of law, the use of such a figure, is, to prove that the great man, whom he has designated by the name of another, bears such a resemblance to that other as the tenour of the words does evidently imply.

What sort of resemblance, then, do Mr. Cobbett's words imply between Dr. Rush and Dr. Sangrado? Do they tend to produce a belief that the American resembles the Spaniard in his *person*, in his *general character*, or in his *medical opinions, practice, and fame?* Most assuredly the resemblance was meant to exist in the latter respect only; for Dr. Sangrado is described as "a *tall, meagre, pale* "*man*, who had kept the shears of Clotho em-"ployed during forty years at least, and who was,

"in

" in spite of all his *vanity* and *presumption*, a *down-*
" *right ninny**."

It being evident, then, that the defendant meant a resemblance in the medical opinions, practice, and fame of these two celebrated physicians, it only remains for me to prove to you, Gentlemen, that the words, expressing such a resemblance, were founded in *truth*. Here are the two pictures; examine them yourselves.

| DOCTOR SANGRADO. *(Extracts from Gil Blas.)* | DOCTOR RUSH. |
|---|---|
| 1. " His opinions were *ex-* " *tremely singular.*" | 1. *Singularity of opinion*, in every thing, is his boast; for instance, his plan of a *peace-office* to supply the place of a *war office*; and his taking the cure of diseases out of the hands of *physicians* to put it into those of the people. |
| 2. " Sangrado sent me for " a surgeon, whom he ordered " to take from my master *six* " *good porringers of blood!* When " this was done he ordered the " surgeon to return in three " hours and take *as much more*, " and to repeat the same eva- " cuation the next day!" | 2. " I bled my patients " twice, and a few *three times* " *a-day!* I preferred frequent " and small, to large bleedings " in the beginning of Sep- " tember; but towards the " height and close of the epi- " demic, I saw no inconve- " nience from the loss of a " *pint*, and even *twenty ounces* " *of blood at a time!*" RUSH ON YEL. FEV. 93. |
| " 3. This bleeding, Sangra- " do said, was *to supply the* " *want of perspiration.* So when " I came to practise, says Gil " Blas, being asked by an old " woman what was the matter " with her daughter, I told " her, with great gravity, that " the illness proceeded from " the patient's want of pers- " pi- | 3. " From the influence of " early purging and *bleeding* " in *promoting sweat* in the " yellow fever, there can be " little doubt, but the efforts " of nature to unload the sys- " tem in the plague through " the pores, might be accele- " rated by the use of the same " remedies. A profuse sweat " cannot |

* If Rush had sitten for this picture, it could not have been drawn more like him.

DR. SANGRADO.

" piration, and that, of con-
" sequence, she must be spee-
" dily blooded, *that evacuation*
" *being the only substitute for*
" *perspiration.*"

4. " Not *bleed in a dropsy!*" said he; " the patient in a " dropsy should be blooded " every day."

5. " Sangrado said, it is a " *gross error*, Master Martin " Onez, to think that blood " is *necessary for the preserva-* " *tion of life*: a patient *cannot* " *be blooded too much!*"

6. " Dr. Sangrado said to " me, I have a regard for " thee, Gil Blas [a *foot boy*], " and will immediately dis- " close to thee the whole ex- " tent of that salutary art " which I have professed for " so many years. Other phy- " sicians make this consist in " the knowledge of a thou- " sand different sciences; but " I intend to go a shorter way " to work, and spare thee the " trouble of studying phar- " macy, anatomy, botany, and " physic. Know, my friend, " all that is required is to " *bleed* the patients, and make " them drink warm water. This " is the secret of curing all the " distempers incident to man. " Yes! that wonderful secret " which I reveal to thee, and " which nature, impenetrable " to

DR. RUSH.

" cannot fail of wasting *many* " *pounds* of the fluids of the " body. *To correspond in quan-* " *tity with the discharge from* " *the skin, blood-letting should be* " *copious.*"

RUSH. ON YEL. FEV.

4. Rush has frequently astounded the physicians of Philadelphia by recommending *bleeding in the dropsy.*

5. " You should bleed " your patients *almost to death*, " *at least to fainting.*" This is an extract which Rush gives from a letter of poor old Shippen, and calls it " the triumph " of *reason* over the formalities " of medicine."

6. Dr. Rush says: " All the " knowledge that is necessary " to discover when blood-lett- " ing is proper, might be " taught to *a boy or girl of* " *twelve years old*, in a few " hours. I taught it in less " time to several persons " [the two *negroes* for in- " stance] during the preva- " lence of our late epidemic. " We teach a hundred things " in our schools less useful, " and many things more diffi- " cult, than the knowledge " that would be necessary to " cure a yellow fever or the " plague.—For a long while " the elements themselves were " dealt out by physicians with " a sparing hand. They pos- " sessed a monopoly of many " artificial remedies; but a " new order of things is rising " in

| DR. SANGRADO. | DR. RUSH. |
|---|---|
| " to my brethren, hath not " been able to hide from my " researches, is contained in " these two points, of plenti- " ful bleeding and frequent " draughts of water. I have " nothing more to impart; " thou knowest physic to the " very bottom." | " in medicine as well as in " government. The time must " and will come, when the " general use of calomel, ja- " lap, and the lancet, shall " be considered amongst the " most essential articles of the " knowledge and rights of " man." |
| 7. " I have *published a book*, " said Sangrado, in which I " have extolled the use of " bleeding, and would you " have me decry my own " work? Oh, no! replied I, " you must not give your ene- " mies such a triumph over " you; it would ruin your re- " putation; perish rather the " nobility, clergy, and peo- " ple!" | 7. Rush also has *published a book*, and in that book he has said: " I was part of a " little circle of physicians, " who had *associated* them- " selves in *support* of the *new* " *remedies*.—This circle would " have been broken by my " quitting the city. Under " these circumstances, it pleas- " ed God to enable me to re- " ply to one of the letters that " urged my retreat from the " city, that I had resolved to " *stick* to my *principles*, my *prac-* " *tice*, and my patients, *to the* " *last extremity!*" |
| 8. " My master had re- " course to physicians, and " sent for Dr. Sangrado, whom " all Valladolid looked upon " as *another Hippocrates*." | 8. " Look at the conduct " of Dr. Rush," said pleader Hopkinson, " and say if it " did not not *ressemble that of* " *Hippocrates*." |

Now, Gentlemen, what think you of the resemblance? Dr. Sangrado is a man of *singular opinions*; so is Dr. Rush. Dr. Sangrado draws blood, *porringer after porringer*; Dr. Rush, *pint after pint*. Dr. Sangrado employs copious bleedings to *supply the want of perspiration*; so does Dr. Rush. They both recommend *bleeding in the dropsy*. Dr. Sangrado says that it is a gross error to think *that blood is necessary to the preservation of life*; Dr. Rush calls

calls it the triumph of *reason* to prescribe *bleeding almost to death.* Dr. Sangrado sends a *footboy*, a *lacquey*, to bleed and drench the citizens of Valladolid; Dr. Rush qualifies *negroes* and *old women* to bleed and purge those of Philadelphia. Dr. Sangrado has written a book; so has Dr. Rush; and they both resolve *to stick to their principles and practice to the last extremity.* Dr. Sangrado is called, by his cotemporaries, the *Hippocrates of Spain*; Dr. Rush's cotemporaries call him *the Hippocrates of Pennsylvania.*—The only shade of difference is in their practice; the American employs doses of mercury and jalap, while the Spaniard contents himself with draughts of warm water; and, I believe, you will confess, that the latter is, at least, as innocent as the former.

But, Gentlemen of the Jury, there needed no such laboured comparison, to prove to you that the name of Sangrado was fairly applicable to the plaintiff. You know, Gentlemen, that Dr. Rush has erected his *bleeding system* upon the opinions of *Botallus*, a French physician, whose name he mentions with great applause in page 330 of his Account of the Yellow Fever. This *Botallus* endeavoured to introduce the practice of *excessive bleeding*, which was condemned by the Faculty of Medicine at Paris; and you well know, that the practice of his American follower was honoured with something very much like condemnation by the College of Physicians at Philadelphia. But the most curious fact is, that Le Sage introduced the character of *Sangrado* into the novel of Gil Blass for the express purpose of ridiculing this very *Botallus!* I have carefully examined the biography of Le Sage, and I can no where find that he was sued or prosecuted by bleeder *Botallus:* so that the master in blood must have been of a more meek and forbearing disposition than the disciple, or the liberty of the press

press, in the "dark ages," under a French monarch, must have been greater than it is, even in "these enlightened days," under the sovereign people of America.

The fourth and last charge preferred against the defendant is, *that he has said that Dr. Rush* SLEW HIS PATIENTS. The passage from Porcupine's Gazette, on which this charge is founded, runs thus: "Dr. Rush, in that emphatical style which is peculiar to himself, calls mercury the *Sampson* of medicine. In his hands, and in those of his partisans, it may, indeed, be compared to Sampson; for I verily believe, they have slain more Americans with it, than ever Sampson slew of the Philistines. The Israelite slew his thousands, but the Rushites have slain their tens of thousands."

The pleaders for Rush have told you, that this is accusing him of *murder*. How unfair this construction is; what a shameful perversion it is of the defendant's meaning, must be evident to every man of common understanding*. I can hardly believe that it can ever be the duty of advocates to *lie* in this impudent manner (for wilful misconstruction is lying), and, when they do, I am certain that jurors ought not to give any weight to what they say; much less ought they to *affect* to look upon such barefaced falsehoods as truths. Jurors should recollect, that they are sworn to decide according to the conviction which is produced in their own minds; and when they do not act up to the spirit of this oath, they will in vain seek for a justifica-

* Shameful as the perversion was, however, we shall see, by and by, that the *Judge* gave into it, and actually told the Jury that I had accused the Doctor of *murdering* his patients, though the word *murder* was not to be found in any of the expressions laid in the declaration.

tion

tion in the *assertions* from the bar, or even from the bench,

Unwilling to trust to *one interpretation* of the words on which this charge is founded, the Rushite counsel have asserted, 1. That these words accuse Dr. Rush of *killing people with deadly weapons;* and, 2. That they accuse him of *killing people with his physic.*—I shall consider them separately.

Take the passage above quoted from Porcupine's Gazette, strip it of its figurative quality, insist upon its being literally understood, make it positive instead of doubtful, and then cut it up into simple sentences, considering each as having been made use of detached from all the rest; after having thus strained, twisted, garbled, and gutted the writing of the defendant, I will allow, that something like an accusation of *killing people with deadly weapons* may be made out. But it is not thus that a man's words are to be treated; his person and estate are not to be brought into jeopardy by such miserable pettifogging interpretations: pitiful, indeed, would be the liberty of speech and of the press, were every sentence liable to a judicial criticism of this sort. No, no; the *Common Law of England* (which, as I observed before, is, in this case, the law of America) encourages no such uncandid, no such litigious proceeding. That law, I had almost said that *holy law*, which is the result of the researches of wisdom actuated by the spirit of justice; that law, which, while it has clad *good* character in a coat of mail, has thrown a shield before the body of the critic, the satirist, and the public censor; that law tells you, that the words, on which an action of slander is grounded, shall be understood neither in their *best sense* nor their *worst sense*, but "that the words shall be taken in the same sense "as they would be understood by those who hear "or read them, and for that purpose all the words

ought

" ought to be taken together."—*See Buller's Nisi Prius*, p. 4.

Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, casting behind you the base misconstructions by which you have been led astray, and taking the law for your guide, go once more over the words of Mr. Cobbett. " Dr. Rush," says he, " in that emphatical style " which is peculiar to himself, calls mercury the " Sampson of medicine. In his hands, and in those " of his partisans, it may, indeed, be justly com- " pared to Sampson; for I verily *believe* that they " have slain more Americans with it, than ever " Sampson slew of the Philistines. The Israelite " slew his thousands, but the Rushites have slain " their tens of thousands."

What, on your oaths I ask you, do you, upon hearing these words, understand the writer to mean? Sholud you, had you read this passage in a foreign newspaper, have concluded that this Dr. Rush was in the habit of *killing people with deadly weapons?* No, no, Gentlemen; you would have drawn no such conclusion! you would have thought he was a man, who, with his disciples, follow- ed a very bold and dangerous system of medi- cine, and you would have thought nothing more. You would have looked upon him as a deceived, an ignorant, and, perhaps, an obstinate man; but you would have attached to his actions no idea of *criminality*; and I beg you to observe well, that it is for accusing him with *criminal killing* that you are, on this count of the declaration, called upon to give a verdict against the defendant: should you comply with the request, the future fate of *your* characters need not be foretold.

But, Gentlemen, I will, for a moment, suppose the words to imply *killing with deadly weapons*, and even upon that supposition, I maintain that they

are not actionable; and, of course, that they ought to make nothing against the defendant.

In the first place, they are too indefinite with respect to the persons: Dr. Rush is confounded with a numerous class, called the Rushites; and the persons killed are neither named nor described. The law is extremely scrupulous on these points, and positively rejects every thing that has only an imaginary existence. For an action of slander to lie, on account of an accusation of *killing*, the words must not only evidently apply to the plaintiff as the killer, but, in a case like the present, it must also appear, that the persons said to be killed *are actually dead*, for instance, if I say to either of you, "Thou hast poisoned A. B. and it shall cost me "100*l.* but I will hang thee: no action will lie for "these words, *without proof being produced by the* "*plaintiff, that A. B. is actually dead.*"—See *Rolle's Abridgment*, vol. i. p. 77.—Thus, you see, though the killer and the killed are clearly designated, the law rejects the action, because *the death* is not proved.

But, Gentlemen, suppose the Doctor were to pull out a list of his patients for some years past; suppose he were to point to the populous grave-yards of this unfortunate city, and say, *These* are the people that the defendant has accused me of killing with deadly weapons; and suppose you should be convinced of the truth of his assertion, still the action will not lie; unless it be evident that Mr. Cobbett meant, that these people were killed *criminally*, and to ascertain this, *all* the words must be taken together. For instance, if I say, "*Mr. Harper is a thief*," and if I stop there, an action will lie against me; but, if I say, "*Mr.* "*Harper is a thief*, FOR *he has stolen the thoughts,* "*the words, the expressions, the sentences, and even* "*whole paragraphs, from Monsieur Mallet du Pan,*

"*and*

" *and dressed them up into a speech for Congress;*" no action will lie for these words, 1. Because the latter part of the words are satisfactorily explanatory of the former; and, 2. Because the words taken all together do not accuse Mr. Harper of any *crime*, but merely of a little of what the law calls *trover and conversion*, and what, in the critic's court, is called *plagiarism*.—A case more in point, however, is to be found in *Rolle's Abridgment*, vol. i. p. 72, where it is said: " If a man says of J. S. *As soon* " *as Bushe had killed Smith, he came to J. S. and told* " *him, how he had killed Smith, and J. S. gave Bushe* " *money to ship him away;*" the law says, Gentlemen, that no action will lie for this accusation, though Smith be proved to be dead; " For," says the learned Reporter, " the word *kill* is too ge- " neral, and a man may *kill* another in his own de- " fence, &c. without committing any crime." And if the word *kill* does not imply criminality in the act, how much less does the word *slay*, which is, now-a-days, exclusively appropriated to narratives of battles, and is *never* employed as a substitute for *murder* or *assassination*, whereas, *to kill* sometimes is.

This is, however, only a waste of time; for you never can have believed that the defendant meant to accuse Dr. Rush of *criminally* putting thousands and tens of thousands of Americans to death. The suggestion is an insult to common sense, and a disgrace to the Judges who have suffered you to listen to it.

The other construction put upon the words of the defendant is more reasonable; to wit: *That he has accused Dr. Rush of killing his patients with his remedies.*—The words, taken all together, do not warrant this construction; but, admit that they do, still they are not actionable, notwithstanding the assertion of the *learned* Ingersol. This man has

told you, that he has "*an authority*" for this assertion. I wish he had told you *what* authority it was. Perhaps it was Governor (sometime Chief Justice) M'Kean! If so, I applaud his prudence in keeping the name to himself. The authority to which I shall appeal, is of a different stamp.—"A man says "of a physician, *He hath killed J. S. in the Old* "*Jewry with physic, which physic was a pill, and Dr.* "*Atkins and Dr. Pady found the vomit in his mouth.*" —This is no vague charge; the meaning of the words is by no means dubious; the defendant does not, like Mr. Cobbett, speak in figurative language, and qualify his assertion with a phrase expressive of uncertainty; the accusation is to be literally understood; it is clear, direct, with the circumstances of manner, time, and place. Yet, says my authority, "no action will lie for these words; for if a physi- "cian gives medicines or drugs to his patient, with "an intent to recover him from his sickness, though "the patient die after having taken them, still the phy- "sician is not punishable, so long as it does not ap- "pear that he gave the medicines, knowing them "to be contrary to the nature of the disease. If the "man had said, *that the physician killed J. S. with* "*medicines, which he administered, knowing them to* "*be contrary to the nature of the disease*, an action "would have lain for these words."—See *Rolle's Abridgment*, vol. i. p. 71.

This, Gentlemen of the Jury, is the language of the common law of England, and give me leave to say, that it is also the language of reason; for it would be absurd to suppose that an action of slander is to be avoided by circumlocutory phrases; by saying in many words what might be said in few. And if no speech and no writing is to be made use of, which can be fairly construed to mean that a physician has *killed* his patient by his remedies, then I say, that all controversy about modes of cure must

must from henceforth cease; for it is absolutely impossible to speak with *disapprobation* of a physician's practice, without making use of such words as will, directly or indirectly, imply, that *he has killed his patients with his remedies*. Dr. Brickell, for instance, in remonstrating against the treatment of General Washington by Doctors Craik and Dick, has these words: "Thus do we see, by their own statement, "that they drew from a man in the sixty-ninth year "of his age, the enormous quantity of eighty-two "ounces, or above two quarts and an half of blood, "in about thirteen hours. Very few of the most "robust young men in the world could survive such "a loss of blood; but the body of an aged person "*must* be so exhausted, and all his powers so weak-"ened *by it*, as to *make his death* speedy and *inevi-"table*. Here *the effect followed the cause precisely:* "the physicians soon observed the powers of life "yielding; a loss of speech; and that he expired "without a struggle! The *excessive bleeding had "left him no strength to struggle!!*"

Now, Gentlemen, follow the rule laid down by the law, take all Dr. Brickell's words together, and you will, at once, perceive, that he charges these physicians with killing General Washington with their remedies. He tells them, that the blood they took from their patient *rendered his death inevitable;* he says that their bleeding was *the cause of his death;* and that the *excessive* bleeding left him *no strength to struggle with*. But, are these not *truths?* And shall this, or any other man, be prevented from speaking and publishing these salutary truths? Shall he be harassed and prosecuted; shall he be muzzled, gagged, or fined to his ruin, because he has had public spirit enough to promulgate truths so necessary to the preservation of even the lives of the people? and all this merely because the promulgation tends to diminish the practice and pro-

fits of a second Sangrado and his bleeding disciples? The law says, No! Reason turns with disgust from the absurdity; Justice grasps her sword, and Liberty revolts, at the presumptuous, the tyrannical position!

Having now, Gentlemen of the Jury, completely justified the words of the defendant, by establishing the *truth* of those which are, in themselves, actionable, and by proving that those, the truth of which does not admit of positive proof, are, in no sense, actionable, it is not a duty incumbent on me to show, that none of them were published with a *malicious intent*: the charge of *falsehood* being disproved, that of *malice* falls of course. But, Gentlemen, witnesses have been produced to make you believe that private malice, and not public good, was the basis of the publications; and the defendant, strong in the purity of his motives, and indignant at the reproach with which he has been assailed, instructs me to repel the ungrateful insinuation.

The three witnesses, to whom you have been listening, are all physicians (as they have the politeness to call themselves) of the school of Rush; two of them were his *pupils*, and, I trust, no one of the three would have been admitted to give evidence, in a similar case, in any other court in the world; seeing that each of them, in proportion to the extent of his practice, is as deeply interested in the result of this trial, as the plaintiff himself. Observe, Gentlemen, that, when Mr. Cobbett speaks of the deadly effects of the system of depletion, he does not say, that *Rush* has slain "his "thousands and tens of thousands," but that the "*Rushites*" (that is, all those who follow this fatal system) "have slain *their* thousands and tens of "thousands;" so that the persons who have been admitted to give evidence, are, virtually, joint plaintiffs

plaintiffs in the cause! It was lately decided by the Judges in this very court, that no inhabitant of Philadelphia should be admitted to give evidence against persons charged with the transgression of the law prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings; because, living in the same city where the building had been erected, he might *possibly* be interested in the result of the trial. And if this was good ground for exception, how much better is the ground for excepting to the evidence of "Rushites" in the present case? And yet this evidence is admitted! Is this your impartiality? Blush, Americans, for your tranquil submission!

But, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have, however, heard this evidence, and therefore I shall, for the reasons before stated, endeavour to remove the impression it may have produced.

The first of these witnesses is *James Mease* *. He has told you, that, about six months *after* this action was commenced, he heard the defendant say, speaking of Dr. Rush: "*Damn him, he had "better withdraw his suit, or I will persecute him "while living, and his memory after his death.*"

* Besides the interest, which these men had in common with Rush, they each of them had a *private grudge* against me, which will clearly account for their volunteering in the business, and for their treachery in divulging private conversations. Mease's conduct at the Island was very severely, though very justly, treated in Porcupine's Gazette; and it will be remembered, that he hated me for refusing to publish his base and assassin-like attack on poor sottish Mifflin. If the man who reads this note, has not read the first number of the Rush-Light, I beg him to turn to it, where he will see recorded an act of this Mease, surpassing in ingratitude, in treachery, in cowardly black-hearted malice, any thing ever imputed even to the inhabitants of the infernal regions. And, when he has read this, let him recollect, that this Mease is the *pupil*, the *dear friend*, and one of the *trumpets* of Rush, who, in his Account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, *blessed God* for preserving the young man's "precious life!" Such, or nearly such, are *all* his friends.

The plain truth of the matter is this: Mr. Cobbett went to the Island, where Mease was king-Robinson Crusoe, along with an English captain, who had some business with a sick sailor. While the captain was gone to the hospital, Mease asked Mr. Cobbett into his apartment, brought out a bottle of wine, and gave him a pressing invitation to dinner. The invitation was declined, but two or three glasses of wine were drunk, and a conversation, of the rallying bantering kind, took place; and, as it is impossible to be with a Rushite for a quarter of an hour, without being pestered with an eulogium on the fraternity and the abominable remedies they employ, Rush and his lawsuit soon became the topic. Mr. Cobbett certainly did, on this occasion, as on many others, make use of words strongly expressive of his resentment at Rush's insolent and vexatious appeal to the law, and he well remembers threatening *to make him repent of it*; but, as to *damning* him, he utterly denies it; for, though he has to atone for too many sins of this sort, he is certain that he never so far degraded a curse as to bestow it on Rush. And, with respect to his saying, that he would persecute *his memory after his death*, the thing is absolutely incredible: he might as reasonably have threatened to persecute the *memory* of a butterfly or maggot. "Can the *Rush*," says Job, "grow up without "mire? Whilst it is yet in his greenness, *and not* "*cut down, it withereth before any other herb.*" Upon reading these words, one is tempted to believe, that the holy seer really had the Pennsylvanian Hippocrates in his eye; for, though he is yet in his greenness, though he is still alive, his fame has perished of itself; it is withered and dead.

However, Gentlemen, what degree of credit so ever you may be inclined to give to the testimony of *Physician* Mease, though you should believe that the

the defendant uttered the words precisely as the witness has stated, as you must remember, that these words were uttered eight months *after* the suit was commenced; and that they cannot tend to establish the *malice* imputed to the publications, for which this action is brought, because they express resentment against Rush *for his conduct subsequent to those publications.*

The next of the volunteer witnesses is *John Redman Coxe.* He tells you, Gentlemen, that, on the 2d of October 1797, which was some weeks after this action was commenced, he was in Mr. Cobbett's house*, and that he there heard him say, that "he did not *believe* he should have said *so* "*much* on bleeding or mercurials if Dr. Rush had "not been the founder of the system." By the

* Yes, this subaltern Sangrado did really come to my house about this time, and did very earnestly intercede with me in behalf of his preceptor; and, by the same token, I remember that he presented me a list of the physicians of Philadelphia, whom he very strenuously persuaded me to *lampoon!* Upon this list were the names of Khun, Wistar, Parke, and several others; and the base accusation, which he wished *me* to prefer against these respectable gentlemen and truly eminent physicians, was, that they had *deserted the poor in the hour of distress*, than which nothing would have been more false and malicious, or would have produced against the parties more public odium and reproach. "*Damme*," said the little bleeder, "*shoot one of* "*your quills at them: you'll set Wistar dancing mad, and* "*he's a sly democrat.*" I resisted this eloquent solicitation. I felt no inclination to set Doctor Wistar dancing mad: for, what, ever might be his political opinions, he kept them to himself; and I had always heard, that he was a man of great private worth.

Such are the *pupils*, the *friends*, and the witnesses of Rush! Such are the fellows, who have the impudence to come forward in a court of justice, and accuse *me* of *underhand malice!* Happy would it have been for them, had they been yet unborn. Their great leader will sink, and will drag them all down with him to the bottom of the mire.

little

little cunning sniveller's noting down the very day of his visit. It would appear that he attached great importance to these words: but, Gentlemen, you surely cannot believe, that they have the least tendency to establish the *malice*, which is imputed to the publications of the defendant. Mr. Cobbett said, "he believed, that he should not have said *so* "much about bleeding and mercurials, if *Dr. Rush* "had not been the founder of the system." What is the meaning of these words? Do they imply malice against the man, as the babblers on the other side have asserted? No such thing, Mr. Cobbett having always entertained that opinion of Rush, which his conduct in the fever of 1793 was so well calculated to confirm: having always looked upon him as a wild and persevering experimenter, and having seen him publish, that he was "*resolved* to "stick to his *principles* and his *practice* to the *last* "*extremity*," was it not very natural, that the character of the man should increase his zeal against the system? And, was it not as natural that he should say, that he *believed* he should not have said *so much* against it, if Rush had not been its founder? Permit me to put a case to you, Gentlemen. Suppose Jefferson were to propose to you a new alliance with France: should you listen to it with the same patience as you would to a similar proposition from Mr. Adams? And would you not be justified in declaring, that you *believed* you should not have said *so much* about it, if Jefferson had not been the proposer? Should you not, if this your declaration were brought forward as a proof of your *malice* against Jefferson spurn at the promoters of the charge and the wretched spies they had employed? Were you free men, nay, were you vassals, were you slaves, were you any thing but Americans, you certainly would.

The

The last of this goodly trio of betrayers of private conversation is *William Dewees**.

And here, Gentlemen, I shall, for the first time, take the liberty to deviate, for one moment, from my subject, in order to give you some idea of the character of the *father* of this witness. This is fully warranted by the manner in which the action has been attempted to be supported by the Rushite pleaders, who have not only loaded the character of the defendant himself with every species of calumny, but have most shamefully slandered his honest parents, by asserting that he is "a wretch "cast up from the *slime* of mankind." That this is false you well know, and that it merits that retaliation which truth can inflict you cannot deny. The gin-shop pedigree of the plaintiff you are all acquainted with; something very pretty might be said about the *relations* and the *descendants* of the two first witnesses, *Mease* and *Coxe*†; and the

* I have shown that the other two witnesses had a private grudge against me, and that *Dewees* had also, the reader will be convinced, when he is told that the following article appeared in Porcupine's Gazette.

"Another Puff."

(From the New-York Gazette.)

"Messrs. M'Kean and Lang,

"A Philadelphian now in New-York was yesterday sorry to "see the *able* and *useful* Physician, *Doctor Dewees*, in this "city, knowing that his absence from Philadelphia will prove a "*serious loss* to the afflicted of that place.

"*Sunday Morning, Sept.* 17, 1797."

This article, which was, most probably, sent to the New-York Gazette by the "*able* and *useful* physician himself," was inserted in my paper immediately after my comments on one of Rush's most impudent puffs. This is the way they have gone on all over the country. There is not a single member of the fraternity who is not a *puffer*.

† This is "high matter," and will form a separate and most curious article in the Rush-Light.

following

following account of the progenitor of Dewees seems necessary to complete the genealogy.

The modesty of this "*able* and *useful* physician" never suffered him, I dare say, to suppose that the fame of his ancestor was recorded in *history;* and I have no doubt that he will feel himself obliged to me for acquainting him with the fact. *Mr. Smyth,* who was a British officer, confined as a prisoner of war in the gaol of Philadelphia, during the revolution, and who afterwards published an account of his treatment, speaks thus of the father of the witness:

"All this time the gaoler charged us at an ex-
" travagant rate for diet, fire, and candle, besides
" an allowance that he received from the Congress
" for that purpose; by which means he extorted
" every farthing of money from us, as far as our
" credit then would go. But being determined
" not to run in debt, I at length refused to pay him
" any more than the Congress allowed, and was
" obliged after this to subsist upon bread and water
" alone during seven weeks. This gaoler's name
" was *Thomas Dewees,* as tyrannical, cruel, infa-
" mous a villain as ever disgraced human nature."

After Mr. Smyth joined the Royal Army, he came with it from the Head of Elk to Philadelphia. "On the morning," says he," "of the day that
" a detachment of the British army first entered
" Philadelphia, a number of the Americans fell
" into my hands, and amongst the rest *Thomas*
" *Dewees,* the cruel, tyrannical gaoler, under whose
" iron talons I had suffered so long and severely.
" As soon as this wretch found that I was the
" officer commanding the party, his terror is not to
" be described, as he expected nothing less than
" immediate death; falling on his knees, he begged
" for his life, and for mercy: I desired him to con-
" sider what he merited from me. He acknow-
" ledged

" ledged he deserved neither favour nor compas-
" sion; said that his orders respecting me had been
" more rigorous than against any other, and owned
" that he had executed them in their full severity; but
" still most earnestly entreated forgiveness. I told
" him that for the sake of his innocent wife and
" *children* (for he had a large family), I would for-
" give him, as he promised sincere contrition, and
" proposed to take the *oaths of allegiance to his*
" *Majesty*: this he *readily performed;* and had the
" audacity afterwards of applying to Earl Corn-
" wallis to be appointed Deputy Provost Marshal
" *over the rebel prisoners* in Philadelphia, in the
" acccomplishment of which pursuit, however, he
" very justly failed*."

Such is the account which history gives of the father. Now let us judge of the son, by the evidence which, in this trial, he has given with the intent of establishing the charge of *malice* against the defendant.—The witness relates to you, that, being at the defendant's house in the month of *January* 1797 (nine months previous to the date of the publications, on which the action is grounded), he heard him reprobate the Eulogium on Rittenhouse, which Rush had just then delivered; and that, on this occasion, he heard the defendant say, that the Eulogium was " *too republican,*" adding, " *Damn him, I will attack him for it.*" Hence, Gentlemen, you are requested to believe, that the publications of *September* were no more than a fulfilment of the threat of *January;* and that Rush's system of bleeding was attacked from *political* mo-

* See SMYTH'S TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES. These extracts are taken from vol. ii. p. 293 and 422. The work has long been in the Philadelphia library, and has been sold in every city in the United States

tives, and not from any opinion that the defendant entertained of its dangerous effects. Levi has told you, that Mr. Cobbett never attacked the Doctor's politics: "not a word," says he, "was ever seen "upon *that* head: his attack was designed to be "on a part more injurious to the *man*; he threatens "in January, and executes in September. The "arrow was stuck in his side, he did not attempt "to draw it out at the moment, but he let it re-"main till a fit period for making it felt."

When a small lawyer gets hold of a figure of rhetoric, he uses it as aukwardly as a baby does a knife, sometimes seizing it by the handle and sometimes by the blade, while the compassionate Jury sit trembling with anxiety for the consequences. Such, Gentlemen, must have been your feelings whilst listening to the illustration of Levi. But the nonsense of my little Moses's figure, palpable as it is, is not quite so palpable as its falsehood. It is false, *notoriously* false, to say that Mr. Cobbett never attacked the Doctor's Eulogium on Rittenhouse. He did attack it. Nor did the *arrow*, as the Israelite calls it, remain long to rankle in his side. He threatened in January 1797, and there is not a man amongst you, who does not know, that in his Censor for *the very same month of January*, he put his threat into execution. Further: which of you has not read the last "Will and Testament "of Peter Porcupine," published in *March* 1797? and which of you, then, does not *know*, that the Eulogium was there attacked a second time, previous to the publishing of the words laid in the declaration? The silly sans-culottish Eulogium was not only attacked, but was destroyed, and was, by the defendant and every body else, completely forgotten long before the month of September.

ber*. What then becomes of the support, which this part of the testimony of Dewees is intended to give to the charge of *malice?*—How it dwindles and disappears!

The latter part of this man's evidence is, like the former, merely *presumptive*, and, upon examination, it will be found to be equally destitute of weight. But, Gentlemen, there is *something else*, of which, take it altogether, it is also destitute.

He has told you, that, notwithstanding he is of the school of the American Sangrado, *Mr. Cobbett*

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* Mr. Harper said, he had read this Eulogium with *pleasure.* If Mr. Harper was serious, he has a singular taste; for I can tell him, that it is (or was, while it was above ground) despised by every man, possessed of critical knowledge, or even of common sense.—Mr. Harper (though one of my *advocates*) further observed, that it was "very *impertinent* in *me* to express my disapprobation of it, for that I had *no business* with it."—Mr. Harper's notions of *impertinence* are as singular as is his taste in literary productions. He does, however, very graciously allow, that I had "certainly a *right* to *find fault* with it." This was going great lengths for his client; but Mr. Harper will oblige the world by explaining how I could possibly have "a *right* to *find* "*fault* with it," if I had "*no business* with it," and if it was "*impertinence*" in me to speak against it. Mr. Harper does not know every thing. I dare say he does not know, for instance, that the vote of thanks, passed by the American Philosophical Society for this Eulogium of Rush, was carried by *mere faction*; and that, though it was said to be *unanimous*, it was actually opposed by the most learned and respectable members, amongst whom was *Bishop White*, whose well-founded objections were replied to by uncandid and bitter *political* reflections from the overbearing, insolent *M'Kean.*—Let Mr. Harper learn a little more, before he takes upon him to reprobate and condemn the opinions or the conduct of those, whose *intentions*, at least, are as good as his own. Let him claim, let him receive and enjoy, all the popularity he deserves for his zealous, his great, and efficacious endeavours in support of the government; but, let me conjure him to resolve, before he undertakes another cause, never to seek to preserve that popularity by traducing the character of his client, though that client should have the misfortune to be the subject of a king, and even though he should have the misfortune to have *paid his counsellor beforehand.*

*employed*

*employed him as a physician in his family, and, moreover, recommended him to his friends.*—As a conclusive refutation of the former part of this statement, as an unquestionable proof that Dewees was never Mr. Cobbett's physician, I might remind you, that Mr. Cobbett is *yet alive*. He might reply to this impudent assertion of the witness, in the language of Boileau's pithy epigram to Doctor Perrault, of which I will give you an humble imitation.

You say, then, you blood-sucking elf,
That you've been our physician all round!
I swear that you ne'er bled myself,
And the proof is—*I'm yet above ground**.

From this testimony of Dewees, however, you are requested, and almost *ordered*, to believe, that Mr. Cobbett had no real dislike to the Rushite *system*, but that his attack on the system arose from the *malice* which he entertained against the *man*.—This conclusion, admitting the premises, is very unfair; for the evidence does not state, that the witness was either employed or recommended by the defendant, in cases of the *Yellow Fever*. In-

* "Tu dis, donc, que tu, Monsieur l'assassin,
"M'as guéri d'une forte maladie!
"La preuve que tu ne fus pas mon médecin,
"C'est, que je suis encore en vie."

It is worthy of remark, that the Satirist here calls Doctor Perrault an *assassin*, and that, harsh as the term is, Perrault never brought an action of slander against him: if he had, all the satisfaction he would have obtained, would have been a horse-laugh.—A million instances might be produced of the great liberty enjoyed by the French writers under the much-abused Monarchy.—I am far from saying, that one man ought to be allowed to call another an *assassin*; but a court of justice, under the old French government, would have clearly perceived, that the words of Boileau did not tend to create a belief, that Perrault was actually a *murderer*; and they would have justly concluded, that the medical character which was endangered by an epigram, was not worthy of the protection of the law.

deed,

deed, it expressly states that *he was not;* and you well *know*, that the defendant has had the *Yellow Fever* twice in his family, and that it is the Rushite treatment of *this disease alone*, which the publications before you were intended to destroy.

But this general reply, though quite satisfactory, shall not content me: the witness deserves to be exposed.—Being asked how long he had *attended* in Mr. Cobbett's family, he replies: "*from* the "return of the citizens in 1798," which certainly means, that he had given *all* the medical assistance required in the family, from the autumn of 1798 to this present time, the autumn of 1799.—Now, Gentlemen, recollect that this man was sworn to "tell the truth, the *whole* truth, and nothing but "the truth, *so help him God;*" and then I beg your attention to a true story.

Doctor Budd was Mr. Cobbett's family Doctor, from the time that he arrived in Philadelphia to the time that he quitted it; but in the summer of 1798 Doctor Budd retired into New-Jersey, where he remained till the people returned to the city. Mrs. Cobbett was at this time pregnant, and, as a precaution, in case of need, some one was sought for to supply the place of Doctor Budd. Mr. Cobbett was situated at Bustleton, fifty miles from Doctor Budd, twelve from Philadelphia, and eight from Dewees. Very pressing solicitations were made to Doctor Budd, who would have staid at Bustleton on purpose, had not his family demanded his presence. No one from the city could be thought on; because, besides the great risk arising from his constant employment, the gentleman engaged might die before the time arrived, and Mr. Cobbett knew that the friends with whom he lived, had some objection to receiving into their house persons coming from the seat of infection and mortality. Under these circumstances, Dewees was

applied to, but not till after repeated efforts had been made in vain to secure the attendance of a reputable *female* practitioner. Thus, then, Granny Dewees was introduced into the defendant's family as a last shift, a poor despicable *pis-aller*.

Mrs. Cobbett returned to the city before the child was born, and Doctor Budd would now have been the man: but as Granny Dewees had been *bespoken*, and as he had been put to the trouble of two or three journeys to Bustleton, it was determined that he should attend; but not without the express promise of Mrs. Cobbett to her husband that she would swallow none of *his drugs*, and that Doctor Budd should be called, if any medical assistance should be found necessary.—All terminated well: Granny Dewees performed his part as expertly as any skilful dame in the parish could have done, and there ended his *attendance* for that time.

In the summer of 1799 the parties were distributed precisely in the same way as they were in 1798. The dysentery raged in the neighbourhood of Mr. Cobbett, who was afraid that his little boy had got the disorder, and who, thereupon, wrote a note to the *pis-aller*, *Dewees*, describing the state of the child, requesting him to ride over to Bustleton, and to bring with him what he thought might be of use. He attended the next day, and left a packet of powders. As soon as the man of science was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Cobbett, and a young man who has long lived in the family, held a *consultation*, not on the patient, but on the drugs; which, after a very deliberate discussion, it was unanimously resolved *to throw into the fire*.—The child recovered; Dewees attributed the recovery to his mercurials, and has, I dare say, recorded it amongst the wonders he has wrought. He was suffered to hug himself in the deception, and there ended

ended his "*attendance*," in the defendant's family, for the second and last time.

Now, Gentlemen, was this attending in Mr. Cobbett's family "*from* the autumn of 1798?" Dewees called at Mr. Cobbett's in the spring of 1799, and observing a mark on the little boy's arm, he asked if he had been inoculated: Mrs. Cobbett told him he had, and he well knew that *he* had not been the inoculator. He, therefore, knew that he had *not* attended in the family "*from* the autumn of 1798."

This witness being asked *who* was Mr. Cobbett's family Physician, replies: "I cannot tell."—Hear the truth, Gentlemen. While he was attending on Mrs. Cobbett, her little daughter was taken ill. Seeing the child with all the appearances of sickness about her, he asked what remedies had been applied, and was told that *Doctor Budd* had prescribed for her.—So that he *knew*, and could have told *who* was the family Doctor of the defendant.

Being asked, whether he had ever been recommended by Mr. Cobbett to any other *families*, he replies: "Yes; frequently."—The *truth* is this. While Mr. Cobbett was at Bustleton, and while the physicians were all employed or dispersed, he advised *two* neighbours, one in the *dysentery*, and one with a *bleeding at the nose*, to send for the *pis-aller*, judging him to be somewhat better than no Doctor at all. *Twice* is not *frequently*. Frequently means *oftentimes* and *commonly*. Besides, if Dewees had recollected that the oath bound him, in the name of God, to tell the *whole* truth, he would have told you, that at the very time that he was visiting these two neighbours of the defendant, another neighbour was taken ill of what was thought to be the Yellow Fever, and that Mr. Cobbett, who could have brought Dewees to the spot in an hour, sent for

*Doctor Monges*, first to Philadelphia, then into the Neck, and after that to Jenkintown, whence he was at last brought to the patient, at twelve o'clock at night* !

What, then, becomes of the evidence; what becomes of the character and conscience, the body and the soul, of Dewees? †

But, Gentlemen, of the Jury, this refutation of the verbal testimony was entirely useless to *you*. You wanted no information on the subject, but what you already possessed. You *all know of yourselves*, that, when the Yellow Fever was in Mr. Cobbett's own family, the physicians he employed were not of the school of Sangrado; you *know*, that they were *Doctor Monges* and that very *Doctor Stevens*, whom the impudent and insolent Rush had accused of *slaying more than the sword*, and to

* By the by, this recommending and sending for Doctors to my neighbours, does not seem to be a very good proof of that *hardness of heart* and that *insignificance* in society, which the lying and ungrateful miscreants of Philadelphia have *affected* to attribute to me.—*Governor* M'Kean, *lawyer* Hopkinson, and *lawyer* Levi, were, last summer, deposited in farm-houses near my country retreat. I'll engage no neighbour was ever troubled with *their* solicitude for his welfare; I believe, that no one, even of the most wretched, would have listened to a recommendation from *their lips*; and I much question, if my *word* would not, amongst *any* of my neighbours, have passed for more than the joint *bond* of the three.

† I am told that Dewees has said, that he is *sorry* for what has happened; and, for once I believe him most sincerely! But it is a pity he was not taken with this fit of remorse, before he marched amongst the volunteers to the Court, to betray the private conversation of his customer.

Strange to tell, *Rush* also says he is *sorry!!!*—Sympathetic soul! I dare say, it grieves him to death to be forced to receive 5000 dollars of British money! It is said, however, that he has gotten his *chariot* new painted, and has spruced himself up, since the "*liberal*" decision. This does not look much like mourning. Whether his sorrow was expressed *since* the gleam of the Rush-Light began to appear, or before, I cannot ascertain.

whom

whom the defendant, along with hundreds of others, owe the preservation of their lives. Neither you nor any other inhabitant of Philadelphia, can plead ignorance of this fact. Mr. Cobbett has more than once made his *public* acknowledgments to these preservers of himself and his family. What further information, then, can you want? You *know*, that, when he was *himself* attacked by the dreadful disease, in that awful moment, you *know* that he not only rejected the system against which he had written, but that he put himself into the hands of the very men whom your Rush had marked out as medical murderers, and thus gave to his opinion the pledge of his life! What better assurance could he give of his disbelief in Rush, and of his confidence in the opposite system? What clearer proof of his sincerity, of the purity and benevolence of his intentions, do you want? And what clearer proof, you suspicious and ungrateful people, what clearer proof can you have, unless you rip open his bosom and look into his heart?

Here, Gentlemen, I close my defence. I have shown you that the publications of the defendant are *true;* and that, with respect to his intentions, the imputation of malice is *false.* You must be convinced, that the action is vexatious and groundless; that it is a war of private interest and ambition, against the safety, the happiness, and the very lives of the people. Standing thus upon the firm ground of justification, I disdain hackneyed invocations to the liberty of the press. The defendant stands in need of the interposition of no imaginary goddess; he seeks no shelter from new-discovered principles and new-fangled institutions; he asks no other rights, privileges, or immunities, than those which the humblest of his humble forefathers enjoyed; his motto is the motto of his countrymen, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari;* from

those laws, the common, the established, the ancient laws of England, and from those laws alone, he will accept of protection. From *your* hands he begs not for mercy, but demands justice; and should you despise this demand; should you listen to the suggestions of his base persecutors, and endeavour to "make him *a blighted picture of infamy* "*and ruin*," I venture to predict, that not only your efforts will prove impotent, but that you, and your country, will repent of your compliance. My word for it, *ruin* is not his fate. "I have been "young, and now am old; yet I have not seen the "righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And, though you should succeed in wresting from him the fruit of his care and his toil; though you should embitter his life with domestic distress, you will, thereby, but extort fresh proofs of his fortitude and integrity, and of the baseness, the malice, the ingratitude and perfidy of his foes; you will only give lustre to his character, and stamp infamy on your own. Nay, should your friends, your neighbours, your countrymen, and the world, join in applauding an iniquitous decision; and should you go on rejoicing to the very verge of the grave, still you and your accomplices should bear in mind, that all does not end there, and that death is not eternal sleep. The witnesses, to whom you have listened with such delight, are no casuists, I ween, or they would have perceived, that giving such evidence as manifestly tends *to produce a belief of what is not true*, is something very like perjury; and that, HE who has said, "Thou shalt not bear "false witness against thy neighbour," will not be put off with subterfuges and mental reservations. Nor would I have *you* forget, Gentlemen, that there is *another tribunal* in which you will appear, not to judge, but to be judged; and that, *affecting* to believe what you do not and what you cannot believe,

lieve, though it may serve *here* as a convenient excuse, will not justify you in the presence of the Searcher of all hearts, in whose awful name you have promised to do justice! *There* it will not be asked, whether the plaintiff were an American and a republican; nor, whether the defendant were a Briton and a royalist: the only question put to you, will be—*have you acted according to your* CONSCIENCES? That, and that alone, will be the subject of the inquest, and the ground of the judgment!

## POSTCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SINCE the foregoing sheets were published, it is said, that the jurors declare, that, had my lawyers pleaded my cause as well as I have done it myself, they would not have assessed a shilling damages against me. Paltry excuse! There is no *new fact*, of any importance, brought to light by me. They knew before all that they know now; but they little expected the exposure which has taken place. They now see themselves pointed at as a set of perjured villains, and they lay hold of any apology that presents itself. I will, however, endeavour to preserve their vile names from oblivion a little longer.

### LIST OF THE FIVE THOUSAND JURY.

*Isaac Paxton*, hardwareman, No. 10, South Third Street; *Wm. Jolly*, ironmonger, No. 11, Arch Street; *Joseph S. Lewis* (nephew of Samuel Coats), merchant, No. 25, Dock Street; *Isaac Austin*, watchmaker, No. 7, Arch Street; *Tho. Wm. Arnat*, shopkeeper, No. 21, North Second Street; *George Thompson*, shopkeeper, No. 129, North Third Street; *Jacob Sperry, jun.*, looking-glass-man, No. 195, Market Street; *John Taggart*, merchant, No. 5, and 11, North Water Street; *Wm. Roberts*, house carpenter, No. 136, Chesnut Street; *Archibald Bingham*, shopkeeper, No. 32, North Second Street; *Jacob Rees*, shopkeeper, No. 151, North Third Street; *Benjamin F. Garrigues*, grocer, No. 118, South Second Street.

*** In the last Number I put, by mistake, *John Paxton* instead of *Isaac Paxton*.—I have been told, that *Thomas W. Armat* threatens to *sue me*. I wonder what has filled the pate of this Philadelphian coxcomb with *law*? Does he imagine, that, because he was "dressed up in a little brief authority," on the 14th of December last, his conduct at that time is not to be enquired into? Does he imagine, that his having been a juryman will render him sacred and inviolable? I am only sorry that he is too insignificant a creature to attract public attention. He puts me in mind of those little vermin, which often escape a mortal squeeze, because they are too small for us to feel them with our fingers.—I request, however, that my correspondent will not exclude this article from the English edition. The Philadelphians, in the hey-day of their malignant exultation, called the decision against me an *important* one, triumphantly publishing the names of the jurors, and as their publication never was, and never will be, read, these jurors ought to thank me for snatching their names from oblivion.

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## TO THE LIVERYMEN OF LONDON,

GENTLEMEN,

IF you are not a mere mob, you must have some little desire to know in what light your public conduct is viewed by the rest of mankind; I therefore take the liberty to inform you, and your countrymen in general, that your *last choice of a Lord Mayor* has procured you the honourable applauses of all the republicans, revolutionists, rebels, and regicides in America. That the authenticity of so agreeable an article of information may not be a matter of doubt with you, I here insert an extract from a democratic newspaper of New-York, entitled, the "*American Citizen*," which extract I humbly recommend to be nailed up, in letters of brass, in some conspicuous part of your Guildhall.

"*New-York, Friday, March* 18, 1800.

"We publish in our paper of this day, an ac-
"count of the proceedings at the election for *Lord*
"*Mayor*

" *Mayor of the city of London.* The London pa-
" pers which we have received, and which contain
" an account of this transaction, are of an older
" date than several other accounts that have been
" received from Europe. We believe, however,
" that this transaction has not been published in
" any paper of the United States; it will, there-
" fore, probably, be gratifying to many of our
" readers, and to a still greater number it must be
" essentially interesting, to know the political sen-
" timent that is prevalent in the capitol of Eng-
" land. It is not the mere circumstance of the
" election of a corporation officer in a distant coun-
" try that can be of any consequence to the Ame-
" rican Citizen; but consequences drawn from cer-
" tain facts are frequently of vast importance in po-
" litical calculation. It is in this point of view,
" that we have reason to *rejoice* at the late election
" in the city of London. One of the candidates
" in this case was the known and *decided friend of*
" *monarchy*, the advocate of every measure of Eng-
" lish administration; and his opinions harmonized
" with the general arrangements of the govern-
" ment. Another of the candidates possessed sen-
" timents directly opposite. Alderman Combe,
" who was elected to the Mayoralty of the city of
" London, is reputed to be, and we believe, with
" truth, *a firm republican* in his political sentiments.
" He has triumphed over all opposition, which
" shows almost unequivocally a certainty, that *the*
" *capitol of England is making progress in the dif-*
" *fusion of republican sentiments*; and that, from
" this single circumstance, there is reason to be-
" lieve, that energy of mind in that country will
" rise superior to the political degradation into
" which its government has endeavoured to preci-
" pitate it. Should an event of this sort exhibit

itself

" itself in England, it would strengthen, in a high " degree, *republicanism throughout the world*, and " become the guarantee of the best interests of li- " berty among the human race."

Now, Gentlemen, what think you of this compliment? The political sentiments of your eulogist are here fully displayed, and the inference to be drawn from his eulogy is too evident to escape you. This man rejoices at the result of the late election, because the candidate, whom you have rejected, is " *a decided friend of monarchy*," and because the one you have chosen is " *a firm re-* " *publican*." Hence he very naturally concludes, " that the " *capitol*" [republicans are not the most correct writers in the world] " of England is *making* " *progress in the diffussion*," [diffusion] " *of repub-* " *lican sentiments*;" on which circumstance he founds a malignant hope, that the government of England will, ere long, be destroyed, and that republicanism will be strengthened throughout the world; a hope in which, I dare say, he is most heartily joined by the regicides of France.

When men's political conduct is such as to merit the enthusiastic applauses of every enemy of their king and country, it requires no comment; I shall, therefore, only add, that I trust it will be very long, ere " *a reform in Parliament*" will enable you and your numerous brother-citizens to send *forty* Combes at a time to occupy the benches of the House of Commons; for, whenever that unfortunate day arrives, Britain will soon be what Holland now is.

*New-York*, PETER PORCUPINE.
*March* 19, 1800.

REPUB-

## REPUBLICAN MORALITY.

*Halifax (Nova Scotia),*
*November 7*, 1800.

MR. PORCUPINE,

AS the newspapers throughout the United States of America generally contain lists of what the people there (in the decent language of liberty and equality) style British spoliations, and as I owe some left-handed compliments to those enlightened citizens, I thought I could not better discharge that part of my debt than by communicating to them, through the channel of your newspaper, some observations on the case of the ship Polly and cargo, lately condemned in the Court of Vice-admiralty here. As I know those virtuous lovers of liberty delight in mischief, it will be very pleasing to them to add this case to their catalogue, as it will furnish what, in the republican dialect, will be called another glaring instance of *British piracy*. Besides, it will be peculiarly grateful to them, as it will furnish a strong proof that Jacobin morality gains ground fast in the United States, and will afford a favourable prospect, that the erroneous opinions our foolish ancestors entertained of the sacred obligations of an oath, give way fast to the admirable philosophy of modern republicans; it will also help to keep up the spirits of the fraternity, during the present deranged state of affairs; for it will be considered a great point gained, when they can destroy the credit which is due to public papers; for those gentry love established governments, as the devil in old times was said to love holy water. The ship Polly was laden with cocoa, indigo, cotton, coffee, and sugar; and, by her papers, both vessel and cargo appeared to be wholly owned by Messrs. Mann and Foltz, merchants at Charleston, South Carolina. The papers stated her voyage, when captured, to be from Charleston to Cadiz. She was brought into this port by his Majesty's ships of war the Hind and Termagant. Her papers, and the proofs of her neutrality, were prepared apparently with great care, and seemed full and complete. She had. first, a bill of health from the port of Charleston. Second, a bill of lading, signed by Joseph Taggart the master, and by Mann and Foltz as the shippers of the cargo, at Charleston for their account and risk, consigned to John White, Esq. at Cadiz, no freight to be paid, being the owner's property. Third, A manifest and clearance for the whole cargo, under the seals and signature of the officers of the customs for the port of Charleston, by which it appeared that the whole of this cargo was shipped in August last at Charleston, and was cleared out for Cadiz. Fourth, An affidavit made by Mr. Foltz in the strongest terms, who swears that the

the whole of this cargo actually belonged to him and Mr. Mann, his partner, merchants and citizens of the United States, and that no other person whatsoever had any interest therein, directly or indirectly. This affidavit is made before a notary public at Charleston, of the name of John Mitchell, who certifies the same under his seal, with the usual formality, and also certifies the respectability and citizenship of Mann and Foltz; and for fear there should be any doubt of the authenticity of this paper, certificates from the British and Spanish consuls are annexed, to establish the official situation of Mr. Mitchell (which leads me to express a strong wish that his Majesty's consuls will be, in future, a little more cautious how they affix the arms of Great Britain to such trumpery). Fifth, A roll of equipage. Sixth, Letters patent, under the great seal of the United States, signed by the President and countersigned by the Secretary of State, recommending this vessel to the protection of all the nations on earth, she being wholly owned by the subjects of the United States of America; to which is annexed an affidavit made by Taggart the master, who swears, that no subject of the belligerent powers has any interest in this vessel, directly or indirectly. Seventh, A letter of instructions to the master, signed Mann and Foltz, who order him to deliver this cargo to White at Cadiz, who had orders to remit the proceeds to London, and they direct him, either to return with freight or a cargo of salt to Charleston. Lastly, An invoice and letter from Mann and Foltz to White, advising him of their having shipped this cargo to his address, and request him to remit the proceeds for their account, to Mr. John Shoulbred, of London.

This vessel sailed from Cadiz last December, as an American vessel commanded by one Howland; Noili, who was on board, passed as a passenger, and brought in her to Charleston a cargo of wine, brandy, vinegar, fruit, and dry goods; on his arrival there he discharged Howland, and appointed Taggart, who had been the mate, to be master, and appointed his brother mate. Without discharging this cargo at Charleston, which was registered in the custom-house at Cadiz (as appears by the papers found on board), as the property of Spaniards, to be delivered at Laguira; they procured American papers, to show that the cargo, being the property of American citizens, was shipped for Laguira at Charleston, on board the American ship Polly, both vessel and cargo the property of American citizens, dwelling at Charleston: Under cover of these papers they arrived at Laguira, where Noili disposed of the cargo agreeably to its original destination, and loaded the present cargo, principally for the account of the house of Beine, at Cadiz. At Laguira he and Taggart formed a set of papers, to show that

Taggart

Taggart had purchased this cargo, with the proceeds of the outward cargo, owned by Mann and Foltz, and that he had shipped it for their account and risk, to be delivered to them at Charleston. With these papers the vessel sailed for Laguira, actually bound to Cadiz, but to touch at Charleston, for the express purpose of procuring American papers, as fully appeared by the papers found concealed. Noili staid at Laguira, and he mentions, in one of his letters, his fear that if the English found him on board it might condemn the whole. The vessel arrived safe at Charleston—the master having, with his false paper, deceived the officers of a British frigate, by whom he was examined during this passage. At Charleston he shipped a new crew, and having procured American papers of all kinds, without landing the cargo, he sailed for Charleston.

The master, and his brother the mate, whose name is Samuel Taggart, were examined on oath; they call themselves citizens of Rhode-Island, and confirmed the account given of this vessel and her cargo by her papers, and declared that no papers of any kind whatever had been destroyed or concealed in any shape. The crew having been shipped at Charleston, after this ship was ready for sea, could give no account about her. The cook, unfortunately for the concerned, had not been converted from the Christian to the Jacobin religion, and was foolish enough to believe that he was bound to tell the truth, when examined on oath; and the stupid, silly fellow told, how Samuel Taggart the mate, after the vessel was brought to by the ships of war, ordered him to burn a quantity of papers, which from the appearance he supposed to be the log-book; that he burned the whole in the mate's presence. The master claimed this vessel and cargo for Mann and Foltz, and after the cause had been considerably investigated, several letters and papers were found concealed between the lining of the cabin and the stern-post of the ship, which gave the complete history of the ship and cargo, and fully proved, that the whole of the papers and affidavits before mentioned were a composition of shameful falsehoods fabricated by persons calling themselves American citizens, for the purpose of deceiving the British nation, and prevent its making prize of the property of its enemies. What they were to receive for their services is best known to themselves; though I believe, from the best information I can obtain, that the market was overstocked with the consciences of American neutrals, and that in the present enlightened century they fell for a very low rate. It was fully ascertained by these letters and papers, that this vessel and cargo belonged to, and were under the sole management of a Spaniard named Guillaume Noili; that

that the whole of the cargo was put on board this vessel, at Laguira, under his sole direction and management; the register from the Spanish custom-house clearly showed the whole to be the property of Spanish merchants, and from it and other papers it fully appeared that Mann and Folch did not own one shilling's worth of the property, unless they could pretend to own some cocoa and indigo, to the value of four thousand dollars, which Noili directs his correspondent to deliver to their order at Cadiz, free of freight, or commission, as he hoped they would charge no commission for the services at Charleston.

After this statement, it is scarcely necessary that I should say the unjust judge (as this virtuous race of neutrals are pleased to style the judge of a British Court of Admiralty) condemned both vessel and cargo, and I need not tell you how glad I am that the next proceeds will, in a few days, be distributed amongst some of those brave men who are the defenders of the civilized world. But I cannot conclude without observing, that if this case should come to the knowledge of the American Government, and it neglect to procure those papers, and decorate the pillory with them, and the ears of the good citizens who fabricate them, I feel little doubt, in my opinion, that that feeble, philosophic government will soon pass away like an empty shadow; and it will remain with the people who profess the Christian religion, to unite in forming a strong and energetic government, sufficiently powerful to erase from the face of the earth a set of vile miscreants who deny the existence of God, and comfort their doubting converts with the hope, that, even if they should find death to be other than eternal sleep, yet that it would require only one grand revolutionary movement to republicanize the infernal regions, and establish a democracy in Hell.

I am, &c.

E.

Such, reader, is American *morality!* Such is the morality of a people who have taken for their motto, "*Virtue*, *Liberty*, and *Independence!*" —I have at times seen, in those British prints which are famed for nothing but their attachment to the enemies of Britain, very severe reflections on the conduct which our naval commanders and Admiralty judges have been "*guilty*

"of"

"of" (as it is phrased), towards the American neutrals, I trust that the facts stated in the above letter will induce all loyal subjects to doubt the truth of the accusations which these seditious prints are continually preferring against his Majesty's civil and military officers.

END OF NO. III. OF THE RUSH-LIGHT.

THE

THE

# RUSH-LIGHT.

No. IV.

March 31, 1800.

## *A Peep into a Republican Court of Justice.*

" An Englishman loves *liberty*, but he loves it not for the sake " of the mere name; he must have something substantial that " results from it; something that he can see and feel: this he " has in the freedom of his person, and the security of his " property. An Englishman, therefore, thinks more of his *civil* " than his *political* liberty."

REEVES's THOUGHTS, &c. LET. I.

IN the preceding Numbers of the Rush-Light, I have given a sketch of the parentage, and of the moral and literary character of Rush; I have detailed the insolent absurdities of his general conduct, and the frightful consequences of his system of depletion; and I have, I trust, most satisfactorily justified the words, for the publication of which the oppressive and unprecedented judgment was given against me, in the city of Philadelphia. Here then I should stop, were my design confined to a defence of my own character, and to the blasting of that of my persecutors. But as I observed in the introduction to the subject, my views extend to far greater utility; and therefore, though the injustice towards myself is already universally acknowledged; though it has excited the indignation

of every honest man; though it has roused into action, in my favour, every latent sentiment of friendship, and has, with respect to me, in a great measure extinguished the ardent embers of political hatred; though every wish of a private nature is gratified even to satiety, still the public and the world have on me a claim which it would be a dereliction of duty to resist.

*The Narrative of the juridical proceedings* in the cause of Rush, furnishes, as I observed before, a series of facts, of which justice to the people of America, justice to foreign nations, and particularly to the deceived and infatuated in my native country, demand an ample exposure. This subject is of some importance to every man who has the slightest notion of *real* liberty, or the least desire to secure its enjoyment. The character and conduct of Rush, the fatal effects of his medical practice, and the decision against me, are, in different degrees, all matters of private or local consideration; but the proceedings of courts of justice, as they stamp the character of a state, and form the truest criterion of its government, are in some measure interesting to all persons, and in all places. *Political liberty* is a matter of speculation rather than of interest; it is an imaginary something of meaning undefined, and is, at best, a very distant, if not a very questionable, good. But *civil liberty*, which is, perhaps, better expressed by the single word *justice*, is clearly defined and understood, and is ardently beloved by us all: it brings us into contact with the government, the excellence of which it makes us feel: it comes to our homes and our fire-sides; it throws a rampart round our property and a shield before our persons; it is our guide and our help through the day, and our guardian when we lie down to sleep. This is the liberty of which our forefathers were so proud: this is the liberty

which

which their blood so often flowed to preserve to their children. What degree of *this* liberty is enjoyed in America, the following narrative will evince.

The malicious suit of Rush against me was brought in the *Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania*, and my first object was, to remove the suit from that Court to the circuit of the *United States*, a removal which my being an *alien* gave me a right to demand, but which was, by the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, absolutely refused.

The nature of the Courts of which I have spoken, and the extent of their jurisdiction, are understood by some few persons in America; but as I hope the Rush-Light will be read in Great Britain and Ireland, some little explanation respecting these Courts appears to me to be necessary.

The several States composing those dominions which are known to foreign nations by the title of *The United States of America*, are so many distinct and independent sovereignties, and not, as is generally imagined in Great Britain, so many counties or provinces. The State of Pennsylvania, for instance, has its own governor, who is the chief executive magistrate, and whose authority is, in many respects, less limited than that of the King of Great Britain. It has besides its two houses of Legislators, who, with the Governor, make laws for the government of the State, and who are uncontrolled by any other power whatever. In like manner it has its own Judges, who are appointed by the Governor, but without the advice or consent of a privy or other counsel, and without the instrumentality of any ministers, on whom responsibility will attach.

In some of the other States, the power of the Governors is more limited; in that of New-York,

for instance, there is a Council of Appointment; but every State is totally independent of all the others, and, as far as relates to jurisdiction, it is also independent of the government of the United States. In some cases, however, the judiciary of this latter has, in all the States, what is called a *concurrent* jurisdiction; which concurrent jurisdiction is expressly provided for, in cases where an *alien* is a party.

The constitution of the United States is very clear on this head. It says, in Sect. II. "The judicial "power of the United States shall extend *to all* "*controversies between a State*, or *citizens thereof*, "*and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.*"

In order to obviate misconstruction, and more fully to provide for the due observance of this part of the constitution, so necessary to the security of the property of aliens, the Congress of the United States, amongst the first of its proceedings under the present Constitution, passed a law, which says: "And be it further enacted*, that if a suit be com- "menced in any State court against an *alien*, and "the matter in dispute exceeds the aforesaid sum "of five hundred dollars, exclusive of costs, to be "made appear to the satisfaction of the Court; and "the defendant shall, at the time of entering his "appearance in the said State court, file a petition "for the removal of the cause for trial into the "next Circuit Court of the United States, to be "held in the district where the suit is pending, and "shall offer good and sufficient security for his en- "tering in such Court on the first day of its session, "copies of said proceedings against him, and also "for his there appearing and entering special bail

* This law was passed on the 24th of September 1789. See the Laws of the United States, vol. i. p. 56.

"in

" in the cause, if special bail was originally requi-
" site therein, it shall then be the *duty* of the State
" court to accept the surety, and *proceed no further*
" *in the case.*"

Such is the provision which the constitution and the laws of the United States have made for the security of the property of aliens; and whoever knows any thing of America, whoever is in the least acquainted with the national partialities and antipathies which mark the words and the conduct of but too many of the rulers of the individual States, must at once perceive that such provision is absolutely necessary. In Pennsylvania, for instance, it was notorious, that all the influential officers of the government, executive and judiciary, bore an implacable hatred against Great Britain, and all her *loyal* subjects; and though a *jury* stood between these rulers and the British subject, yet it was equally notorious, that that jury must be chosen by a man, who held his lucrative office *during the pleasure* of the rancorous Governor.

In such a state of things, what justice had a Briton to expect in the Courts of Pennsylvania?—Besides, there is an absolute absurdity in his being compelled to plead in those Courts; for who ought to administer justice to an alien, but that government who makes treaties, and who maintains all the national intercourse with the sovereign of that alien? What does His Britannic Majesty, or what do his subjects, know of the government, or of the courts, of Pennsylvania? They may hear of them, indeed, and they may stare at their transactions; but that is all. When a British subject contemplates on a residence, or on placing his property in the United States, he looks up for security to the government of those United States; and in order to estimate the security, where should he look but into

the constitution and the laws on which alone that security depends?

But if British subjects in general were insecure in the Courts of Pennsylvania, how much more insecure was I, against whom it was well known that not only the Governor, his Secretary of State, and Attorney-General, but even the Chief Justice, who was to preside at the trial, had a personal and mortal grudge? I therefore resolved on removing the cause, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of my lawyers, who made use of every argument that could be thought of, to persuade me to abandon my intention. They were fully of opinion, that there was no danger in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and that declaring myself, in open court, a subject of the King of Great Britain, would be tantamount to a declaration that monarchy was preferable to republicanism, and would of course not only be very offensive to the Court before whom such declaration was made, but would inevitably tend to render me odious in the eyes of the people of America, and to weaken the force of all my future publications.

My lawyers were Mr. Thomas and Mr. Edward Tilghman. When this advice was given, I had every reason to suspect the former of the basest treachery; but in the fidelity of the latter I had then, as I still have, the most implicit confidence. The reasons, however, on which the advice was grounded, were far from being satisfactory to me. Declaring myself the subject of my Sovereign was no more than the formal assertion of a truth that did me great honour; it was saying nothing for, or against, either monarchy or republicanism; and as to its giving *offence* to the Court, or to the people of America, the idea appeared to me perfectly absurd. What! said I, you enter into a solemn treaty with my King, in which treaty you recognise my right

right as a British subject to come and live, and carry on trade amongst you, in return for which recognition you receive an equivalent; and you have, after this, the assurance to tell me, that I must forbear to plead my title of British subject, forego the protection it offers me, and passively submit to injustice and ruin, lest the Court and the people of America should be *offended!* What, added I, would you say, were such advice as this given to an American living in the British dominions? What would you say, were he told, that to disown and forswear his country were the only means of avoiding legal injustice and public odium? And what, in the name of God! what pretensions has an American to superiority over a Briton? Is his country more dear to him than mine is to me? Are his fellow-citizens more honest and more generous than my fellow-subjects? are they more famous for learning and for noble deeds? Are his rulers more powerful, more wise, more magnanimous, or more just, than my sovereign, who, though his fleets command the ocean, though he is the arbiter of nations, and the acknowledged saviour of the civilized world, makes his chief glory consist in being the defender, the friend, the father, of his people?

In vain was I told that my plea was without precedent; and that it had been made by no British subject since the revolution. If this were the case, I thought it was high time that it should be made, and that we should cease to accept of safety and respect on such degrading conditions. Accordingly, at the first meeting of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania I presented, in compliance with the law above quoted, the following petition, which I now copy from the record.

Benjamin Rush
v.
William Cobbett.
} Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Case December Term, No. 3.

To the Honourable the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

The Petition of William Cobbett, the Defendant in the above action, an alien, and a subject of the King of Great Britain, humbly sheweth*,

That he is sued in the action above mentioned, in which the matter in dispute exceeds the sum or value of five hundred dollars, exclusive of costs; that he is desirous to remove the said cause for trial into the next Circuit Court of the United States, to be holden for the district of Pennsylvania, and hath good and sufficient security, ready, here in Court, to engage for his entering in said Circuit Court, on the first day of its session, a copy of the process in the said action, agreeably to the Act, entitled, "*An Act to establish the judicial Courts of the United States*," and also for his appearing in the said Circuit Court: He therefore prays the Honourable the Court, that security may be taken for the purpose aforesaid, and that the said cause may be removed to the said Circuit Court of the United States accordingly.

*Philadelphia, 30th Dec. 1797.* } WILLIAM COBBETT.

William Cobbett, being duly sworn, saith that the facts within stated are true.

30*th Dec.* 1797. WILLIAM COBBETT.

The consideration of this petition was put off to the next session, which was held in March 1798. But before I proceed to relate the fate of it, I cannot help remarking on the sensations which its presentation produced in the Court and the auditory. It was towards the evening of the last day of the session, when Mr. Thomas, albeit unused to the modest mood, stole up gently from his seat, and in a faint and trembling voice, told the Bashaw M'Kean, that he had a petition to present in behalf of William Cobbett. For some time he did not make himself heard. There was a great talking all

* "Forgive me, that I am meek and gentle with these "butchers!" SHAKESPEARE.

round

round the bar; Levi, the lawyer, was reading a long formal paper to the Judges, and the Judges were laughing over the chit-chat of the day. Amidst the noisy mirth that surrounded him, there stood poor Thomas, with his papers in his hands, like a culprit at school, just as the boys are breaking up. By and by, one of those pauses, which frequently occur in even the most numerous and vociferous assemblies, encouraged him to make a fresh attempt. "I present," says he, "may it please "your Honours, a petition in behalf of William "Cobbett." The moment the sound of the word *Cobbett* struck the ear of M'Kean, he turned towards the bar, and having learnt the subject of the petition, began to storm like a madman. A dead silence ensued. The little scrubby lawyers (with whom the Courts of Pennsylvania are continually crowded) crouched down for fear, just like a brood of poultry, when the kite is preparing to pounce in amongst them; whilst hapless Thomas, who stood up piping like a straggled chicken, seemed already to feel the talons of the judicial bird of prey. He proceeded, however, to read the petition, which being very short, was got through with little interruption. When he came to the words, "*subject of his Britannic Majesty,*" M'Kean did, indeed, grin most horribly, and I could very distinctly hear, "*Insolent scoundrel!*"—"*damned* "*aristocrat!*"—"*damned Englishman!*" &c. &c. from the mouths of the sovereign people. But neither these execrations, nor the savage looks that accompanied them, prevented me from fulfilling my purpose. I went up to the clerk of the court, took the book in my hand, and holding it up, that it might be visible in all parts of the hall, I swore, in a voice that every one might hear, that I preserved my allegiance to my King; after which I put on my hat, and walked out of court, followed by

by the admiration of the few, and by the curses of the many.

The consideration of the petition was, as I before observed, postponed till March term; which gave kite M'Kean time to ruminate on the novel adventure. On the one hand, was a violation of the constitution and laws of the general government; on the other, the escape of his prey. "Of two "evils," says the proverb, "choose the least;" and kite M'Kean chose on this occasion, just as any other kite would have chosen. When the Court met, he did, indeed, listen for about an hour to a sort of contention, which Thomas and Hopkinson called *law argument*, and which was full as edifying, though not quite so entertaining, as the disputes with which I had frequently been delighted, between Punchinello and the Devil. While the lawyers were *arguing*, the Judges were engaged in a conversation, which, from the marks of risibility apparent on their countenances, seemed to be much more diverting than the contest between the puppets of the bar. When, therefore, this pleasant conversation was over, M'Kean, turning his head towards Hopkinson, bawled out: "*Ha'nt you most* "*done?*" This put an end to the *law argument*, in a moment. No showman, with the help of his wire, ever produced more ready or more implicit obedience; and kite M'Kean now hastened to put an end to the farce, by declaring, without the least hesitation, without consulting his associates, and without giving any reason whatever for his decision, *that the petition of William Cobbett should not be granted**.

* READ THIS NOTE!—As I was going into the Court-house to hear this decision, I met *Mr. Coale*, a young man who lived and studied with Hopkinson, the lawyer of Rush. After the usual interchange of civilities, the following dialogue ensued, the correctness of which I am ready to vouch for upon oath.

*Coale.*

Such is the manner in which *written* constitutions are observed! That indefatigable constitution-grinder, Tom Paine, told his silly partisans in England, that they had no *constitution at all;* and this he represented as a most insupportable grievance. "Now," says he, "in America it is not "so. If you ask an American citizen whether a "certain procedure be constitutional, or not, he "takes down the book from the shelf, opens it, "turns to the article that treats of the subject in "question, and gives you an answer in a mo-"ment."—Very true, Thomas: so you see, I took down my copy of the constitution and of the constitutional law; I turned to the article and the section that treated of the subject in question, and I prayed the Judges to grant me my petition accordingly; but the Judges laughed at me and the constitution too!

But, says the reader, is there no redress in such cases?—None at all.—The constitution, which has made, with aliens, this solemn covenant for the security of their property, has made no provision for carrying it into effect, in opposition to the will of such men as M'Kean. Indeed there seems to

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*Coale.*—What are you doing here? You are going to remove your cause, are you not?

*Cobbett.*—Yes.

*Coale.*—Then you won't succeed.

*Cobbett.*—Why? How do you know I shan't?

*Coale.*—Why, *the Court are against you,* I can tell you that.

*Cobbett.*—What! have they decided then before they have heard the parties? They surely cannot be such barefaced rascals.

*Coale.*—Well! you'll see.

And sure enough I did see in a very little time.—Now let the reader observe, that this Mr. Coale was in all the secrets of the lawyer of Rush; let him compare Coale's prediction with the decision of the Court, and with the manner in which that decision was given; and then I leave him to form his own judgment of the motives from which the petition was rejected.

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be an intentional omission here. The Federal Government promises protection to every alien; but in case he should be oppressed by the State Governments, it takes care, *by omitting to provide for redress*, to shift all responsibility from itself. Had I petitioned the Lord Chief Justice of the United States to quash the proceedings against me, he would have replied (if indeed he had given me any answer at all), that he had no control over the Courts of Pennsylvania, any more than over the Court of King's Bench in England; and were I now to petition the President to show how I have been injured by a violation of the constitution, and to beseech him to give me redress, his reply would be similar to that of the Chief Justice; he would tell me that the government of Pennsylvania is a government totally independent of him, and that he can in no way undo what it or its judiciary does. This is but too true; but does this diminish my loss? Does it do away the oppression? If the Federal Government has not the *power* to protect an alien, it should not *promise him protection*. The government has, by its constitution and laws, proclaimed to foreign nations, that the property of aliens is under the safeguard of its Courts; and when these aliens are harassed and ruined by the unjust and tyrannical proceedings of the State Governments, shall the Federal Government get rid of its responsibility by pleading its want of power? The government of the United States has stipulated with my Sovereign, that his subjects (and I amongst the rest) shall have a right to live and carry on business here, being subject to the laws of the country, which laws provide that I shall have a right to remove my cause into the Federal Courts. And shall this government now say, that it is not responsible for my having been deprived of this right? If this be the case, neither would it have been

been responsible for the conduct of the Governor of Pennsylvania, had he banished me from the State. To *stipulate* always implies the power to *fulfil*; any other idea of stipulation is absurd; and if the power to fulfil does not exist, to stipulate is to delude.

The vindictive Judge of Pennsylvania having thus determined not to let go his grasp, I was compelled to submit to his jurisdiction, with very little hope of escaping a ruinous decision. I did, however, take every precaution that was in my power; I employed Messrs. Edward Tilghman and Wm. Rawle as my counsellors, and to them I afterwards added Mr. Harper, a man on whose talents and whose spirit I placed a perfect reliance*. The necessary steps were also taken to insure a special jury, who, it was thought by my lawyers and my friends, would be a sufficient protection against the intrigues of the plaintiff and the tyranny of the Court.

At the next term, September 1798, I was served with a jury list, which I struck; but the trial was put off. I was served with another jury list at December term, 1798; with another at March term, 1799; with another at September term, 1799; and at every term, though the juries were always struck by me, and though I was always ready, the trial was put off. At last, on the 13th December 1799, it was resolved to bring it to issue. The moment I saw the *jury list*, "Ah!" said I, to a friend that happened to be with me, "the action of Rush is to be tried this time." We looked over the list again and again, and after the most mature consideration, we could find but seven men out of the forty-eight, whom we thought fit to

* Never was a man so grossly deceived in another as I was in this Harper.

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be trusted on the trial; but as I had the power of rejecting no more than twelve, there were left, of course, twenty-nine whom I disapproved of, to the seven whom I approved of; and as every one of these seven was struck off by Rush, there remained not a single man on the jury, in whose integrity I had the slightest confidence*.

But there were other circumstances highly advantageous to my adversary. M'Kean, the kite-like Chief Justice, who is better known in England under the title of the *Democratic Judge*, was now become *Governor* of the State, and had, by the early exercise of his power, struck terror into all officers under his control. *Shippen* was the senior Justice on the bench of the Supreme Court, and he was in eager expectation of succeeding to the post of Chief Justice; but M'Kean kept him in suspense, in a sort of state of probation, *till the action of Rush against me should be decided*†*!!!*

Singularly favourable, however, as these circumstances were, there was another still more favourable wanted to encourage the American Sangrado to push the cause on to trial: which was, *my absence from Philadelphia*. I had several months before publicly signified my resolution to quit Pennsylvania, if M'Kean should be elected Governor of

* Observe, reader, that this is *republican* justice! A defendant in England would think it very odd, that the plaintiff should have his choice out of *five juries*. Poor John Bull's ideas are confined as yet; but were he once to suffer Citizens Erskine, Gray, and Co. to *reform* his Parliament for him, and place him under a sovereign people instead of a Sovereign Monarch, John would soon become enlightened, his notions would expand, and he would learn to despise the prejudices of his forefathers.

† I have a collection of materials which are intended to exhibit to the people of England a comparative view of the British and American governments in all their different branches. If I should live to finish this work, I shall clearly show, that no court of justice (as it is called) ever was, or can be, except by mere chance, impartial, under the American government.

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the State; and every one knew I should be as good as my word. Indeed, it was known that my books, furniture, &c. &c. were already sent off to New-York; but I remained in the neighbourhood of the city (where I was seen every day), in order to be present at the trial, if it should come on. On the 7th of December there was no prospect of the cause being brought to trial; on the 8th, therefore, I came off for New-York, where my affairs required my presence. On the 11th my correspondent wrote me that the cause was put off to another court; but, the *very next day*, it was all at once resolved to bring it to trial immediately. This sudden change was produced by an advertisement of mine, signifying *my arrival at New-York, and my resolution to drop the publication of Porcupine's Gazette.* Sure, therefore, of all the advantages to be derived from my absence, and relieved from all apprehensions on the score of my future writings, the dastardly wretches at last ventured on the execution of their long meditated revenge*!

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* I have before observed, that Thomas, my lawyer, was *bribed.* I have the most satisfactory proof of this, and I will in my *Biography of the American Bar*, which shall appear in a future number of the Rush-Light, give a full account of the matter.

Hopkinson, the principal tool of Rush, went to Mr. Fenno's father in the summer of 1798, and advised him to prevail on his son, the present Mr. John Ward Fenno, to compromise with Dr. Rush. "As to Cobbett," said he, "*he is to be ruined.*" Mr. Fenno scorned the conditions.

Mr. Edward Tilghman told me, that the very Judges who sat on this trial, had declared their resolution of "*pinching*" the *first* slanderer who should come into their clutches. And, observe, that they said this *long after* the action was brought against me, and also long *after they knew* that *I was the first* upon the docket for slander: so that their previous declaration appears clearly to have been thrown out, in order to give the colour of *impartiality* to the decision, which they meditated *against me.*—Let me not be accused of making an improper use of the information given me by Mr. Tilghman; he did not tell it me as a com-

In what manner the cause was conducted, on the part of Rush's lawyers, has already been noticed. The evidence has also been examined and *exposed:* it therefore only remains for me to insert, and to make a few comments on the charge of Judge Shippen.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS is an action brought by the Plaintiff against the Defendant for writing, printing, and publishing, divers scandalous libels, to defame and vilify him. The defendant has pleaded that he is not guilty;—his counsel, however, have acknowledged the publication of the papers, which otherwise it would have been incumbent on the plaintiff to prove. The question, therefore, will be, whether they amount in law to defamatory libels, or not?

*By the law and practice in England, in the case of libels, the only task of the Jury is, to judge of the fact of publication, and the truth and fair application of the inuendos; the Court, as judges of the law, reserving to themselves the sole power of deciding whether the paper amounts to a libel, or not.* But in this State, by the special directions of our constitution, the Jury possess the power of judging both of the law and fact, under the direction of the Court.

A libel is defined by the law, to be the malicious defamation, expressed either in printing or writing, or by signs or pictures, tending to blacken either the memory of one who is dead, or the reputation of one who is alive, or to expose him to public hatred, contempt, or ridicule. This offence may be punished, either by indictment at the suit of the commonwealth, or by a civil action at the suit of the party injured. When the prosecution is by indictment, the Court only are to direct the punishment; but in a civil suit, the damages are to be assessed solely by the Jury.

The charges laid against the defendant in the declaration are various; but they may be reduced in substance to the following:—That he repeatedly calls the plaintiff a quack, an empiric; charges him with intemperate bleeding, injudiciously administering mercury in large doses in the yellow fever; puffing himself off; writing letters and answering them himself; styling him the Sampson in medicine; charging him *with murdering his patients, and slaying his thousands, and tens of thousands.*

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[a] communication made to him in confidence; he did not give it me as a secret: and, indeed, it was *publickly spoken of* in the city, and was intended to be spoken of, for the purpose before mentioned.

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The counts laid in the declaration are fully proved by the publications, which are certainly libellous. In what manner do the defendant's Counsel repel these proofs? Not by justifying the truth of the matters charged against Dr. Rush, *which on the contrary they have repeatedly acknowledged to be false,* but by analyzing the several allegations in the newspapers, and from thence drawing a conclusion that no intentional personal malice appears, which they say is the essence of the offence.—Malice rests in the heart, and is only to be judged of by the words and actions of the party; the words themselves import malice, and in that case the proof lies on the defendant to show the innocence of his intentions; if he has done that to your satisfaction you will acquit him: but this is chiefly founded on the allegation that the attack was meant to be made on Dr. Rush's system, and not on the man; *it unfortunately appears that not the least attempt is made to combat the Doctor's arguments with regard to the system itself,* but the attack is made merely by gross scurrilous abuse of the Doctor himself. Added to this, one of the witnesses proves a declaration made by the defendant, *that if Dr. Rush had not been the man he should never have meddled with the system.*

Another ground of defence is of a more serious nature, as it leads to an important question on our constitution—it is said that the subject of dispute between the plaintiff and defendant was a matter of public concern, as it related to the health and lives of our fellow-citizens, and that, by the words of our constitution, every man has a right to discuss such subjects in print. The liberty of the press, Gentlemen, is a valuable right in every free country, and ought never to be unduly restrained; but when it is perverted to the purposes of private slander, it then becomes a most destructive engine in the hands of unprincipled men. The utmost purity and integrity of heart is no shield against the shafts and arrows of malice conveyed to the world by printed publications. Verbal slander may be frequently very injurious; but slander in writing, or print, being more generally disseminated and more durable in its effects, is consequently infinitely more pernicious and provoking. Our state constitution of 1790 contains certainly very general words with relation to the right of a citizen to print his thoughts, and offer them to the consideration of the public; but it at the same time guards against the generality of the privilege, by expressly declaring, that every person availing himself of the liberty of the press, should be responsible for the abuse of that liberty; thus securing to our citizens the invaluable right of reputation against every malicious invader of it.

Printed publications attacking private character, are considered with great reason by the law as a very atrocious offence,

from its evident tendency to the breach of the public peace—if men find they can have no redress in our courts of justice for such injuries, they will naturally take satisfaction in their own way, involving perhaps their friends and families in the contest, and leading evidently to duels, murders, and perhaps to assassinations.

The principal subject of consideration with the Jury will be what damages they are to assess. On this subject you are the ALMOST *uncontrollable judges—it is your peculiar province:—The Court have indeed the power to order a new trial where damages are excessive; but in cases of torts and injuries of this kind, the law books say the damages must be so outrageously disproportionate to the offence, as at first blush to shock every person who hears of it, before the Court will order a new trial.*

Every one must know that offences of this kind have for some time past too much abounded in our city; *it seems high time to restrain them—that task is with you, Gentlemen. To suppress so great an evil, it will not only be proper to give compensatory, but exemplary damages; thus stopping the growing progress of this daring crime—at the same time the damages should not be so enormous as absolutely to ruin the offender..*

I hope no party considerations will ever have place in this Court, in the administration of justice—and I entreat you, Gentlemen, to banish them, in considering this subject, entirely from your breasts.

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## *Peter Porcupine to Judge Shippen.*

SIR,

The Charge which you gave against me, on the 14th of December last, has given rise to a very interesting question; to wit:—which is its prominent characteristic, *stupidily* or *malice?*—This is a question far too knotty for me to presume to decide; but with all due submission to your Honour and the honourable Judge Brakenridge*, who sits on your right hand; I think I may venture to throw

* This man was, a very little while ago, *pardoned* upon condition that he would turn State's evidence!!!—This, reader, is a *Republican* Judge.

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some light on the subject: and in doing this, I will endeavour to forget your private character, that it may not extort from me language derogatory to my own.

You say, "By the law and practice *in Eng-* "*land*, in the case of libels, the *only task* of the "Jury is to judge of the fact of publication, and the "truth and fair application of the innuendoes: the "Court, as judges of the law, reserving to them- "selves the sole power of deciding whether the "paper amounts to a libel, or not. But, *in this* "*State*, by the special directions of our constitu- "tion, the Jury possess the power of judging both "of the law and fact, under the direction of the "Court."

Pray, Sir, what are we to call this? Are we to consider it as one of those stale tricks, which have been so long practised for the purpose of making the Americans believe that they enjoy *more liberty* than their *former* fellow-subjects enjoy? or, must we look upon it as intended to flatter the Jury, and give them a high opinion of their power? If the former, if your intention were merely to keep the poor sovereign people in good humour with their present rulers, there is not much to be said: self-preservation is the first law of nature. But if your design were, by puffing up the pride of the Jury, to embolden them to gratify your and their private wishes, at the expense of justice; if this were your motive, what do you deserve?

Be your motive, however, what it might; whether the object you had in view were to obtain and secure a good post for yourself, or to ruin me, whatever might be your end, your means were most vile; your statement respecting "*the law and prac-* "*tice of England*" was a shameful *falsehood*, and would have been a disgrace to any other Bench than that from which it came.—"Whereas," says the

English law, " *doubts* have arisen, whether on the " trial of an indictment or information, for the " making or publishing any libel, where an issue or " issues are joined, between the King and the de- " fendant, or defendants, on the plea of Not guilty " pleaded, it be competent to the Jury impannelled " to try the same, to give their verdict *upon the* " *whole matter in issue:* be it therefore *declared* and " enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by " and with the advice and consent of the Lords " spiritual and temporal, and Commons in this pre- " sent Parliament assembled, and by the authority " of the same, That, on every such trial, the Jury " sworn to try the issue, may give *a general ver-* " *dict* of Guilty or Not guilty *upon the whole matter* " *put in issue* upon such indictment or information; " and shall *not* be required or directed, by the Court " or Judge before whom such indictment or infor- " mation shall be tried, to find the defendant or de- " fendants guilty, merely on the proof of the pub- " lication by such defendant or defendants of the " paper charged to be a libel, and of the sense " ascribed to the same in such indictment or in- " formation."—Act 33 Geo. III. c. 60. A. D. 1792.

This act was passed in 1792; but you will observe (if, indeed, you understand the meaning of the words), that it is a *declaratory* act; an act made to remove doubts, to explain and to declare what *was then*, and what *always had been*, the law of the land. You will observe too, if you are capable of comprehending the distinction, that this act declares the right of the Jury to decide upon *the whole* matter put in issue even upon an *indictment* or *information*; from which you will perceive, that this right in civil actions never was disputed, never was even a matter of *doubt*. So that it appears, Mr. Shippen, that your boasted

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Pennsylvanian Constitution has given the people no *new* rights; it appears that the sovereign citizens, whom you help to rule, enjoy, even nominally, no greater liberty of the press than they would still have enjoyed, had they remained the subjects of a king; and it necessarily follows, that you were wretchedly ignorant of both the statute and common law of England, or that you advanced a wilful and most barefaced *falsehood*.

Your definition of the law, and your enumeration of the charges laid against me, which are really too stupid to deserve a comment, conclude with asserting that the declaration charges me with having accused Dr. Rush "with *murdering* his patients," and "slaying *his* thousands and tens of thousands."—What could induce you to make this false, this impudent assertion? Neither the word *murder*, nor any of its derivatives, nor any word that is synonimous with it or any one of its derivatives, is to be found in the publications laid in the declaration. The passage to which you evidently allude is, I trust, fully justified in the third Number of the Rush-Light; but lest that number should have been kept from your sight by the operation of that *free* constitution which you so consistently boast of, I shall insert it here:—"Dr. "Rush, in that emphatical style which is peculiar "to himself, calls mercury the Sampson of medi- "cine. In his hands, *and in those of his partisans*, "it may, indeed, be justly compared to Sampson; "for I verily *believe*, that *they* have slain more "Americans with it, than ever Sampson slew of "the Philistines. The Israelite slew his thousands, "but *the Rushites* have slain *their* tens of thou- "sands."—Now, is this as you say it is, charging Dr. Rush "with *murdering* his patients, and slay- "ing *his* thousands and tens of thousands?" So shameful a perversion of a man's words, had it

been made use of by a *pleader*, in England, would have been severely reproved by the Court; what then will Englishmen think of a *Judge* who could be guilty of it? And what will they, what must they think of the government under which such a man is a Judge?

Continuing in your pleader-like strain, you observe that the counsel of the defendant do not repel the charges brought against him, "by justifying the "truth of the publications; but that, on the con- "trary, they have *repeatedly acknowledged those pub- "lications to be false.*"—It is true, indeed, that my counsel, to their shame be it spoken, did not justify the truth of the publications laid in the declaration; but that they *might* have justified, every man in America knows well; and you knew, that they *would* have done it, had their client not been an Englishman, and had they not, like you, been in fear of M'Kean and of your brother slaves who filled your *tribunes* and crowded round your bench*.

In your zeal for the plaintiff, you did, however, go too far; for my *counsel*, tame and submissive as they were, did not "repeatedly acknowledge the "publications to be *false*." Neither Mr. Tilghman nor Mr. Rawle did, in any one instance, make such an acknowledgment. Nor was even the trimming mob-courting Harper guilty of baseness and treachery to the extent that you have imputed to him. He did, indeed, say more than once, that he "*believed*" the publications were "*very untrue*:" but he made no *unqualified* acknowledgment of

* The few faint attempts that were made, by Messrs. Tilghman and Rawle, to repel the abominable aspersions which were cast on my character and conduct, were replied to by hissing and cursing from the sovereign people in the gallery and in the area of the Court-house. Nor did this most scandalous behaviour receive any reproof from the Court.

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their being *false*. He went far enough, in all conscience, against a cause, which he was well paid to support: his conduct wanted no colouring; you might, therefore, have spared the daubings of your aukward brush*.

"It appears," say you, "that *not the least at-*
"*tempt* is made [in the publications against Rush]
"to combat the Doctor's arguments with regard to
"the *system itself*." If you had been candid, if you had remembered your oath, you would have observed further, that the publications for which I was sued, made only *a part* of those which appeared against Rush and his system of depletion; you would, therefore, have said nothing on this head, unless you had found, upon an examination of Porcupine's Gazette, from which the pretended libels were extracted, that I had never accompanied these pretended libels with serious arguments against the wild and destructive opinions and practice of the plaintiff. "But," say you, "added to
"this, one of the witnesses *proves* a declaration
"made by the defendant, that *if Dr. Rush had not*
"*been the man, he should never have meddled with*
"*the system*."—Atrocious falsehood!—The words of the witness, Dr. Coxe, as reported in the account of the trial, are these: "He (the defendant)
"replied, that he did not *believe* he should ever
"have said *so much* on bleeding and mercurials, if
"Dr. Rush had not been the author of it."—Was

* The conduct of Harper was truly abominable. He engaged in my cause with all apparent alacrity; I have heard him a hundred times reprobate the practice of Rush, and express the utmost contempt for his character. But the fact is, the mean wretch thought I was going down, he saw the tide, as he thought, turning against me, and he basely deserted his duty, in order to preserve his popularity. It has happened, however, as it ought to happen; for I have the satisfaction to learn, that even in Philadelphia he is universally detested for his treachery.

this declaring, *that if Dr. Rush had not been the man, I "NEVER should have MEDDLED with "the system?"* When you summed up this evidence, were you thinking of the office you filled, or of that which you were in hopes of filling? Were you afraid of being outstripped in the honourable course by either of your worthy compeers? It must be confessed, that such a fear was not unreasonable; for so well are you matched, that had you started together, it is a moot point with me which of the three would have won the prize.

But a misconstruction of the publications, and a perversion of the evidence, did not satisfy you: you seem to have been still afraid, that in spite of such cheering encouragement the Jury might have some scruples; and, therefore, you took care to conclude with giving them an assurance, that, provided they laid on damages enough, their verdict should be approved of by you.—"The principal "subject of consideration with the Jury will be," say you, "*what damages* they are to assess." You then proceed to tell them that they are "the *almost* "uncontrollable judges on this subject," add that, "though the Court has it in its power to order a "new trial in case of excessive damages, yet, that "in cases of torts and injuries of *this kind*, the *law* "*books* say the damages must be so *outrageously* "disproportionate to the offence, as, at *first blush*, "*to* SHOCK *every person who hears of it*, before "the Court will order a new trial!!!"

Bravo! Vivat Respublica! Huzza for "our *glo-* "*rious* revolution!" Huzza for the sovereign people! Vive la liberté!—But in the midst of all this rejoicing I had almost forgot to ask you, *what* "*law* "*books*" you found this maxim in? In those of Robespierre and Fouquier Tinville, I suppose; or, perchance, in those of Pennsylvania, or of Algiers Find it where you will, however, you have applied it,

it, and you and your country are entitled to all the honours it confers. I would give a thousand dollars if Old Price were yet alive, to have an opportunity of sticking this Charge of yours in one of the curls of his wig.—Here, you wayward and discontented Britons, who are hankering after republicanism; look here! Here you see a complete specimen of the blessings of *liberty* and *reform!* Were one of your Judges to declare, that, in order to induce him to grant a new trial, the punishment for calling a man a quack must be so outrageously cruel, as, at *first blush*, to SHOCK *every person who hears of it*, you would stone him to death; you would shun his touch, as you would the touch of a hangman: but were you in Pennsylvania only for one month, were you once "ameliorated" in the philanthropic city of Philadelphia, were you sovereign citizens instead of subjects, you would listen to him as patiently and submissively as a penitent does to his father confessor.

Begging your *Honour*'s pardon for this digression, I return to you and your Jury. Having promised them that there should be no check upon their rapacity, you dismiss them with putting into their mouths a pretext for their conduct. "Every one," say you, "must know, that offences of this kind "have, *for some time past*, too much abounded in "our city; it seems high time to restrain them— "*that task is with you, Gentlemen.* To suppress so "great an evil, it will not only be proper to give "*compensatory*, but *exemplary* damages; thus stop- "ping the growing progress of this daring crime— "at the same time the damages should not be so "enormous as *absolutely* to ruin the offender."

The doctrine of *exemplary* damages is new, and it certainly is as efficacious an instrument of oppression as ever was devised. The very word *damages* excludes every idea of *punishment*. It implies

plies *compensation* for *injuries*; and no Jury can, without being forsworn, give a farthing more than what they believe to be *the amount of the injury*; for, if *example* be the object of prosecution, the process ought to be by indictment, or information.

It has sometimes happened, that actions, similar to that of Rush, have been brought by noblemen and gentlemen in England, who have preferred the civil to the criminal process, merely to challenge an investigation; because the former allows the defendant to justify the truth of his words, which the latter does not. The damages, if any are given in such a case, must be given for the sake of *example*; for it rarely happens that the slander is productive of any real injury to the plaintiff. Such were the actions brought by Lord Sandwich, in 1773, and by the Right Hon. William Pitt, in 1786, in both which cases damages were given, though it was next to impossible that the plaintiffs could have sustained any injury. But, Mr. Shippen, there is some little difference between these noblemen and a boasting inventor of purging powders. Neither Lord Sandwich nor Mr. Pitt could receive a *compensation*; yet, as they were charged with malversation in office, a civil process was necessary to clear up their characters: and, as neither fine nor imprisonment could take place upon such an action, damages were given for the sake of *example*. But in the case of a bleeder or powder-doctor, all the Jury had to do, if they found the publication false and malicious, was, to ascertain, to the best of their judgments, the amount of the real injury the fellow had sustained, and to assess, as damages, a sum just to that amount, and no more.

But whatever may have been the custom in England, respecting the legality of assessing exemplary damages, it is most certain that, as to the *sum* to be assessed, no Judge ever attempted, no Judge

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ever dared attempt, to dictate to the Jury. The following extract from a charge of Lord Mansfield, shows how careful he was not to encroach on the exclusive province of the Jury to estimate damages. "I will not say a word to you about the "damages. I am sure no observations on any side "can occur, which you are not capable of making "yourselves. You will take the paper out with "you, and will consider all the circumstances of "the case, of a public or private nature."—This charge was delivered in an action of *scandalum magnatum* (defamation of a nobleman), brought by Lord Sandwich against the printer of the London Evening Post, for the publication of a piece signed Alfred, on the 2d of Feb. 1773, in which his Lordship, then first Lord of the Admiralty, was falsely accused of having exposed to sale the office of Commissioner of the Navy for the sum of 2000*l*. And this instance of Lord Mansfield's forbearance is the more applicable and forcible, as he was always charged (though I believe very unjustly) with bending the law to favour the ministerial side of the question, and to extend the power of the Judges as far as possible. If he could have found any precedent, or have invented any plausible motive for encroaching on this undoubted province of the Jury, he would not, it is to be presumed, have scrupled to use it on such an occasion.

Another, and still more striking, contrast to your charge is to be found in that of Lord Mansfield's, delivered in the action of Mr. Pitt against the printers of the General Advertiser and the Morning Herald, who accused him, he being at the time Chancellor of the Exchequer, *of gambling in the stocks with the money of the nation.* Lord Mansfield closed his charge thus: "The assessing of the "damages is *entirely* in your province. *I shall not*

"*say*

" *say a word upon it.* You will consider them un-
" der all the circumstances of the case, the ma-
" lignity and the extent, and, for the sake of
" example, you will give those damages *you think*
" *proper**."

This is the language of an *English* Judge. How different is it from yours! Lord Mansfield tells the Jury, that to estimate the damages is *entirely* in their province: that he shall *not say a word upon it.* You tell your sovereign men, that they are, indeed, the *almost* uncontrollable judges of damages, and you promise them, that their verdict shall not be set aside, unless it be so outrageously cruel, as, at first blush, to *shock* every person who hears of it! The libel on Mr. Pitt was a most atrocious one, yet Lord Mansfield forbears to suggest the propriety of great damages, and tells the Jury to give what they think proper, for *the sake of example only.* But you call for damages *both compensatory and exemplary*; you urge them to bring upon the head of the defendant the consequences of both a civil and a criminal prosecution! You do, indeed, observe to them, that " the damages must not be " so enormous as *absolutely* to *ruin* the offender." This was a wholesome caution: it was telling them how far they might go, without endangering the success of the scheme; it was saying to them, " Ruin him in effect, but take care to do it in " such a way as will not defeat our intention. Bilk " him, embarrass him, break up his business, and " plunge him into debt; but be careful not to let " your malice so far overshoot the mark, as to leave " us no excuse for confirming your verdict."—This

* The damages given for *falsely* accusing Mr. Pitt of this heinous offence was 250*l.*—British printers, bless your kind stars!!

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was pretty language from a Court to a Jury! The Jury followed your directions with great exactness, and the malignant slaves thought they had given me a deadly blow; but that blow, while it has had no effect on me, has recoiled with redoubled force on themselves, their accomplices, and their city.

But your pretext for recommending a ruinous verdict, is, if possible, more atrocious than the recommendation itself. "Offences of this kind," say you, "have, *for some time past*, too much abounded "in our city; *it seems high time to restrain them*—that "task is with *you*, Gentlemen."—So, because offences of the same kind *had abounded in the city*, because they had passed unnoticed, because they had been tolerated, I was to be all but *absolutely* ruined; I was to suffer for what all others had done, and also for the negligence of Courts and Juries! Precious justice this!

Yes; offences, not of "*this kind*," but of a much worse kind, had, indeed, for a long time abounded in your city. Libels the most false, scandalous, and malicious; publications the most obscene and most impious, had long abounded, and do still abound; and had I shared in these publications, not a farthing of damages would ever have been given against me. But I was a British subject; I had defended the character of my King and country against the infamous calumnies that you and your asociates suffered to be propagated; I exposed the little despots of America; I had contrasted their character with that of the King, against whom they were continually endeavouring to revive the animosity of the people; and it was for this, and this alone, that you and your associates hated me. At the very moment when you gave this scandalous charge, when you called

called aloud for ruin on my head, you were perfectly convinced that I had rendered America essential services; you knew that my character was unblemished, and that my conduct, as a publisher, was singularly laudable; you knew that I never wilfully published a *falsehood*; you knew that, as a bookseller, I never gave circulation to a seditious, an irreligious, or an immoral publication, but that, on the contrary, I had constantly endeavoured to obstruct the progress of such works, and that I had been the patron of every effort to counteract their deleterious effects. All this you knew, and with all this in your mind, you uttered the malignant charge which I this day rescue from that oblivion to which its stupidity had condemned it *.

One fact only remains to be narrated, and a most valuable one it is. I beg every Englishman to pay good attention to it, and to bless God for not having placed him under the jurisdiction of an American Judge.

The trial was begun on the 13th, and the 5000 dollar verdict was given on the 14th of December. It is well known that after every verdict, *four days* are allowed, previous to entering up the judgment, in order to enable the defendant to

* The partiality of these people does not appear in its true light, till it is known that Mr. Fenno, who was sued at the same time, and for the very same pretended libel, has been suffered to go off without further notice. They hate Fenno for his royalist principles, but he being an *American*, they knew that it would be hard to find a Jury to assess heavy damages against him, and to have given 5000 dollars against me, while they only gave, perhaps, 100 against him, would have been too glaring a proof of their infamy. For the same reason the action against him will never be brought to issue.

prepare

prepare for application for an arrest of judgment. On the 17th, therefore, my counsellor, Mr. Edward Tilghman, made a motion for a rule to show cause why the verdict and judgment should not be set aside for excessiveness of damages; which motion was rejected by you and your associates. Well might you reject it! for, on the 16th, the *day before* you refused the new trial, I was *actually arrested* for the 5000 dollars at New-York! so that it appears, that the plaintiff and his counsel were *sure*, quite *sure*, that a new trial would not be granted two days, at least, *before* that new trial was moved for!—Vivat Respublica! Huzza for liberty and revolution!

"And what do I care for all this?" say you; "I have got the post of Chief Justice, and shall "hold it; and in spite of all the exposures you "can make, I shall still have the huzzas of "the base herd of Americans*."—That is true enough: I have not encountered the hopeless task of making any impression on you, or on the wretched beings by whom you are surrounded; but I know *where* I shall produce an impression: and though my labours may be slow in their operation, they will be sure and lasting in their effects.

W. COBBETT.

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* When Shippen closed his charge, there was a *clapping of hands* amongst the people, who filled the galleries and the area of the Court-house; and when the verdict was pronounced, the joy of the malignant wretches broke out into *loud and repeated acclamations!* Nor was this joy confined to the herd of spectators; the shouting in the Court-house was the next day recorded by the news-printers, who exulted in this proof of the *zeal* and *justice* of their *fellow-citizens!*

The

The Rush-Light has already made some astonishing exposures respecting the much boasted *liberty of the press.* It has many more to make. The mean arts and the abominable tyranny employed in Philadelphia, for the purpose of effecting the suppression of this work, surpass all that ever has been recorded of the detestable court of Star-Chamber. The governments of America appear to me to be approaching very fast towards absolute despotism. If a writer, like the author of the *Pursuits of Literature,* were in this country, he would be ruined, if not assassinated, in less than twelve months. The poor printers and booksellers are reduced to a degree of slavish dread hardly to be conceived; and to hear the language of the inhabitants in general, one would really imagine, that the bloody laws of Valentinian (on which M'Kean lately pronounced an eulogium) were in full force*.

* A few days ago, a paragraph appeared in a Philadelphia paper, recommending the passing of a law to punish the *lenders* and the *readers* of libels! This paragraph was, I am informed, written and published at the request of an officer under the federal government. Now let me ask, what the people of England would say to the editor of any of those papers that are called *ministerial,* were they to broach such a proposition as this? Would the public bear it? And is not its being borne *here,* without a murmur, a clear proof that the people have no true notion of liberty, and that they are amused with the *name,* while the *thing* is not known amongst them?

## PORCUPINE's REVENGE.

### *A Dialogue between Rush and Porcupine.*

*Rush.* Master Peter, you see, with my twelve sov'reign men,
I have tipp'd you a squeeze for the strokes of your pen.
These twelve sov'reign men, now I no longer need them,
How shall I reward?

*Peter.* Why, *bleed* them, Rush, *bleed them!*

*Rush.* But to the Judge on the bench, so just and humane,
(The worthy successor and tool of M'Kean);
To my lawyers who bellow'd so loudly against you,
To Hopkinson, Ingersol, Levi the Jew,
The half-quaker Lewis (who once was a carter),
And your faithful counsel, the mob-courting Harper;
To my volunteer witnesses, grateful young Mease,
To the poor Dr. Coxe, and poor granny Dewees,
(Who gen'rously came, with no duty to urge them),
What return shall I make?

*Peter.* Why, *purge* them, Rush, *purge them!*

*Enter Grave-Digger.*

*Grav.-Dig.* By my soul, Master Peter, I think it too hard,
That with such folks as these I must fill my church yard.

*Peter.* Church-yard! honest fellow, my meaning's not such;
For, where a man's buried it matters not much;
And the great Dr. Mitchell (of bleeding renown)
Says, "let all *human carrion* be dragg'd out of town."

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## A TRAGEDY SCENE.

*Enter* SANGRADO, *with the Rush-Light in his hand.—He remains for about half an hour in stupid, sullen silence: and then, starting from his reverie, pours forth, in slow and melancholy accents, the following soliloquy.*

Unthinking Doctor, wherefore did thy rage
Urge thee with printer's prowess to engage?

O, why from puffing to the law retire?
Why for thyself construct the fun'ral fire?
What though an Ingersol before thee stood,
With dangling brush, to paint thee fair and good;
A weeping Hopkinson, dear tender creature,
Sobbing to wail the injuries of Nature;
What though kind-hearted jurors press'd thee round,
And philanthropic judges too were found;
What though the gentle, just, and gen'rous crowd
The verdict sanction'd with applauses loud;
What though five thousand dollars were the prize,
Which, in idea, gratify'd thine eyes?
Say! could such lenitives relieve thy shame,
Or reunite thee to thy shadow, fame?
Could they kill Peter—whose vindictive art
So well directs his venom to thy art?
Could they prevent exposure and disgrace,
Or change the tincture of an Ethiop's face?
Oh, no! they bade these hellish fires arise,
And bound thee to the stake!—(*He dies.*)

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## A PORTRAIT OF A GOVERNOR.

*Drawn by one of his Slaves.*

BEFORE I exhibit this picture, I shall trouble the reader with a few explanatory remarks. M'KEAN, from under whose government I thought it prudent to retire in December last, had no sooner seized fast hold of the reins of power, than he began to lash, with a merciless hand, every man who had dared to oppose his election, and who happened to be placed within his immediate reach. The civil offices in Pennsylvania, such, for instance, as that of register, clerk of court, prothonotary, &c. &c. are very numerous, and are all held during the pleasure of the governor, who appoints and displaces without control or advice. The greatest part of these offices were filled by men, who had rendered themselves more or less conspicuous during the late revolution; and who, being once on horseback, and finding riding much pleasanter than walking,

walking, through this vale of tears, had no inclination to dismount. They had all been appointed by Mifflin, who, though not destitute of malice, was a mere sot, capable of being soothed by the most stupid attempts at adulation. Most of these civil officers had served in a military capacity under him, and he felt that partiality towards them, which old comrades generally feel towards each other. When, therefore, a successor to their patron was to be chosen, they saw themselves in jeopardy. Two candidates offered, *Ross* and *M'Kean*. In the latter they remembered, indeed, an old revolutionist; but they also remembered, that he was not a Mifflin. Keen, vigilant, persevering, tyrannical, and vindictive, as they knew M'Kean to be, they were afraid to give him their support, lest they should have him for a master, and afraid to oppose him, lest they should be displaced. Being, however, at last, fully persuaded that Ross would succeed, they openly gave him their support. They were egregiously deceived; M'Kean was elected by a vast majority: and, though his great age was one of the objections they affected to have against him, he soon made them feel that he was not deficient in point of energy.

The first step he took was to annul all the commissions, during pleasure, granted by his predecessor. He had previously obtained exact information respecting the electioneering conduct of every one of the civil officers, whom he had the power to displace, and according to this he made out his list of proscription. He swept the poor fellows off by dozens, with as little ceremony as a foul-feeding glutton brushes the flies from the meat which he is himself going to devour.

Many of these ousted patriots, all of them, indeed, who could write (and some of them who

could not), began a most lamentable outcry against him. The newspapers were, and still are, inundated with their doleful addresses to the compassion of the people. Being, as they imagined, snugly quartered on the public for life, they had entirely forgotten the favourite maxim of republicanism—a *rotation in office!*

Amongst all these pitiful complainants, not one has come before the public with a worse grace than the writer of the following letter. He married one of Mifflin's bastard daughters, and with her he married two offices, those of clerk of the mayor's and orphan's courts of the city and county of Philadelphia; but M'Kean, not willing, I suppose, to tolerate polygamy in his dominions, has divorced him from two thirds of his spouses.

## To GOVERNOR M'KEAN.

*Philadelphia, March* 17, 1800.

At length my case is decided, and I have received from your Excellency my dismission from office, in direct and palpable violation of your promise made (*not to me, for I have no favours to ask of you*), but to the late Governor Mifflin, which, although he is no more, can be ascertained by proof you dare not contradict. It is indeed a matter of no surprise, that the little regard you may have left for your character and veracity, in transactions of this kind, has yielded, after a short struggle, to the burning impulse of party rage and personal vengeance. Yet, if there were not many and irresistible evidences of your total disregard for every manly and just sentiment, when it comes in collision with your paltry and vindictive passions, I should suppose you had not without some difficulty made up your mind to my removal, and that now and then a consciousness of perfidy would stagger your resolution, and make you sensible of shame.—Let me repeat that I pretend to no claims upon your personal or political regard.—I made no requests, and received no promises; *I had a right to none*, and I place this among the honourable circumstances of my dismission: but to the late Governor you did make such promises; they are known to many; and your secretary, before the death of Mr. Mifflin, explicitly declared, not surely from his own authority, that *I would*

*would be continued in my appointments.* As a further proof that my removal was not at first intended, I received no circular letter, as those gentlemen did who were originally proscribed.—Whether the mean and guilty terror, looking to another election, and trembling before a supposed dangerous competitor, which induced you to make a promise so repugnant to your inclination, or the contemptible perfidy with which you have broken that promise, be the most debasing, is a question you may discuss at your leisure; but when death had removed the danger which was the basis of your engagement, I was satisfied you would not suffer youself to be shackled with the obligation. Mine is not the only instance in which you have pursued this disgraceful course of trimming duplicity. I am acquainted with other cases in which the same sort of low degrading policy and insincerity have been used by you, which in due time will be exposed to the public eye.

When I looked through my native state, and beheld the victims that were falling on every side; when I saw you scouring over the land like an avenging fury; when I discovered that long, laborious, and faithful services in that revolutionary war, about which you prate so much; that unexceptionable official conduct, and the most amiable private character; that no course of prudence or moderation at the late election; that nothing, in fact, but an active membership in your party could save—when you declared to a gentleman, "you are an "unexceptionable character, and an excellent officer, *but you* "*voted against me*"—when old age, burdened with large and expensive families, was treated with scorn and consigned with insult to misery and want; nay, when the very tears that glistened in the eyes of the distressed seemed but to brighten your savage triumph, what had I to expect? an open and avowed opponent to your election, who had requested no friend to solicit, no foe to forbear; well knowing, that solicitation, whilst it pampers the base pride of a groveling and vindictive mind, never disposes it to justice or moderation. When such men as ARNDT, GIBBONS, LINTON, READ, BOWERS, BARNITZ, and LIONS, whose "white flakes challenge pity," and who have wasted their youth in the service of their country, are struck with your iron rod of power, in what could *I personally* hope for an exemption? Do you tell me that *Barnitz* and *Lions* have been reappointed? but you will not say they were not marked as devoted victims, and were not accordingly complimented with your civil circulars, in which, with a ludicrous and canting hypocrisy, you affect to be sorry at the arrangements, *made by yourself*, which render their removal and destruction necessary. You did not pursue the blow, it is true; but why? Did conscience recall the deed, and a sense of duty

restrain you? No—or you could never have intended their ruin. But the people of their respective counties became outrageous at your unexampled barbarity, crushing the crippled soldier and the aged patriot; your popularity was threatened, and your coward heart shrunk from the foul mischief your soul delighted in: insufferably insolent and overbearing in the ebullitions of your temper, you sink mean, dejected, and degraded at the prospect of just retribution. Such was your character as chief justice on the bench, and it adheres to the governor. As to the exercise of your power on me, there is nothing remarkable in it, as it relates merely to myself; and is worthy of remark only as it exposes the rottenness of your faith. There are many grounds on which I might with certainty have looked for this proceeding from you. The rage of an old family quarrel (in which I had no part) may have in a measure subsided; but the embers have been burning on your heart, and wanted but opportunity to blow them into a destroying flame. Any man acquainted with your temper and dispositions will not hesitate to believe, that you can scarcely receive a more welcome gratification than to inflict an injury on the son of FRANCIS HOPKINSON. Whether this was the prevailing impulse in your conduct, or whether some mercenary dependant claims the promised price of his prostituted services (for you will recollect you speak of your "*arrangements*," on the very day after you came into office), I will not more minutely enquire: as the motives are equally unworthy, your claim to either or both of them will not be doubted. But another reason remains—*I opposed you at the late election*: yes, thank God! and in a most open, decisive, and undisguised manner. My efforts, such as they were, were exerted against you to their extent, and in favour of a man, infinitely above you in the qualifications of his heart and understanding, and in the respectability of his character and conduct: and I had a full and unimpeachable right to do so; and while I did it with truth and propriety you had no right to complain. As to the manner of my opposition, I defy the industry of your Excellency, which has been so fortunate in collecting affidavits and certificates, true and untrue, from all quarters of the state, of the deeds, words, and thoughts of your enemies! I defy all those wretched minions, who, crawling at your feet while they despise you in their souls, bloat your pride with disgusting flattery, until your poor, weak brain reels, inflame your passions with paltry anecdotes, and corrupt your heart with falsehood and hypocrisy—to produce a single paragraph of my writing, a single word of my utterance, that is not, to the utmost, true in its *matter*, and justifiable in its *manner*. I do not mean to stand accountable for every thing that your *affidavit-men* may

lay

lay to my charge: God forbid that I should be tried by their veracity! but what I have written, said, or done, I will acknowledge and defend. My opposition was honest, conscientious and constitutional; and I would not recall the smallest portion for all you can give, or all you can take away.

I have been informed, that once, in the fury of a savage temper, or in the heat of inebriety (for the most regular men are sometimes thrown off their balance), you boastingly declared of an officer you were about to displace, for the unpardonable sin of voting against, "*that you would teach his wife "and children how to starve!*" Such, probably, are your charitable intentions towards me: but in these I trust you will be disappointed. Although the offices I have holden have necessarily abstracted me in a great degree from the regular pursuits of my profession, which I shall exert myself to regain, yet I cannot doubt, that perseverance and industry will make the loss you have inflicted but temporary, and disappoint the murderous malignity that dictated your conduct. When such dull animals as *Thomas M'Kean*, without the smallest pretensions to genius, manners, or general information, become governors, nobody should despair of preferment.

While you are exercising with merciless rage the odious power of a tyrant, while you are gratifying passions the most diabolical, and resentments the most mean, you can scarcely be so lost in the sublime contemplation of your own importance, as to hope that the victims you prostrate will retort no reproaches to your teeth, or bury in silence the injuries you inflict. Do you suppose that every blow you strike breaks the spirit of the man, extinguishing even the desire of retaliation? Or do you feel yourself so exalted on your tottering stool of authority, as to despise the just reward of your deeds? Your elevation commands neither respect nor fear from me, and the use you are making of it is sinking you even with your friends. I have never approached you with humility, and I do not now address you to complain. That immoveable hatred and contempt, with which a free mind scorns a tyrant, in all his shapes and in all his acts, are the only feelings that inspire me in your presence. In all this display of the strength of office, I know you are a poor, self-convicted, wretched being. You lie down covered with curses, and the hours of a single day do not pass round without whipping you with the stings of scorpions, making you feel what sort of *thing* you are. Thus the very indulgence of your wishes becomes the bane of your happiness.

One consideration only has made me hesitate in thus exposing your shameful insincerity to the world, and giving expression to my feelings. I mean the good understanding and friendly intercourse that, putting political differences aside, has subsisted

sisted between the branches of our respective families, which promised to bury the feuds of former days, and restore that harmony which should ever be found among the descendants of common ancestors. But I address you on a personal question between you and me, in which your children are in no shape implicated; and I trust they can scarcely be so unreasonable as to expect I am to be wounded without feeling, or to feel without resenting.

You may perhaps discover harshness of language in this letter, but to have accommodated myself to the favourite style of your Excellency, I should have indulged much more deeply in invective and abuse. A man who ventures to brand nearly one half, and surely the most respectable part, of the people of Pennsylvania, with such names as traitors, tories, refugees*, &c. thus charging them with positive and high crimes, has little reason to look for much studied politeness of expression from those he has so grossly and indecently insulted. Your claims on this score from me will appear still more unfounded, when you reflect on the evening in which, in the presence of one of my friends, you amused youself with calling me scoundrel, puppy, rascal, with similar epithets of genteel disapprobation.

I understand J. Beckley is not intended as the permanent proprietor of my offices, but that he is to hold them for a year, when they will be delivered over to a person who will then be qualified to receive. This is a sort of juggling, by which your Excellency may reward a great many friends with a few offices. How much the chance of this *contingent remainder-man* is worth, time will decide; but if Æsop's frog, or any other poor creature, ever bursted with pride, your Excellency will certainly make an explosion before the year runs out.—For the present I leave you, but with this assurance, that you and I do not part here.

Jos. HOPKINSON.

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* If M'Kean did call the "*most respectable*" part of the people *Tories*, he was above half right. I differ, too, with Mr. Hopkinson on another point. I cannot think that calling people *Tories* and *Refugees* is to accuse them of "positive and high crimes."

POST

## POSTCRIPT BY PETER PORCUPINE.

NOW, reader, remember, that this is not the invective of a *royalist* against a republican chief; it is the language of one republican speaking of another. It is, in most of its traits, a fine picture of one of those petty despots, who have arisen out of the ruins of the British government in this country. I wish every subject of the King to contemplate it well, and to ask himself seriously, whether he would like to change rulers with poor Hopkinson and his *free* fellow-citizens? Oh! that Britons were but wise! Then would they daily return thanks to Heaven for the blessings they enjoy; then would they compare the character and conduct of their mild, benevolent, just, and magnanimous Sovereign, with those of the selfish, malignant, vindictive, ferocious tyrant, who now grinds the faces of the Pennsylvanians. And yet (oh the wonders of republican vanity!) these latter wretches have the impudence to talk about their *liberty*, and, at the instigation of their rapacious oppressors, they do annually celebrate, what they stupidly term, their "*emancipation from the British "yoke* ! ! !*"

By arts like these it is, that the world has been, and is still, deceived. The vain boastings, the insolent pretensions, of republican America, have been too long suffered to pass with impunity. *Why* they have, would take more time to explain than I can spare at present; but, the fatal consequences of this iniquity are, to me at least, very

* Let not the reader imagine that this article is intended to be published in *America*. These liberty boys would roast me before a slow fire, were I to promulgate amongst them what I have written in this paragraph.

evident.

evident. The *seeds* of the late horrid rebellion in Ireland were certainly ingrafted from America; and, indeed, if those whose duty it is to *instruct*, as well as to govern, the subjects of the British Empire, will suffer them to be deluded; if they will *tacitly* acknowledge, that the most perfect system of government, the highest degree of liberty and happiness, *have resulted from a rebellion*, and a rebellion, too, *against King George the Third*; if they will supinely permit this captivating falsehood to engross the minds of the multitude, what is the natural, what the *inevitable* consequence?

Mr. GRATTAN, in that seditious (not to say *treasonable)* Address, which has been rendered notorious by the admirable Answer of Doctor Duigenan, cites the *example of America* as an encouragement to an Irish revolt, and takes occasion to terrify the loyal subjects of Ireland by a most false and malicious representation of the fate of the American loyalists. So far as Doctor Duigenan was possessed of facts, he has amply exposed the falsehood of the adresser: he has nobly defended the cause, the conduct, and the character of the loyal Americans, who are, and who, I trust, ever will be, regarded with peculiar affection by their King and their faithful fellow-subjects. But, had the Doctor lived in America since the consummation of the "*Glorious Revolution*," he would, doubtless, have given a counterpart to the picture. This counterpart I have attempted to draw, and will exhibit it on some future occasion; suffice it, for the present, to say, that it holds out little temptation to treason and rebellion.

END OF NO. IV. OF THE RUSH-LIGHT.

THE

THE

# RUSH-LIGHT.

No. V.

30th April, 1800.

## LETTER FROM P. PORCUPINE TO DOCTOR PRIESTLEY.

"How are the mighty fallen!—Tell it not in
"Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!"
SAM. II. c. i. v. 19, 20.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE friend of Priestley and of Cooper (if they have one left on earth) may now imitate the pathetic solicitation of David, when he heard of the disgraceful catastrophe of Saul and of Jonathan; for, if there be any thing, which can yet add a sting to the torment of their minds, it assuredly must be the dread of that derision, which a knowledge of their present situation is calculated to produce amongst those, whom they have so insolently reproached for peaceably and loyally submitting to the rule of their Sovereign, and whom they have so earnestly besought to exchange the *tyranny* of a king for the *freedom* of a republic. But, on this subject, solicitation, however pathetic, would, and ought to be, in vain; for, though no one can help feeling

feeling some compassion for the humbled demagogues, every British subject, who has it in his power, must regard it as his duty to make use of the example, now furnished by themselves, for the purpose of eradicating the principles, which they have, but too successfully, endeavoured to implant.—Such, I solemnly declare, is the motive from which I now take up the pen.

The character, the principles, the former conduct, of Doctor Priestley, are too well known to require an elucidation. And, as to Mr. Cooper, most people know, that he is also an Englishman by birth, that he has for a long time been a most disaffected subject, that he accompanied the traitor *Watt* in an embassy to the rebel assembly of France, that he afterwards, in 1793, came to America, returned home in 1794, and published a book, exhorting his countrymen to emigrate to this land of liberty*, whither, finally, he returned himself in 1795, and settled at Northumberland, in the State of Pennsylvania, where he had previously provided a retreat for himself and his friend Priestley.

Being now arrived in that republican paradise, which they had so long sought, it was reasonable to suppose, that they would pass the remainder of their days in peace; but, it was, on the other hand, not unreasonable to suppose, that they would expect promotion under a government, which they had made use of such unwarrantable means to exalt above all others.

While General Washington was President, they seem to have been willing to forego their preten-

* This book is entitled, "*Some Information respecting America*," and a most mischievous publication it has proved. Hundreds of poor deluded Englishmen curse the hour that the author was born; but, more of this hereafter.

sions;

sions; but the election of Mr. Adams was an event well calculated to awaken their dormant patriotism, and to encourage them to seek for an opportunity of exerting those eminent talents, of which they had, as it were, robbed their native country purely for the good of America.

Mr. Adams had, it seems, lived upon terms of great intimacy with Doctor Priestley, in England, where, if the Doctor's vanity does not lead him beyond the truth, they frequently assembled with Doctor Price and other worthies of the same stamp, all of whom most humanely, benevolently, and generously concurred in a wish to better the lot of ill-fated Britons by an extension of their political liberty and religious toleration. When, therefore, the Birmingham Philosopher arrived in America, his acquaintance with Mr. Adams was renewed, and was cultivated, on both sides, with at least, much apparent sincerity.

That Mr. Adams had little objection to the religious tenets of the Doctor is not to be doubted; for, of a course of sermons, which the latter preached, at Philadelphia, during the winter of 1796, Mr. Adams was a constant hearer, nay further, these sermons, which were soon afterwards published, were, by *permission*, dedicated to him, and it was even stated in the dedication, that *they were published at his request.*

It is not, therefore, surprising, that the Doctor looked upon the exaltation of this Gentleman to the President's chair, as the dawn of his own importance: and, it must be confessed, that a man far less sanguine than Doctor Priestley, might have built his hopes on a slighter foundation. Accordingly, the very next session of Congress, after Mr. Adams's election, his friend the Doctor appeared as a candidate for the post of Chaplain to the House of Representatives. Great exertions were made

made in his favour, but all without effect; he had only *twenty-six* votes out of a hundred. John Knox was yet too strong for Socinus.

In bestowing the post of Congressional Chaplain, the President, it was known, had little or no influence; therefore, the defeat in the House of Representatives did not at all discourage the hopes of the Doctor, or of his brother emigrant. Mr. Adams was installed in March, 1797, and though offices in his gift are not very plenty, Cooper found one that suited him in a very little time. An agent was to be appointed, on the part of the United States, to attend to their interests before the Board of Commissioners, assembled at Philadelphia, in virtue of the sixth article of the treaty of amity and commerce between Great Britain and America. The business of this agent was to examine the validity of the claims preferred against the United States, and to make objections to them if necessary; in fact, the office was neither more nor less than that of counsel for the defendant; of course, it required a lawyer to fill it, and it is by no means wonderful, that Cooper, who was bred to that profession, should take a fancy to the salary. Priestley undertook to give him the following recommendation to the President.

"*August* 12, 1797.

"DEAR SIR,

"IT was far from being my intention, or my "wish, to trouble you with the request of any fa- "vours, though it is *now* in your power to grant "them; and it is not at all probable that I shall "ever take a second liberty of the kind. But cir- "cumstances have arisen which, I think, call upon "me to do it once, though not for myself but a "friend. The office of Agent for American claims,

"was

" was offered, I understand to Mr. Hall of Sun-
" bury, and he has declined it. If this be the case,
" and no other person be yet fixed upon, I should
" be very happy if I could serve Mr. Cooper (a
" man, I doubt not, of at least equal ability, and
" possessed of every other qualification for the of-
" fice) by recommending him. It is true that both
" he and myself fall, in the language of our ca-
" lumniators, under the description of *Democrats*
" who are studiously represented as enemies to
" what is called *government* both in England and
" here. What *I* have done to deserve that cha-
" racter you well know, and Mr. Cooper has done
" very little more. In fact, we have both been
" persecuted for being friends to American liberty,
" and our preference of the government of this
" country has brought us both hither. However,
" were the accusation true, I think the appoint-
" ment of a man of unquestionable ability and
" fidelity to his trust, for which I would make my-
" self answerable, would be such a mark of supe-
" riority to popular prejudice as I should expect
" from you. I *therefore think it no unfavourable*
" *circumstance in the recommendation.* That you
" will act according to your best judgment, I have
" no doubt, with respect to this and other affairs of
" infinitely more moment, through which I am
" persuaded you will bring the country with repu-
" tation to yourself, though, in circumstances of
" such uncommon difficulty, perhaps with less ease
" and satisfaction than I could wish. With my
" earnest wishes for the honour and tranquillity
" of your Presidency,

" I am, Dear Sir,

" Your's sincerely,

" JOSEPH PRIESTLEY."

SIR,

" SIR,

" ON my expressing an inclination for the of-
" fice which Mr. Hall has declined, Dr. Priestley
" was so good as to offer his services with you on
" my behalf.

" PROBABLY the office will be filled before this
" letter can reach you: probably there may be ob-
" jections to nominating a person not a native of
" the country: probably *the objection mentioned by*
" *Dr. Priestley may reasonably be deemed of weight*
" *in my instance.* Be all this as it may, I see no
" impropriety in the present application, to be ap-
" pointed Agent of American claims, for it is still
" possible I may suppose more weight in the ob-
" jections than they will be found to deserve. If it
" should so happen that I am nominated to that of-
" fice I shall endeavour to merit the character the
" Doctor has given of me, and your esteem. I
" am, &c.

" THOMAS COOPER."

It must be confessed, that there is nothing crawling in either of these letters: they breathe as independent a spirit as letters, on such a subject, possibly can. Nor do I, indeed, see any thing in them that an *American* has a right to find fault with. The Doctor's assertion, that he and Cooper were persecuted in England for their attachment to America, shall be noticed hereafter.

What answer the President gave to the letters, or, whether he ever gave any at all, is not publicly known; but, in a very little while after the date of Cooper's application, one Reid of Philadelphia, was appointed to the office, which appointment, as is natural to suppose, gave the Northumberland patriots great offence. In point of talents, Cooper was certainly very far superior to Reid; but then,

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it was justly considered, by those who talked on the subject, that the revolutionary pretensions of the former were, at least, doubtful, while, it was notorious that the latter was the son of a member of the *Old Congress*, who had, besides, filled the office of Governor of Pennsylvania, in those glorious times when Roberts and Carlisle were sent to the gallows!

Independent, however, of all personal considerations, the President had sufficient reason for refusing the request of Cooper. It is true, that this latter was, according to the then existing law, become what is called an American Citizen; but, it was easy to perceive, that his being employed as Agent would not have contributed to the harmony, which it was, at that time, hoped would prevail in the Board of Commissioners. The British Commissioners, gentlemen of loyalty and honour, could not have listened with much respect to the companion of Watt and the lying preacher of emigration; and, had they, in consideration of the office, forgotten the man and his hostility to the Sovereign, whose commission they bore, there was every reason to suppose, that he would avail himself of the numerous opportunities that would offer, to keep their memories continually refreshed.

But, strong as these reasons for refusal, and others that might be mentioned, were, the patriots of Northumberland seem not to have perceived their force. Another appointment, too, which took place soon after the rejection of Cooper, probably aggravated their disaffection; I allude to the appointment of Rush to the Treasureship of the Mint, a post which would have suited Doctor Priestley to a nicety, and of which he certainly was as worthy as his more smooth tongued competitor. I do not know that the Doctor actually applied for this

place, but it was talked of as a thing that he would like; and certain it is, that, from the time of this appointment to the present day, the Doctor and his friend Cooper have, on all convenient occasions, shown themselves the bitter enemies of Mr. Adams, his administration, and his measures.

The season however, for *open* opposition to the Federal government, was, for a long time, inauspicious. The summer of 1799 warmed the dormant faction into life. In Pennsylvania, M'Kean, the avowed friend of France, of Jefferson, and of democracy, was a candidate for the important office of Governor. To him, therefore, who had, in his State, ten times as many offices in his gift as the President, the emigrated philosophers looked, with confidence, for that profit and importance, which they had in vain solicited from the Federal Government; and, that they might not be destitute of a ground for their pretensions, they zealously, ably, and efficaciously supported his cause in the canvass that preceded his election.

During this canvass, this six months of disputation, of intrigues, of reciprocal calumny, of anxiety, of hope, of fear, and of hatred, Cooper, who is possessed of talents, intrepidity and perseverance, that would do honour to a better cause, voluntarily became the editor of a newspaper published in his neighbourhood, during which editorship he published, in his own name, a number of essays, of which I shall speak more fully in my letter to himself. One of these essays, which was, indeed, a well written, a most artful, and an extensively mischievous performance, drew from the Federal party,—not a reply, but; a *publication of the anecdote of his application to the President*, of which the following is a copy, taken from a Reading paper, in which it was first published, on the 26th October, 1799.

" *Thomas*

"*Thomas Cooper's* address to the readers of the "Sunbury and Northumberland Gazette, of which "he was Editor, having been republished in this "State, with an introduction approbatory of the "piece, a correspondent wishes to know if it be the "same *Thomas Cooper*, an Englishman, of whom "the following anecdote is related? If it is, every "paper devoted to truth, honour and decency, "ought to give it a thorough circulation."

"Not many months ago, it is said a *Mr. Cooper*, "an Englishman, applied to the President of the "United States to be appointed agent for settling "the respective claims of the citizens and subjects "of this country and Great Britain. In his let-"ter he informs the President that, although he "*(Thomas Cooper)* had been called a Democrat, "yet his real political sentiments were such as "would be agreeable to the President and govern-"ment of the United States, or expressions to that "effect. This letter was accompanied with ano-"ther from *Dr. Joseph Priestley*, who did not fail to "assure the President, of the pliability of his friend "*Cooper's* democratic principles. The President it "is said rejected *Cooper's* application with disdain, "and *Priestley's* with still stronger marks of sur-"prise, saying, it is said, as he threw the letter "on the table, does he think that I would appoint "any Englishman to that important office in prefer-"ence to an American!—What was the conse-"quence?—When *Thomas Cooper* found his appli-"cation for a lucrative office under our President "rejected, he writes in revenge the address which "has appeared in print, and Dr. *Priestley* exerted "his influence in dispersing this very address, which "he must know was the offspring of disappoint-"ment and revenge!!!"

The reader, who compares this anecdote with the Letters of Dr. Priestley and Cooper, and who,

like me, is willing to give the devil his due, will allow, that a narrative more destitute of candour and of truth never disgraced even an American newspaper. It was attributed to the officers of the Federal Government, who, it was said, *must* have, at least communicated the fact; but, besides the want of grammar in the composition, and the gross falsehoods of the statement, it is by no means credible, that the government would be guilty of such an unpardonable act of meanness as to combat its adversaries by divulging the applications, dictated, probably, by their poverty. Had this, however, been the case, I see no reason (provided the truth had been adhered to) on which either Priestley or Cooper could, consistently with their principles, have grounded a complaint; for, they have both repeatedly declared (indeed, it is one of their favourite maxims), that government should have *no secrets*.

Cooper published, in a hand-bill, on the 2d of November, 1799, a regular reply to the anecdote, in which reply he vindicated his conduct in making the application for an office under the President, and endeavoured to do away all appearance of inconsistency, by stating, that his application was made before the President had sanctioned any of the measures, which were in the opinion of the aptriots, so abhorrent to true republicanism, so destructive to the interests and so dangerous to the liberties of the people.—" Nor do I," said he " see " any impropriety in making this request, to Mr. " Adams: at that time he had just entered into " office, he was hardly in the infancy of political " mistake; even those who doubted his capacity, " thought well of his intentions. Nor were we " yet saddled with the expense of a permanent " navy, or threatened, under his auspices, with the " existence of a standing army. Our credit was

" not

" not yet reduced so low as to borrow money at " eight per cent. in time of peace, while the unne- " cessary violence of official expressions might have " justly provoked a war. Mr. Adams had not yet " projected his embassies to Prussia, Russia, and " the Sublime Porte, nor had he yet interfered, as " President of the United States, to influence the " decisions of a court of Justice—a sketch of au- " thority which the Monarch of Great Britain would " have shrunk from—an interference without pre- " cedent, against law, and against mercy. This " melancholy case of Jonathan Robbins, a native " citizen of America, forcibly impressed by the " British, and delivered up, with the advice of Mr. " Adams, to the mock trial of a British Court " Martial, had not yet astonished the republican " citizens of this free country; a case too little " known, but of which the people ought to be " fully apprized, before the election, and they " shall be."

As to the truth or the falsehood, the innocence or the criminalness, of this passage, it is not now my business to enter into an inquiry. It furnished the ground for a criminal prosecution; the author was indicted at the last Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Pennsylvania; his plea was not guilty, he set up a justification, pleaded his own cause, was found guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of 400 dollars and to suffer six months imprisonment on the felon side of the Philadelphia jail, where he now is.—May such be the fate of every Republican Briton!

" A misfortune," says the proverb, " seldom comes alone." So it happened now; for the day after Cooper was convicted, news was received in Philadelphia, that Dr. Priestley and his family were all *poisoned*, by the hands of his own S——! I give

the article as I find it in Brown's Philadelphia Gazette of the 29th of April.

*From the Reading Advertiser of Saturday last.*

" Extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman
" in Northumberland, dated April 17th, 1800, to
" his friend in this place.

" On Monday last Dr. Priestley, Mrs. Priest-
" ley, (wife of Mr. Joseph Priestley, jun.) her
" two children, a hired girl, and a little bound
" girl, all of them were poisoned; they are how-
" ever so far recovered, with their own exer-
" tions (by drinking warm water), and the assist-
" ance of the medical gentlemen of this place, that
" they are supposed to have overcome the most
" imminent danger. The hired girl made a pudding
" for dinner, took the flour as usual out of the
" meal chest, but discovered some shining parti-
" cles of some substance intermixed with the flour
" —she acquainted Mrs. Priestley thereof, who
" thought little or nothing of it—the girl however
" and a hired man, went to the chest, and took off
" the top which appeared to have most, and threw
" it away; otherwise they all must have inevitably
" fallen an instantaneous sacrifice. The poison in-
" termixed with the flour is said to be arsenic, and
" was so strong, that after the Doctor and family
" had discharged a quantity from their stomachs,
" by vomiting, the poultry eating thereof almost
" instantly died.

" This horrid deed of the person that is supposed
" to have committed it, did not surprise me in the
" least when related to me, as the opinion I enter-
" tain of the Doctor accords with the principles of
" true Democracy—and his S—'s (one of the fa-
" mily) are the same—this ordinary drunken wretch
" is supposed to be the perpetrator—Mrs. Priestley
" has

" has said it was him; the hired girl, for several days " before had seen him about the meal chests, open- " ing them, asking her who eats Indian meal, and " who eats wheat meal, &c.? The Doctor and his " S—, are so full of French principles that nothing " appears strange in this affair."

This account has been republished in most of the newspapers, and it does, hitherto, remain uncontradicted by any thing that I have seen or heard of.

To avoid a digression in the preceding narrative, I have reserved it for this place to observe, that while Cooper was labouring in that fertile vineyard, the newspapers, Dr. Priestley was publishing, in the form of pamphlets, a series of letters, addressed to the people of Northumberland, the evident object of which letters was to pay his court to M'Kean, by satirizing his old and intimate friend, the President, and the government of which he was at the head. To defend Mr. Adams and the Federal Government against an attack, which, I will venture to say, has done them more harm, in Pennsylvania, than any one they ever had to encounter, I have not the capacity. I have seen the time, indeed, when I should have had the inclination, and should have made the attempt; but I now unreluctantly resign the task to the *Boston Slaves* and the " *True Americans*;" to those who formerly received the "*persecuted* Priestley" with peals of applause; to those who menaced me with " banish- " ment," and who exulted in the hope of making me " a blighted picture of infamy and ruin;" to the calumniators of my king, the enemies of my country, and the oppressors of myself.* All I

* The oppressive, the unprecedented, the abominable decision against me at Philadelphia has been ascribed to *party spirit*; but, justice to those whom I so long combated, de-

have to say to Dr. Priestley and to Cooper is between ourselves, as *British subjects*, a title which I have valued above all others ever since emigration taught me how to discriminate, and which, I believe, is not now so degrading in *their* sight as it formerly was.

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## To Dr. Joseph Priestley.

Sir,

THE season of disgrace is also the season of reflection; it is therefore probable, that the neglect, the rebuffs, and the insults, which you have latterly received from those by whom you were formerly caressed, may have brought to your recollection the warning I gave you upon your arrival in America: —"A man of all countries is a man of no country: and let all those citizens of the world remember, that he who has been a bad subject in his own, though from some latent motive he may be well received in another, will never be either *trusted* or *respected*."* When I wrote this sentence, I was fully persuaded I should see it verified by you; but little did I expect, that, in the short space of five years, I should see the salutary truth acknowledged, and proclaimed to the world, by yourself.

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mands from me the acknowledgment, that the *Democrats* were not only perfectly innocent of the deed, but that they expressed, and do still express, their horror at it. The insidious and malignant prosecutor is an officer under the Federal Government; the Judge, the Jury, the lawyers of Rush, and, I am sorry to add, my own lawyers, were all *Federalists*, to a man!

* See Observations on the Emigration of Dr. Joseph Priestley, &c. which were first published in 1794.

To

To your *Ten Letters*, addressed to the Inhabitants of Northumberland in Pennsylvania, you have prefixed the motto, "*nunquamne reponam?*" Why not? Who hindered you from replying? What kept you silent so long? And what, at last, urged you to reply? Very little notice had been taken of you in print for some months preceding the date of your letters. In short, Doctor, it is evident, as well from the circumstances under which you published, as from the publication itself, that you wrote, not to clear up your own character, but to gain the good-will and the patronage of M'Kean, which as it conveniently happened, you were enabled to do by indulging your spleen against the President and the Federal government.

You were, however, placed in a puzzling dilemma. If M'Kean were elected without any assistance from you, you foresaw that you could have no pretensions to his favour; and, as you could render him no essential service without attacking the Federal Government and its measures, you were compelled to make that attack, which, was, besides, necessary to remove an opinion, that was very prevalent, of your being still in the confidence and in the interest of the President. On the other hand; you must have perceived, that a bold and unqualified censure, not only on Mr. Adams and the measures of his government, but on the *constitution* itself, would come very aukwardly from the pen of Dr. Priestley, who had been one of the warmest admirers and loftiest eulogists of that constitution. You must have been aware, that you were about to undo all the mischief you had done; that your meditated attack, while it served the cause of democracy in America, must inevitably serve the cause of monarchy in Europe; that some one would not fail to compare your present sentiments

ments and declarations, with those which you had promulgated on former occasions, and to avail himself of your experience and acknowledgements for the purpose of destroying your dangerous principles. This much you might have expected, and, I dare say you did expect, from *me*; if you did, I shall now endeavour to fulfil your expectation, assuring you, that it has not been for want of inclination, that the duty has remained so long unperformed.

Far be it from me to join in the brutal exultations of the *Boston Slaves* and "*True Americans*," These base wretches, who, but a little while ago, cloyed you with fulsome panegyricks, and abused me for my animadversions on your conduct, are now rejoicing at your disappointments, mocking at your anguish, and almost expressing their regret that the ratsbane you found in your porridge did not prove mortal. It is worthy of remark, and must, I think, have struck you very forcibly, that the *Philadelphia Gazette*, which was the first to censure my Observations on your emigration, was also the first to express satisfaction at your being poisoned! A memorable instance of the versatility, the baseness, the savageness of republicanism!

To imitate the cowardly triumph, the dunghill cock crowing, of these servile wretches, I scorn. That you have been *disappointed* in your political expectations, that you have met with refusal, neglect and contempt, instead of caresses and rewards, for your unwarrantable endeavours to exalt America above your own country, I most heartily rejoice; but I do not rejoice at your private *calamities*; and if I ever expressed a wish to see you suffer bodily or domestic torment, it was expressed without due reflection, and is now retracted with the utmost sincerity.

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It is not my intention, Sir, to give a regular answer to your TEN LETTERS: I only mean to point out to you, and to our countrymen, the disagreement between your present and your former sentiments respecting the American Government, leaving the defence of that government to those who admire it now as much as you formerly did.

By way of introduction to the censures you are about to pass, you take occasion to insist on the harmlessness of a man's publishing his sentiments, be they what they may, and to suppose a case, which, to say the truth, is not inapplicable. "If," say you, "I were to advise you to change the whole "form of your government from a republic to a mo- "narchy, and if, notwithstanding all I could urge "in favour of such a government, you should pre- "fer what you call *liberty*, in which persons of all "ranks, qualified or unqualified, give the greatest "part of their time to a subject which they will "never understand, and still chuse to clamour, and "almost fight, about endless elections of magistrates, "no harm would be done. You might proceed just "as you had done before. If, in order to prevent "the mischief that often arises from *competition*, I "should advise that, instead of making a king of "any native American, who would not soon ac- "quire the proper disposition and habits of one, "you should return to your former allegiance to the "king of Great Britain, a king ready formed to "your hands, who would, no doubt, forgive all "that was past, and promise you the best treat- "ment for the future, and thus become a wing of "that great empire which now commands the "world, and share in her honour, and you should "not quite like the proposal, I should still hope to "be excused for making it, from my loyalty to my "natural sovereign, and my zeal for the honour of "my native country, even if I did not consult your "interest

" interest in it: and as you would not be hurt, you " could not be much offended. *Mr. Cobbett*, a " greater admirer of England than I am, would no " doubt, go farther than I could in its commenda- " tion. He might say that, could you but see the " king of Great Britain seated in his robes on the " throne in the House of Lords, with all the Lords " and Bishops in their robes; could you see him " served on the knee, and persons kissing his " hand, you would be ashamed of your President, " and every thing belonging to him. He might say " that an American would be struck dumb at the " sight of an English judge seated in his scarlet robe " on the bench, with all the lawyers in their gowns, " and flowing wigs. He would say that the best " man among you was hardly fit to be made a jus- " tice of the peace in England. And then what is " your *navy?* It is not so much as the *frog* com- " pared to the *ox* in the fable; and might bid you " take care lest the *ox* should set his foot upon it. " But should you consider all this as mere prejudice " in favour of our native country, you would only " smile at our representations, and not be angry."

When you wrote this, Doctor, you were humming the Northumbrians, or you were certainly humming yourself; for, I believe, you have since felt, that the good citizens of America do not listen to such royalist propositions with an extraordinary degree of patience. But, why did you put the severest of these sarcasms into my mouth? God knows, I have anti-republican sins enough to answer for, without being loaded with yours. *I* never said, that, if the people of this country would see their old King, they would be ashamed of their President and every thing belonging to him; *I* never said, that the best man in America was hardly fit to be made a justice of the peace in England; nor did I ever crack my jokes on the infant navy, in any way

way whatever, much less did I ever dream of comparing it to the vain and stupid frog that burst herself by endeavouring to puff up her diminutive and despicable carcass to the size of the majestic ox.

As to *judges*, I grant you, I have been rather free: I have, at times, drawn comparisons not altogether advantageous to certain people, whom I believe, you have the honour, at this time, to call your friends. But I never wasted my time in talking about the *robes* of a judge; people, like the Pennsylvanians, who have seen a chief justice canvassing for himself from the very bench; people who have heard of a judge's thieving in a shop, or in the lobby of Congress, who have heard of another harbouring a known thief in his house, who have heard of another committing murder with impunity, and who have, so very lately, seen exalted to the bench of the supreme court, a man, who, but a few years ago, took the benefit of an amnesty, and actually turned States' evidence against his accomplices!!!—People who have been accustomed to these things, Doctor, would not be struck dumb at the sight of an English judge, though seated in his scarlet robes.

In order to reconcile the seeming contradiction in your sentiments, delivered at different epochs, you tell your neighbours, that you found things not what you expected to find them.—"When," says you, "I left England, I was induced to come "hither chiefly on account of my high admiration "of the constitution of your government. It was "at that time the only one that had been drawn "up with deliberation by persons appointed for "that express purpose, and solemnly accepted by "the nation. It was wholly founded on the *rights* "*of man*, and the *sovereignty of the people*. There "were no hereditary honours, or powers of any "kind, and no form of religion established by "law.

" law. The power of making peace or war, and " also that of regulating commerce with foreign " nations, as well as among yourselves, was wisely " placed in the Congress. Your country was then " open to all new comers without any restriction; " and that great and necessary guard of liberty, " the *freedom of speech and of the press*, was uncon- " trolled. To my great surprise and mortification, " however, I now find that several of these arti- " cles, essential to a truly free government, have " been, in my opinion, on one pretence or other, " infringed. Or, if the present state of things be " really agreeable to the Constitution, it was not " drawn up for the use of plain men, but of very " acute lawyers only. Certainly the comment " does not naturally flow from the text; or there " was in the letter of the constitution a latent am- " biguity, which defeats the professed object of " it. Thus because your constitution gives to the " President, and two thirds of the Senate, the " power of making treaties with foreign powers, " and treaties may relate to any subject in which " different states may be concerned, they may " make treaties of alliance, offensive and defensive, " and also treaties of commerce; and by this means " all interference of the proper representatives of " the people, either in the business of commerce, " or of peace and war, in which they are most " concerned, and in which they therefore ought in " reason to have the most control, is effectually " precluded. The treaty, shackling their com- " merce, or involving them in a war, is actually " made independently of them, and all their ob- " jections to it have no effect.—Since treaties be- " come parts of the law, by which the courts of " justice are bound, I do not see but that it is in " the power of the President and two-thirds of the " Senate, that is I believe of twenty-one men, to

" bind

" bind the country " *in all cases whatsoever*."—It " is, moreover, contended by the friends, as they " are called, of government, that when, in con- " sequence of any treaty, money is to be raised to " carry it into effect, the representatives of the " nation, who give the money, must absolutely " raise the sum required, or as the phrase is, make " the appropriations, having no other choice than " that of raising it in what they may think " the best manner.—This is a power which even " the Parliament of Great Britain *has not yet been* " *brought to surrender*."

Thus, then, it appears that you were deceived, and that experience has convinced you, that the House of Commons in England is, in the most essential point, more independent of the King and his nobles, than the Representatives of America are of the President and the Senate! But, Sir, *when* did you discover the deception? The infringement (if it was one) of which you speak, respecting the treaty-making power, took place in 1795, just after your arrival in the country; and, if it did really give you such great " mortification," how happened it, that you did not notice it before, particularly as the press was then, according to your own confession, uncontrolled? The *alien* and *sedition* laws are, indeed, of a more recent date; but they were passed early in 1798. What, then, made you delay your animadversions till the summer of 1799? It is unfortunate, that after remaining so long a silent spectator of a violated constitution, you should have taken up the pen to remonstrate, and that you should have ventured to do it, too, after the Congress had made laws " to " restrain the freedom of speech and of the press, " *more severe than those in England!*" It is extremely unfortunate, that you should have been roused from your slumber, *after* you had been slighted

slighted by the Federal Government; and that you should have braved every danger from the laws, just at the time that *a new patron* stood in need of your assistance in this way; just at the time when some overt act of hostility against Mr. Adams and his government was necessary to convince M'Kean and his party, that you retained no attachment to your former friend and companion.

Shocked, as you were, at these violations of the constitution, it was quite natural for you to propose the establishment of a court of your own invention to prevent further violations; nor was it very astonishing, that, while your hand was in, you should propose certain amendments to the constitution itself. As, however, these will never have any existence but in your brain, I shall pass them over, observing only, that your wanting already to reform "*the government of your choice*," is a pretty good justification for those, who rejected your projects for reforming that of Great Britain.

On the *standing army*, which forms another subject of complaint with you, I shall speak to your friend and fellow labourer, Cooper, who has, I presume, by this time, learnt the precise value of the word *standing*, both in its monarchical and republican acceptation.

The violations of the constitution, of which you speak, and which I have noticed above; the treaty-making power, the power to regulate commerce, the granting appropriations, the indirect prohibition of emigration, and the restraint on the liberty of speech and of the press; all the encroachments (if there have been any) on these points, have, indeed, taken place since your arrival here; but, this certainly is not the case with respect to the economy, and the morals of the country, against which, however, you have now entered your protest, without considering, perhaps, in your zeal

zeal to serve M'Kean, that it is extremely unjust to charge Mr. Adams, or the Federal Government, with hardly any of the evils of which you complain. After reciting them, in your own words, I shall take the liberty to refresh your memory.

" What seems to be more particularly impolitic " in this country, as ill suiting the state of it, is the " duty on the importation of books, which are so " much wanted, and which even great encouragement could not produce here. Is it at all probable that such works as the Greek and Latin " Classics, those of the Christian Fathers, the Polyglot Bible, the Philosophical Transactions, or " the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, &c. " &c. will, in the time of our great grand children, " be printed in the United States? and yet there is " a heavy duty on their importation; and for " every printer or maker of paper for printing, " there are, no doubt, several thousand purchasers " of books, all of whom are taxed for their advantage. In these circumstances, it were surely " better to have more cultivators of the ground, " and fewer printers.

" A foreigner travelling in the interior part of " this country, and finding the *want of roads*, " *bridges and inns*, wonders that things of such " manifest utility should not have had more attention " paid to them, when he sees that *great sums are* " *raised and expended on objects, the use of which is* " *at best very doubtful.* And men of letters coming to " reside here, find their hands tied up. Books of " literature are not to be had, and philosophical " instruments can neither be made nor purchased. " Every thing of the kind must be had from " Europe, and *pay a duty on importation.*

" But all this may be shortsighted speculation; " and it may be, nay I doubt not it is, better for

" the world at large, that its progress should not " be so rapid; that a long state of infancy, *child-* " *hood* and *folly*, should precede that of manhood " and true wisdom; and that vices, which will " spring up in all countries, are better checked " by the calamities of war than by reason and " philosophy.

" A stranger is apt to wonder that political " animosity should have got to so great a height " in this country, when all were so lately united " in their contest with a common enemy; and that " their enmity, which cannot be of long standing, " should be *as inveterate as in the oldest countries*, " where parties have subsisted time immemorial. " But it may be the design of Providence, by this " means, *to divide this widely extended country into* " *smaller States*, which shall be at war with each " other, that by their common sufferings their " common vices may be corrected, and thus lay a " foundation for the solid acquisition of wisdom.

" A stranger naturally expects to find a greater " simplicity of manners, and more virtue, in this " new country, as it is called, than in the old " ones. But a nearer acquaintance with it, will " convince him, that considering how easily sub- " sistence is procured here, and consequently how " few incitements there are to the vices of the " lower classes especially, there is *less virtue*, as " well as *less knowledge*, than in *most* of the coun- " tries of Europe. In many parts of the United " States there is also *less religion*, at least of a ra- " tional and useful kind. And where there is no " sense of religion, no fear of God, or respect to a " future state, there will be no good morals that " can be depended upon. Laws may restrain the " excesses of vice, but they cannot impart the " principles of virtue."

" Infidelity

" Infidelity has made great progress in France, " through all the continent of Europe, and also in " England; but I much question whether it be " not *as great in America*; and the want of infor- " mation in the people at large, makes thousands " of them the dupes of such shallow writings as " those of Mr. Paine, and the French unbelievers, " several of which are translated and published " here, and either through want of knowledge, or " of zeal, *little or nothing is done by the friends of* " *Revelation, to stop the baneful torrent.*"

Now, are all these things so, Doctor Priestley? Is it true that this *written* constitution, " ratified " by the solemn consent of the citizens, and " founded on the *Rights of Man* and the *Sovereignty* " *of the People*," is it really true, that this constitution has been violated in divers instances, and with impunity? Is it true, that the American Representatives have abandoned, to the Executive, essential privileges, which the British House of Commons do yet preserve? Is it true that the Congress have made laws, to restrain the press, more severe than those in England? Is it true, that there is, in this country, a burdensome and dangerous standing army? Is it true, that heavy taxes are raised and squandered on useless objects? Is it true, that the country is destitute of roads, bridges, and other useful accommodations? Is it true, that childhood and folly are the characteristics of the nation? Is it true, that the people have less knowledge, less virtue, less religion, than most of the countries of Europe; and, is it indeed true, that infidelity is making rapid and unrepelled strides, while political animosity threatens not only to destroy the government, but to tear the country to pieces?—If all this be true, it is an act of charity to turn your attention, for a moment,

" particular state [Pennsylvania] pays all its of-
" ficers from *a treasure in the public funds*. There
" are *very few crimes committed*, and we travel
" without the least apprehension of danger. *The*
" *press is perfectly free*.—I do not think there ever
" was any country in such a state of rapid improve-
" ment as this is at present."

This letter, Sir, you wrote in October 1796, after you had been two years and a quarter in your " peaceful retirement." How different are its sentiments from those of your Ten Letters to the Inhabitants of Northumberland! And yet it is hard to conceive, that the difference has been produced merely by your different degrees of information. The liberty of the press has, indeed (according to *your* assertions), been abridged since the date of your letter of 1796, but, the other abuses and evils existed in 1796 as well as in 1799. The President and Senate had made treaties and regulated commerce in 1795; and you never knew the time when the United States had not the same sort of army that they have now. That the sedition, and other new laws, may have increased the " *political animosities*" of the people is very possible, but it is incredible that these laws *alone* should have produced dissensions that menace the existence of the government and the Union. These political animosities must have existed in 1796, and, indeed, every one knows, they did exist in 1796, and with little less violence than in 1799.

However, we will suppose all these political evils to have been created by the *sedition law*, and, consequently, to have made their appearance since the date of your letter; yet, I presume, the same cannot possibly be supposed with respect to the other evils you now complain of. The sedition law certainly did not add to the *heavy tax on books*; it did not destroy the *highways*, *bridges*, and *houses of entertainment*; it did not produce that *child-*

*hood*

" in a country in which men who wish well to their " fellow-citizens, and use their best endeavours to " render them the most important services, men " who are an honour to human nature, and to any " country, are in no danger of being treated like " the worst of *felons*, as is now the case in Great " Britain."

But, say you, when I bestowed these commendations on the American Government, I was but just landed in the country, and, of course, could not know any thing of the evils and abuses, of which I now justly complain. That is very true; but, though your want of information on the subject might have been a very sufficient apology for *silence*, it was none for your advancing falsehoods. The *Sedition law* was not, indeed, passed, when you boasted of the American liberty of the press; but, you ought to have known, that, at the very time that you thought proper to draw a comparison, in this respect, so disadvantageous to your native country, the laws, regulating the liberty of the press, were precisely the same in both countries, while every circumstance attending the *administration* of those laws, was evidently in favour of the British writer.

Not, however, to leave you any excuse on the score of want of information, I beg leave to remind you of a letter, which you wrote long after you were settled in America, and in which you say to your friend in England: " Every account I have from " England, makes me think myself happy in this " *peaceful retirement*, where I enjoy almost every " thing I can wish for in this life.—The advantages " we enjoy in this country are, indeed, very great. " *Here* we have *no poor*; we *never* see a beggar, " nor is there *a family* in want. We have no " church establishment, and *hardly any taxes*. This

sessed for the house amounted to £12,618. 12s. 2d. the *bastard* fines to about £700, the balance being made up by the product of the labour of the poor and other trifling resources. The number of *families* and of individuals, who were, during that year, relieved by the overseers of the poor, and the sums expended in this way, I cannot precisely ascertain; but I am sure I am not far from being correct, when I state, that the whole sum expended on account of the poor, in that year, for the city of Philadelphia, was *sixty thousand dollars*, upwards of *thirteen thousand pounds sterling*, a sum, I believe, far exceeding the poor expenses of any town in Great Britain of equal population.—And yet, "we have *no poor!*" —After this statement, I leave your barefaced assertions, that "we *never* see a beggar, nor is there "*a family in want*," to rest on their own credibility.

Far be it from me to triumph in the detection of a falsehood like this. It would have given me great pleasure to be able to confirm your account; but it would certainly be wrong in me, either actively or tacitly, to assist in the delusion, more especially when I consider, that such captivating falsehoods have enticed thousands to this country, and have contributed not a little to swell the lists of misery.

"We have *hardly any taxes*. This particular "State [Pennsylvania] pays all its officers from *a* "*treasure in the public funds*." The Officers are, I suppose, like every other expense, paid out of the treasury, and the *funds*, which the State possesses, were, recollect, *raised on the State*. There will not always be new lands to sell, nor will there ever be another Penn family to disinherit. Notwithstanding these *unique* resources, however, and without saying a word about the Federal and State direct taxes that have been laid on *since* 1796, you were singularly favoured, Doctor, if you had

"*hardly*

"*hardly any taxes*" in that year. That there were poor taxes I have already shown, and, by my own receipt-book, I can prove there were others. I paid *all* the taxes for the house in which I lived, and those taxes for the year 1796, amounted to near seventy dollars, twenty-one dollars of which were for poor-rates; so that, my share of other State taxes for that year, amounted to forty-nine dollars, or about eleven pounds sterling; and if other people paid nothing, if the nice little republican government was supported out of the product of certain public funds, I was very ill used. Nor must you tell me, that if I had lived in the country, I should have been exempt from these expenses; I know a little of this matter, Sir, and I know, that a farmer in Pennsylvania, pays, in proportion to what can be cleared from his farm, more than is paid by a farmer in Great Britain; to which I will add, without the fear of being contradicted by any one acquainted with the fact, that the farmers and peasants in England, are, in common, better fed, clad and lodged, than people of the same description in Pennsylvania.

"There are [in Pennsylvania] *very few crimes* "*committed*, and we travel without the least ap- "prehension of danger."—If you insist upon confining the meaning of the word *crimes* to robberies committed on the highway, I grant you, there are not a great many; but there are more, in proportion to the population, than there were in France, before the blessed rebellion, of which you are an admirer. But, Sir, there are other crimes besides those of highway robbery, and if the large packet of bills of indictment, which the attorney-general of Pennsylvania carries into every court of Oyer and Terminer, were not of itself sufficient, the light manner in which theft is spoken of might serve to convince you, that crimes are not scarce in that State. It

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is true, indeed, you do not see many *executions*; but, notwithstanding the *amelioration* (as it is called) of the penal code almost amounts to a direct encouragement of felony, you will see in the present neighbourhood of your friend Cooper, some hundreds of "unfortunate and guilty fellow-citi- "zens," as Judge Chase called Fries, who, if they had been in England, would have swung on the gallows tree. In fact, I assert, and am ready to meet the enquiry at any time, that, in proportion to the population of the State of Pennsylvania, there are more capital crimes committed, than there are in the British dominions, not excepting London and its vicinity; and, as to moral offences, there is more delinquency in office, there are more public defaulters; more acts of swindling, more fraudulent debtors, more bastards begotten, more divorces, more eloped wives, more runaway apprentices, in the single State of Pennsylvania, which contains not *two hundred thousand souls*, than there are in the whole kingdom of Great Britain, which contains about *eleven millions*.

You are fond of controversy, Doctor: take me up, then, upon this subject. I am ready to meet you at any time, and will confine myself to facts of 1796, the year in which you wrote your letter. The honour of your favourite State is at stake, and loudly calls on your patriotism for a defence.

"The press is *perfectly free*."—This was written in the year 1796, and, therefore, you will not, of course, allow your recent complaints to be cited in contradiction of your assertion. But, Sir, these complaints are confined to the abridgement, which this valuable branch of liberty has suffered from the *sedition law*; whence it follows, that, though the proofs which I am about to produce in contradiction, are drawn from proceedings of a date somewhat later than that of your letter, they ought to be admitted; because,

because, they were not grounded upon the sedition law, nor upon any other law, passed since the writing of your letter, and might, consequently, have taken place in 1796 as well as since that year.

In the year 1797, the Spanish Minister complained against me, to the Federal government, for publishing a libel against him and his king; the former I had called *a fop, half-don* and *half-sans-culotte,* and the latter a *poor degraded creature,* who had entered into an alliance with the murderers of the head of his family. Notoriously true as this was, the Federal Government ordered a criminal prosecution to be commenced against me in the Federal court; but, the Spaniard, who then courted his present wife, the daughter of your patron Mc. KEAN, who was then Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, wished, for reasons too evident to mention, to bring me to trial before his intended father-in-law, who, besides, owed me a mortal grudge. The Federal government could not, of course, do any thing by way of compliance with this request; it was, therefore, resolved by M'Kean, in conjunction with the then Governor and Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania, to commence *another prosecution in the State-court.* But for two separate governments to prosecute a man at one and the same time, and for the same identical offence, was something, for which even the *Rights of Man* had not, as yet, furnished a precedent. As, however, the ingenious sons of liberty are seldom long at a loss for the means of carrying a favourite point, it was resolved, that a prosecution should be pushed on in both courts, and, to preserve the chances, and avoid the total defeat that might arise from one grand-jury's being governed by a favourable decision of the other, the two Attornies-General compared their bills of indictment, one taking care to leave out such parts of my publications as the other had inserted.

inserted. Thus were two crimes made out of one pretended libel; I had to give bail twice, and encounter the trouble, vexation, and expense of two criminal prosecutions, for publishing articles which would not have encouraged the most haughty and insolent man in England to appeal to the law. —And yet, "the press is *perfectly free*"!

But, say you, both the bills were returned *ignoramus*.—Very true, Doctor: the *grand juries* preserved me from the clutches of your patron and his associates, they preserved my wife and children from want, and myself from the disgrace of inhabiting the felon side of the philanthropic Philadelphia prison, where your friend Cooper now lies; but, Doctor, these grand juries, these invaluable preservers of liberty, are not an institution of the *Rights of Man*; they are not, and were not at the time when you wrote your eulogium on the liberty of the American press, peculiar to this country. I owed my preservation at that dangerous crisis, not to any reform in the jurisprudence of America, not to any additional safeguard which the revolution had placed round the liberty of the press, but to that invaluable part of the jurisprudence of our ancestors, that precious gem of the British Constitution, which the people of these States have, as yet, had too much sense to destroy, and which still exists, in all its glory, in the country which gave us birth, and which you have had the ingratitude to defame.

I should now remind you of the malicious and vexatious prosecution of Rush, and of the unjust and oppressive proceedings therein, with none of which the *Sedition law* had any thing to do; but you want no information on this score, and I trust, that, before this time, the Rush-Light is in a fair way of exposing the dark transaction to the view of our heretofore deluded fellow subjects. I shall, therefore, conclude my remarks on your "*perfect*

"*liberty*

" *liberty* of the press," by the developement of an act of tyranny, in your present Governor M'Kean, that might have been an object of envy with Fouquier Tinville, or even with your Robespierre himself.

What I am going to relate, took place under the government of Pennsylvania, and in the year 1797; therefore, the Federal Government and its sedition law, against which *alone* you now complain for having abridged the liberty of the press, have nothing to do with the matter. It took place in the State where you lived; it took place under the same laws and the same Governor and Judges that were in power when you wrote your letter of 1796, and when you told the people of England, that " *here* the press was *perfectly free*."

In 1797, M'Kean, the Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, formed the resolution of suppressing Porcupine's Gazette, a publication in which, on account of his violent attachment to the cause of France, he had been frequently assailed; but, not being able to fix on any thing that could be fairly called a libel, and having, in the case of Oswald, experienced some inconvenience from the untractableness of grand juries, he fell upon a scheme by which he hoped to effect his purpose without their assistance.

He collected a bundle of my pamphlets and papers, and thereupon issued a warrant to bring me before him. This warrant (of which he refused me a copy) stated, that I had published certain false and malicious libels, against himself, against Mifflin, Dallas, Jefferson, Munroe, Gallatin, Old Franklin, the Duke of Bedford, Charles Fox, Sheridan, Lord Stanhope, Bonaparte, the Bishop of Bergamo, Pichegru, Robespierre, Talleyrand, Parker (the mutineer), Napper Tandy, Arthur O'Connor,—and the devil knows who besides.

Well,

Well, what did he demand? Not bail for my appearance, as the law required, to answer for these offences at the next court of Oyer and Terminer; no, he had no idea of committing his ridiculous charges to a grand jury, which is always composed of men of some respectability; he, therefore, demanded surety, of myself and two others, in the sum of *four thousand dollars*, for my *keeping the peace and being of good behaviour!* Having taken these recognizances, he immediately set himself to work to collect my *subsequent* publications, to pick out of them what he was pleased to term *breaches* of *the recognizances*, and, thereupon he issued a civil process for the recovery of the four thousand dollars, in the name, and for the behoof, of the "*free* State of Pennsylvania." This action has been (in the same way as Rush's was) put off from court to court ever since December, 1797, and, as the times are now changed, will, probably, be brought to trial next month.—Whether he will succeed in getting such a jury as Rush got, is, as yet, uncertain.

To those who understand the law, the atrocity of this procedure must be too evident to need exemplification; and, every man of common sense must perceive, that, in a State where the usual course of law can be thus eluded; where grand juries (the principal check on a partial court) can be dispensed with at pleasure; where a man must give security, or go to jail, for publishing what his accusers never intend to bring before a jury; where like bail can be demanded of him every week, and where he can be kept *constantly*, and for years together, bound to the peace and good behaviour, at the arbitrary will of a judge, without ever having broken the peace or behaved ill, and without ever being brought to trial; where all this can be done, every one who has two grains of sense must perceive, that there

there can be no liberty of the press, nor any other liberty whatever.—Yet, you exultingly exclaim, " *Here* the press is *perfectly free*."

Such *freedom*, Doctor, *perfect* as it is, does not satisfy John Bull. Honest John is sometimes mong-headed and fickle; he sometimes wrangles with his best friends, while he hugs the villains who are ready and willing to cut his throat; but John never loses sight of the main chance, and, though a noisy patriot may wheedle him out of a good deal, you would find it very difficult to coax him into contentment with your Pennsylvanian liberty of the press: John's liberty, like his money, must be *sterling*, or he hurls it in your teeth.

According to the law, and the established practice in England, surety for good behaviour cannot be required from any man, for a libel, *before conviction*; and in all other cases when it can be required, it must be required by a justice of the peace, or by the court, upon conviction. No Judge of the King's Bench has any such authority. A *sovereign people* may, indeed, say, that *their* judges ought to have greater power than those appointed by a king, and, if they like it, I am sure I have no objection, so long as it does not affect me. But, this is not the matter between you and me: you have, in a most artful and insidious manner, endeavoured to persuade the people of England, that the liberty of the press, which you enjoy in Pennsylvania is greater than that which they enjoy, and I have undertaken to undeceive them.

Fitzherbert, in his *Natura Brevium* (a book of established authority in the law courts both here and in England), treating of the writ *de securitate pacis* (security for the peace), says: " this writ lies, " when a man is in fear or doubt, that another will " beat or assault him; and lies properly where one " man does threaten another to kill him, beat him,

" or

" or assault him."—Further, " the Justices of the " King's Bench will not grant *any* writ for sureties " of the peace, without making oath, that he is in " fear of *corporal damage*." With respect to the *good behaviour*, Lord Coke says: " *libellous words* " *are not a breach of the behaviour;* for though " such words are motives, and mediate provocations " for breach of the peace, yet tend they not imme- " diately to the breach of the peace, like a chal- " lenge."—The first of these authors wrote in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the second in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Coke, who is well known to have been no favourer of libels, cites a case, in which a man, after being bound (for some offence) to be of good behaviour till a time named, did, *in the interim*, use slanderous words against the person, whom he had before offended; yet was it determined, that this was *no breach of his recognizance*.

Lord Camden, in speaking of an attempt somewhat resembling the procedure of M'Kean, exclaims: " What must one think of any court of " justice [not a single judge, off the bench] that " shall, upon the caption of a man as a libeller, re- " fuse to let him to bail, *before he has entered like-* " *wise into recognizance for his behaviour?* Nay, if " the same person should afterwards be guilty of " any petty constructive misdemeanor, or breach of " the peace, *it might be pretended he had forfeited* " *his former heavy recognizance;* so that, he would " be punished, not in proportion to his real trans- " gression, but to one that was only supposed: and " this in a country where law presumes every man " to be innocent until he be found guilty! In plain " words, it is a libel on the constitution to hold " such doctrine, and, in a judge, a breach of his " trust (which is *treason* at Common Law) to sup- " port it. It would render every English subject,

" by